

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

Wherever you find good stationery, there you will find Spencerian Steel Pens. In the Spencerian Display Case you are sure to find just the style and point to meet your personal requirements—your style of writing.

Made in England

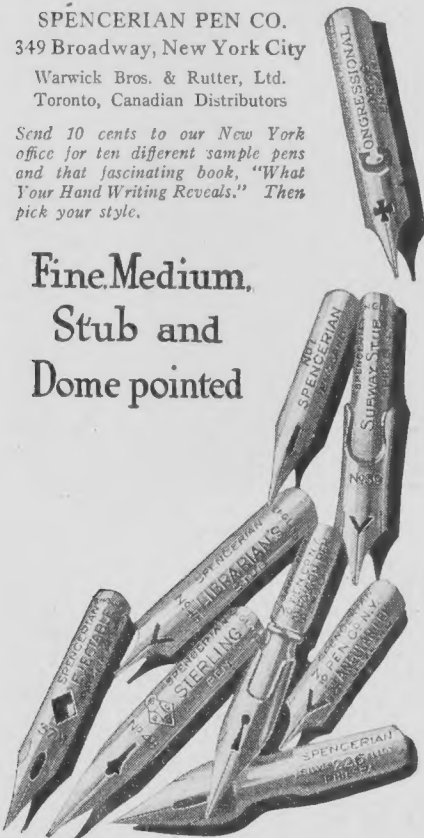
Spencerian Personal Steel Pens

are made of the finest pen steel, painstakingly fashioned and finished. The result is the smoothest writing—the longest wearing—the best pens made.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway, New York City
Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Ltd.
Toronto, Canadian Distributors

Send 10 cents to our New York office for ten different sample pens and that fascinating book, "What Your Hand Writing Reveals." Then pick your style.

Fine Medium,
Stub and
Dome pointed



Irish Linen at Irish Prices

To you, your children and their children, your linen will be a never-ending source of pride if it is the genuine Irish article, made by

Robinson & Cleaver, of Belfast. And the genuine Irish linens, in Ireland, at Irish prices, cost no more than the imitations that are sold in Canada in the stores.

If you are a lover of fine linens—if you want all that your money can buy in quality and durability, write us. The few days' delay is nothing. We will send you our catalogue, free samples and price lists without obligation to you.

Robinson & Cleaver
Limited
BELFAST - IRELAND
The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse
BY APPOINTMENT

11



RINGS

GIVEN

Gold Shell, One Stone, Cameo or Band Ring to adv. our bargains we will send your size for 12c or all three rings for 30c send name of one friend with order.

We Treat You Square Bargain List Free
R.C. HILL CO., DEPT. 2 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY table of CONTENTS

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor	3
THE PHILOSOPHER	50
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING	52

Fiction and Reality

MAM'ELLE MARIE—J. H. Andrews	38
THE NIGHTHAWKS—H. Mortimer Batten	5
UNCLE LOUIE RUSHKA GETS X-RAYED—Edith G. Bayne	6
PLATED WARE—Florence Brewster Wikingsson	8
THE COWARD—Mayme Cooper	11
CREATURES OF OUR CANADIAN WILDS—Raymond Thompson	13
MEAL TICKETS AND ADVERTISING—P. W. Luce	29
LORRAINE'S CAPITAL—Nicholas Knight	40
LONG BILL'S BABY—Barbara Villy	44

Regular Departments

DOLLARS AND CENTS—J. A. Aikin	20
ABOUT THE FARM—Allen Campbell	22
POULTRY PROFITS—H. E. Vialoux	24
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W. H. M. Librarian	26
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell	34
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton	42
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE	64
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobbie Burke	65

Women and the Home

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore	48
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton	54
MOTHER'S PAGE	58
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS	62

Special Articles

MR. ROBERT ARMSTRONG, CAPTOR OF LOUIS RIEL—Charlotte Gordon	16
CANADA'S FIRST COMMONER—Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner	28

The HOME PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG : : : : CANADA

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by Registered Letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

THE ONLY HOUSEHOLD
MAGAZINE OF THE
CANADIAN WEST

Old Dutch

for
Easier better
housecleaning.

The soft flaky
particles
remove all
the dirt without
scratching.

Contains no
lye or acids.

Made in
Canada



When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

JAEGER

Fine Pure Wool

Is the Hall Mark
For Woollens

The name Jaeger on a Woollen Garment, like the Hall Mark on silver and gold, stamps it as reliable. Jaeger's reputation has been gained by keeping scrupulously to its standard of quality and purity for over thirty years.



A fully
illustrated
catalogue
free on
application.

For sale at
Jaeger
Stores and
Agencies
throughout
Canada.

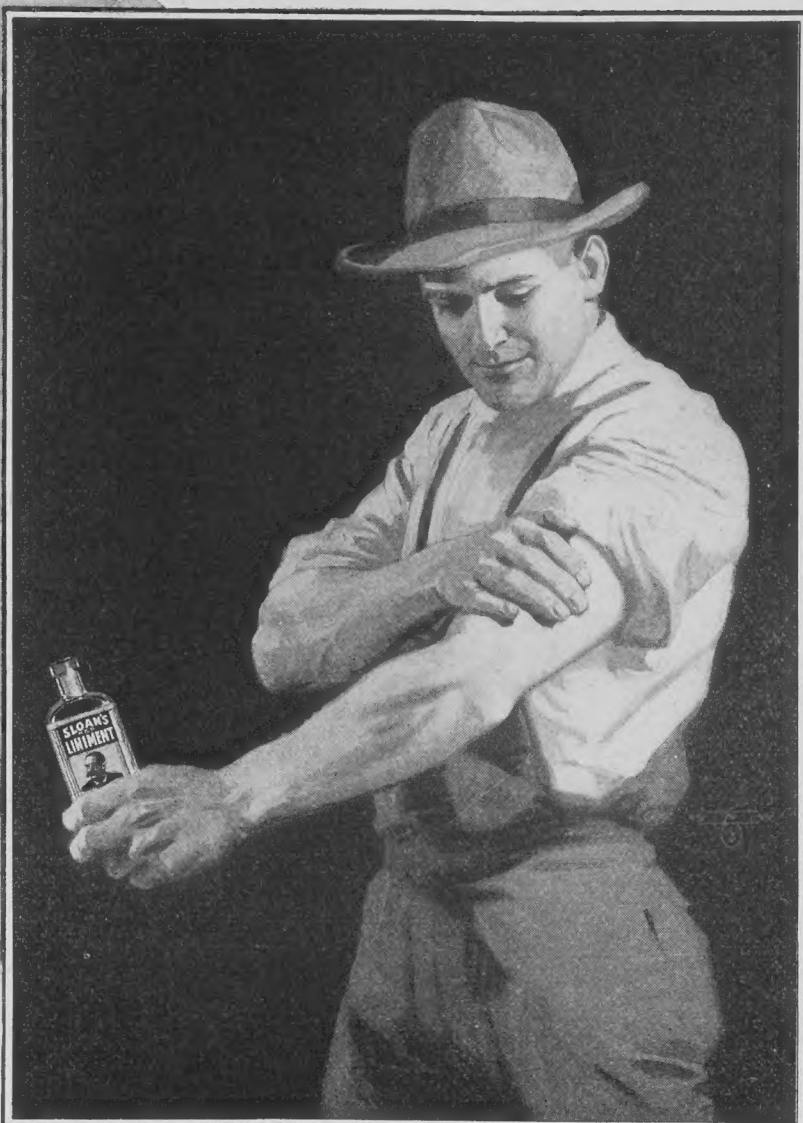
The JAEGER CO., Limited

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

20



Feels mighty nice !

Sloan's brings grateful comfort to overtaxed aching muscles

SPRING-TIME is Sloan-time. Now, winter-softened muscles respond but slowly to the heavy demands of outdoor work.

Tired muscles, strained ligaments, bruises—all muscular aches and pains are caused by congestion—an oppressive slackening of circulation at the point of injury. To relieve pain you must first start circulation and remove congestion.

How Sloan's works

Apply Sloan's to the sore, congested spot. It starts warm, fresh blood coursing freely to and through the congested tissues. Immediately you feel a warm, comforting glow—a sensation of ease and relaxation.

Simple? Very! And such a quick effective way of stopping pain.

Congestion is the basic cause of so many ills. The ease with which it breaks up congestion and starts circulation makes it effective at all seasons of the year. For bruises and strains—backaches—neuralgia, Sloan's brings almost instant relief.

Colds that settle on the chest cannot be halted too quickly. Congestion in the lungs and bronchial passages—always present with a chest cold—is soon removed with Sloan's.

Keep Sloan's handy

Jot this down: Next time you go to your druggist's, ask for a bottle of Sloan's. You will be surprised at the many, everyday uses you will find for this reliable remedy, known everywhere as "The World's Liniment."

Made In Canada .

Sloan's Liniment

Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's



The Home

MORE and more it becomes evident that if as a people we are to possess the virtues which have enduring quality, we must zealously cherish that institution which has for its purpose the nurture and training of children.

The artists of the middle ages made no mistake in exalting motherhood by means of those matchless pictures of the Madonna and the God-given child. No mother can rightly perform her duty who does not take her child as from the Highest to be trained for service to the highest in thought, feeling and deed.

Nor is the father exempt from responsibility.

The old Roman Augustus, spending every day with his grandchildren, watching them, aiding them, enlightening them in all their activities, is a pattern for men in all ages, and particularly for men to-day.

The glory of any life is to lose itself in service so that greater and lovelier life may follow. The kernels of wheat thrown on to the ground die, but in due course there are fields of waving grain; the salmon that ascend the Western streams never return, but countless millions of eggs contain the salmon of the future. The glory of parenthood is sacrifice, and the explanation of sacrifice is consuming love.

So it comes about that the beauty of a home consists not of its possessions in art and manufacture, but in the quality of its life—the relationships among those who comprise its charmed circle. Obedience founded on respect and love, purity based in imitation and instruction—these and all other good qualities are to be illustrated in conversation and in practice.

There is no escape from it. The future of the nation is in the custody of parents of to-day. Blest be the man who lives with his children and for his children, blest be the mother who sees her highest glory in those to whom she gave birth. Among all the stories that have come down to us from ancient times there is none more beautiful than that of the noble Roman nation who in the hour of country's need led forth her two beautiful sons saying: "Take them, they are my jewels."

The New Canadian

A STORY called "The Price of Country," written by Mrs. Goodman Salverson, has been sent into this office for review, and though it is altogether too long for publication, even as a serial, yet it deserves more than passing notice. It is a story of the Icelandic colony on Lake Winnipeg, and gives a most faithful account of the early struggles of these pioneers. One thing that stands out is the feeling of these people towards the English speaking population, or rather the attitude of the English speaking population to them. Their experience is that of all peoples who have settled here and there are no less than forty nationalities who are represented in the population of the prairie provinces.

There are two attitudes that may be adopted towards all newcomers. The first is that of contempt or aversion. They are regarded as interlopers, "inferior," who because they do not speak English, are therefore of a lower order. The other attitude sees in the new settlers the citizens of tomorrow. They do not speak the recognized language of the country at first, but that is a mere accident. In a year or less they can converse in English either because in their business relations they naturally acquire the new tongue, or because the children go to school and receive instruction from English speaking teachers, and carry their knowledge into the homes.

Now it is clear that the second attitude, which accepts these peoples as citizens, is the only one to take. True, it may be that our country may have made mistakes in receiving some nationalities for they are not such as will combine through intermarriage to build up a homogeneous population. They will remain forever as strangers in a strange land. No matter how these people may help in developing trade and commerce, no matter how they may assist in the rough manual work so necessary in a new land, if they are not eventually to enter into living union with their fellows, they will prove in the long run to be a dead-weight. But there are few of this class and for the present we disregard them. The Icelandic people certainly do not belong there. If any have made good in Western Canada they have, and for the reason that they have possessed in such a high degree the virtues so vividly described in Mrs. Salverson's story.

The important thing in building up a new land is to capitalize all the virtues of the incoming peoples. They all have some admirable traits. Some have physique, some have moral stamina, some business acumen, some artistic and social qualities. In the long run mixed nationalities are stronger than pure

strains, but sometimes of course it takes a little time to bring about fusion.

The poorest service an English speaking citizen can render to his country is to misjudge and condemn settlers because of appearance and language. There is something far deeper than that, and experience shows that even the most unpromising element has usually some real contribution to make to good citizenship. If any one looks a few years ahead he will see these peoples merged into a common people with common ideals and aspirations, talking a common language as well as their distinctive tongue, and the country will be rich in the strength of all.

As a matter of fact, the English speaking element in our population in some respects has little to be proud of. In politics, in trade, the record has not been altogether beyond reproach. And it is quite clear to those who know young people to-day, that tomorrow many of those in control of the industries and the professions, and many of those in places of honor and trust, will be children of the non-English settlers. This, because they possess the undying virtues of industry, frugality, and honesty. It is these things that count.

Two Theories of Life

SPEAKING in Toronto upon "The League of Nations," Lord Robert Cecil contrasted the two ideals of civilization that have dominated the minds of men from early days to the present. The first of these was the jungle theory, according to which such man or nation sought greatness and security at the expense of his fellows. The second was the family theory according to which the happiness and welfare of each was wrapped up in the progress of all. The League of Nations goes on the theory that "men everywhere" to-day do not wish for war and bloodshed, that they prefer happiness to misery, and laughter to tears. And were nations to think of themselves not as isolated entities, but as members of a great world family, there would be an end to most of the troubles that perplex humanity. It was doubtless this idea which prompted Lord Cecil to say in the same address that patriotism is one of the noblest feelings that can move the heart of man, but that should they come into conflict, loyalty to one's country is not so important as loyalty to God.

It is on this rock of nationalism that the world has fallen, and the League of Nations is striving to patch together and save the pieces. Its successes so far have been great, but its difficulties are greater. Yet such belief is there in the power of world opinion, but though no force is employed nor will be employed to combat recalcitrant members of the League, each is compelled to move with caution lest it incur the displeasure of all. There is no nation to-day which dare fly in the face of world opinion. All that the League demands of its members that they shall not plunge into war without giving due notice to the League of which they form a part, so that there may be some opportunity for the force of public opinion to operate.

Of course the world is not all yet in the League. The United States has not yet seen the way clear to enter, but as Sir Robert quaintly put it, "her chair is still waiting for her at the table."

In the meantime it is for the rest of us, while maintaining to the full our nationalism, to fight the demon of mere nationalism, to consider not only how other people may minister to our welfare and how we can be safe from their attacks, but how we can, through serving them indirectly, serve ourselves, and prejudice that world peace-altitude which is the only sure preventive of war.

In his visit to Canada another great Englishman has put the truth in a slightly difficult but even more emphatic way. Sir Henry Newbolt, than whom a more beautiful personality probably never appeared before the Canadian people, said that Britain had made a venture without parallel in the history of the world. She had reduced her Navy to the level of one power, and had permitted the mastery of the air to go to the great nation across the channel. Should she have to defend herself again she will do so without doubt, but she is not going to provoke attack by display of power. Rather will she court peace by an exercise of good-will.

All of this is said to quiet the voice of the disgruntled. It is so easy to condemn the powerful that some men malign it when it takes the form of majesty. Britain was never so lovely as she is to-day. Proud as we are of her victories in peace and war, we take greater pride in her respect for truth, honor and integrity.

In building up the Canadian nation there are some things which characterize the motherland that we

will not care to reproduce here. History and tradition have given her problems to solve that she would gladly escape. But if we can reproduce in our character the fundamental virtues of faith and hope and good-will which now grace her speech and deeds, we may be trusted to play a worthy part in the recreation of the world.

The Folly of the Rich Creditor

NOBODY could put the case more clearly than George Browning, formerly President of the Liberty National Bank of Oklahoma. His words will have just as true a bearing on high tariff as they have on payments of debt.

"The Allies owe America approximately eleven billion dollars. Outside the United States there are only about four or five billion dollars of monetary gold. Further shipments of gold to us would only diminish the purchasing power of other nations, impair their credit and lower the value of their currencies.

The debts were created by the production and sale of goods and must be paid by the production and sale of goods. However, if the United States takes goods in the payment of the debts, it will mean the stagnation of her industries and the unemployment of her labor to the extent that foreign goods replace goods produced here. If all the war debts are settled on terms approximately as favorable as those given England, it is probable that the average payment against interest and principal will be about 5 per cent. of the eleven billion, or an annual payment of five hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

"Since the debt cannot be paid in gold, since it must be discharged through the production and sale of goods, and since we face the fact that if we receive goods in settlement it will mean great injury to our own production, we now find the only avenue of escape through the creation of dollar exchange to be purchased in the world markets by the countries indebted to us. This dollar exchange must be created in such a manner that it will give other nations the purchasing power necessary to buy the goods from our debtors. The creation of the dollar exchange other than by importation of goods may be through foreign investments, loans, the purchase of securities, the opening of credits for foreigners, etc. In other words, we now must become a people continuously and persistently making foreign loans and investments, or suffer severe business retrogradation.

"An example of a similar operation in our domestic life might be as follows: A, a manufacturer of farm machinery, is heavily indebted to B, a capitalist. A is without funds to pay, but can produce a large quantity of farm machinery which B cannot well use and does not desire to accept in settlement of the obligation. C, a community of farm owners, has large land holdings, but inadequate implements with which to cultivate the land; neither has C the funds to purchase the necessary equipment. B perceives that by lending C, he will enable C to purchase the farm machinery from A, making possible the collection of A's debt and, at the same time, stimulating the production and bettering the condition of both A and C. In so doing, he has converted a doubtful debt into investments of unquestionable soundness which are certain to return a profitable rate of interest and ultimately the full principal. In application, A represents Europe, B the United States and C the undeveloped countries.

In the world to-day no nation can stand alone. Nationalism must give way to internationalism. The fortune of each is wrapped up in the welfare of all.

Child Welfare

THE complaint that Boards of Child Welfare do not practice economy is not well founded. It costs twice as much to take care of a child in a public institution as it does to keep him in his own home. In addition to this, the family tie is unbroken. The money spent in this work should not be looked upon as a charity, but as a civic function of the State.

"The Oblivion of Old Time"

IN India they are digging up an ancient city buried under about forty feet of dust that just naturally drifted over during the passing of the centuries. The ruins show quite a substantial city, with streets, sidewalks, and public buildings. The joke is that no doubt many of the citizens who lived there 2,000 years ago held strong opinions on a variety of subjects and thought that something should be done about them. All of which goes to show that Time and Dust are hard on Ambition.—Hamilton Spectator.

Mam'selle Marie

By
J. H. Andrews

Illustrations By
A. G. Racey



WE were sitting in the comfortable little private office of M'sieur Girard's store—M. Girard, Madame, his wife; Lalemant, his clerk; Doctor Courcelle of Winnipeg, and myself, who had recently arrived from the west.

Outside the cold was intense; the great river which ran by the little Manitoba town was frozen with six feet of iron-like ice, binding up its waters. The wind swept across the prairies with the wailing, shrieking, howling of the northern hurricane. No snow fell from the sky, but the rushing wind picked up the powdery snow, which lay over the surrounding country like a frozen sea, and whirled it through the air into a blinding blizzard.

We had been discussing the wedding of one of the town's most popular girls. The event had taken place that morning, and the happy couple had taken the afternoon train for Winnipeg where they were to make their home. The conversation had switched from this particular event to other weddings, past and pending, till finally the forthcoming nuptials of a lady of royal blood had come under review.

"But I thought royal marriages were always arranged by kings and governments," remarked Madame, who sat, busily knitting, beside the old-fashioned stove, "and the young people themselves didn't have anything to say in the matter?" She looked at the Doctor interrogatively, and he answered the dear old lady's query.

"Yes," he said "that is the way royal marriages are usually arranged, I believe; but even kings and queens are getting democratic these days, and we have every reason to think that the lady was allowed to choose her own life partner in this instance."

"And quite right, too!" exclaimed the old merchant. "Young people should always be allowed to make their own choice in such an important matter. Eh, maman?" and the old gentleman chuckled, while Madame smiled and bent her head still lower over her knitting. "Yes," continued the old merchant, "when we were young it used to be that the parents took upon themselves the responsibility of finding husbands for their daughters. But things didn't always work out the way the parents expected. I'll tell you of one such incident which occurred when maman and I were young. Just wait till I light my pipe."

"At the time I have reference to—almost half a century ago—there lived in St. Boniface a man named Atalance Proulx. He was a pompous individual who estimated himself as great not only as a merchant, but he was, besides, the representative of his district in the St. Boniface Civic Assembly.

"Madame Proulx had faded out of the world after bringing Mam'selle Marie—his only child—into existence, the only

change for Atalance being that in future he played his nightly game of cards with his sister, Aunt Louise. When he had bad cards he lost his temper and swore, but Aunt Louise was always placid. Never did she allow the slightest sign of resentment to ruffle the serenity of her brow.

"Marie was a delightful little Miss, demure and pretty. Her dearest friend was Lucile Gladu, the most enterprising young person in St. Boniface. She had been educated in St. Paul, from which town she brought fashions that made the good citizens of St. Boniface groan. One day a peculiar shaped box was unloaded from a Red River boat and borne into the Gladu home. Immediately after awful sounds broke the stillness, so that worthy citizens in passing paused and shook their heads. It was said that this piano had a great deal to do with defeating her father's heart desire to represent his district in the Civic Assembly. Certain it is that the combination of Lucile's St. Paul education and the piano had everything to do with creating a spirit of enmity between her father and M'sieur Atalance Proulx.

"It appears that M'sieur Henri Gladu had very little to say in his own house, and that saved him a great deal of exertion. He was a podgy little man, who liked to smoke his pipe, sit by the window and watch the boats pass up and down the river. No doubt he rejoiced to think he was not in one. Henri was not so grateful for what he had in life—and he had plenty—as for what he avoided. Sometimes, when he had the energy, he wished someone would kindly marry Lucile and take her and her confounded piano away; and just when it seemed that no one would ever relieve him of her, the maid one afternoon ushered M'sieur Proulx into the sitting room.

"What?" Henri murmured. "Yes," said M'sieur Proulx. Then there was a long pause during which Lucile's father took a short nap, from which he was aroused by these extraordinary words: 'Will you bestow on me the hand of Mam'selle Lucile? I shall be very lonely if ever Marie gets married.'

"Do you mean it?" Henri asked tremulously. "M'sieur to marry Lucile—and the piano. My dear friend, my dearest friend, take her, and may the Holy Father bless you;" and he spoke hurriedly for the first time in his life. Then it occurred to them to notify Lucile of her good fortune. The piano was still sounding over head and Lucile's father gazed at the bold suitor with a wan smile.

"Don't be alarmed. I have no fear, Atalance assured him. 'We will change all that. The late Madame Proulx obeyed me like a—lamb.'

"M'sieur Gladu vanished, the piano stopped with a crash, but in a very few minutes he reappeared, quivering, undone.

"What ails you? Where is your daughter?" asked the visitor.

"My dear, dear friend," groaned Henri, and he sank wearily into the nearest chair "It—it—cannot be."

"What are you talking about?" snapped Atalance.

"Lucile—blessed Virgin in Heaven, that I should have to say it! Lucile—will not."

"Atalance gasped—and stared at Henri. What, he, Atalance Proulx jilted—tossed aside by a fool girl?

"He seized his hat and cane, slammed the door behind him and vowed vengeance on the whole house of Gladu, and the very first thing he did was to get himself elected to the Civic Assembly in opposition to Henri Gladu.

"Now, when Atalance Proulx spoke of the great Villeroy of St. Paul he seemed to melt together in abject humility. It was M'sieur Villeroy, of the great importing house of Villeroy & Son, who bought his pelts and sold him his groceries and trade goods, and in his day Camille Villeroy had turned his dollars to so good an account that Atalance grew faint in contemplation of that rather unsteady signature, representing, as it did, fabulous wealth. Through thirty years of business dealings he had trusted the great man simply by mail 'A man so rich must be good and wise,' he would exclaim; and he meant it, did M'sieur Atalance Proulx. The good, the true, and the beautiful were all represented to him equally by the head of his church and his ideal of M'sieur Camille Villeroy.

"One day Atalance received a joyful shock. It made his old heart leap with exultation, for in a letter just received from St. Paul, the illustrious Villeroy, after certain orders relative to pelts, added, without false sentiment, that having heard much of the charms of Mam'selle Marie Proulx, and being lonely in his big house, he would do himself the honor of offering her his hand in marriage.

"Atalance burst in upon Aunt Louise with most indecorous suddenness, dramatically waving the great Villeroy's letter in her face.

"M'sieur Camille Villeroy—" he spluttered.



"Dear me, dead"? Aunt Louise suggested placidly.

"Dead!" Atalance laughed. "Well, hardly. Prepare yourself for joyful news, Louise, M'sieur Villeroy desires to marry again."

"Marry again?" Aunt Louise flushed. "Marry, yes, marry. He wishes to marry our Marie. Imagine her joy," and Atalance paced the floor excitedly.

"Joy! Humph! Think of his age," snapped Aunt Louise. "Joy! Eighteen and sixty—and more! Well, hardly."

"Age! Age!" thundered Atalance, "what has age to do with it? If M'sieur Villeroy were an hundred he would still be more than desirable. We have been highly honored, Louise. M'sieur is—God be praised—a good Catholic, and a merchant prince of St. Paul."

"Just then Marie looked in at the door and gave a doubtful glance at the family group.

"Marie, my dear," and her father hurried towards her, "prepare yourself for exceeding joy. M'sieur Villeroy, the great St. Paul merchant, has done you the honor to offer you his hand in marriage. I shall reply to him immediately, and say that you accept his offer with rapture."

"Poor Marie gazed at her Aunt with a look of dumb lamentation, but she did not offer to protest. In the house of Proulx her father's word was law, and she had no choice whatever in the matter.

"THE following week a young man presented himself at M'sieur Proulx's place of business, and after a certain period of waiting—which Atalance always insisted upon, as being due his dignity and importance—was ushered into the presence of that worthy gentleman. He introduced himself as Alexander Champagne, a traveller from St. Paul. It appeared that young Champagne had a letter of introduction to M'sieur Proulx from Jean Villeroy, the junior partner in the firm of Villeroy & Son. 'He is my best and dearest friend,' the letter read, 'and any kindness you show to him you show to me.'

"Atalance beamed upon him. 'A very worthy, young man you must be, my dear sir,' he said. 'My house is yours as long as you care to stay in our town, and I shall consider it an honor to shelter a friend of M'sieur Villeroy's under my roof. I will take you and introduce you to my sister and to my daughter Marie, who is the promised wife of M'sieur Camille Villeroy,' and the old gentleman hustled him through the rear of the store and into the sitting room, where Aunt Louise and Marie were busy with their household duties.

"Alexander Champagne proved a great acquisition to the Proulx household, and

Continued on page 19



Atalance gasped—and stared at Henri. What, he, Atalance Proulx jilted—tossed aside by a fool of a girl?

THE NIGHTHAWKS

By H. Mortimer Batten

WHEN the Silvertrail winds its course through the hardwood forests—the laughing Silvertrail, little sister of the mighty Sarano—when, here and there, its margins open across the beaver meadows, there comes, with the whirring of the June bug, with the bicker and glow of the fire-flies, with the burr of the cicadas, a sound which has mystified many. It comes with the close of darkness, when the nights are still and scents hang low, and when the things that move in the air are without shape or definition, mere fleeting visions, gone before the sight can be focussed upon them.

The old man at the sawmill had often heard it, and wondered without reasoning. He knew it as a sound peculiar to the month of June, a sound in which the mystery of the twilight found its utterance, but it did not matter, anyway. A sound as of a man clapping his hands, now near, now faint and far—two claps, then three in answer, three near at hand and five far away, as though some fleeing spirits of the night were carrying on a primitive Morse telegraphy with one another. Sometimes it was high in the heavens, sometimes low over the beaver meadows, then silence would fall till there broke on the mellow air a note stranger still—a purring, churning medley of sound, neither harsh nor sweet, but which possessed some strange property whereby it was impossible to judge the distance or the direction of its creator.

In truth the nighthawks had just arrived, and these were the sounds of their lovemaking. They were strange birds, strange in numerous ways, as are so many creatures of the twilight, and now—behold, Capri, the male bird, skimming low over the beaver meadow, darting full tilt towards the trunk of a massive oak, swerving in the ace of time, pinwheeling vertically through the branches—up, up, as though repelled by the very earth, then high above the trees, slashing on in his erratic, tumbling flight, which looked so feeble, and yet which carried him so far, so fast! Now, suddenly, he stands still in the air as though by collision with some invisible but immovable mass; his long, graceful wings are vertical above his back, he falls earthwards as a stone falls, as a star falls, and there comes a fairy, flute-like note as from the Pipes of Pan. Scarcely he tips the earth, then, as his wings extend again, he beats the air heavily, and clap after clap the echoes ring as his wings meet above him, to be answered presently by his wife, hawking insects like himself half a mile away.

They do not call to each other, these birds of the twilight, but thus goes forth the glad message—"Here am I! Where are you?"

Presently Capri—the big brown swallow of the night—alighted on his favourite perch among the branches of beech; I say his favourite perch, but it was his only one. Truly he was seen one evening settled on the sand by the Blue Pool, but we shall come to that presently. The branch was thick, as thick as a man's thigh, and he perched, or rather lay lengthwise upon it, and it is now that we hear the mysterious churning, vibrating note, by which Capri has earned one of his numerous well chosen names, churn owl. He rattled it off without break or interlude for fully two minutes, while his best beloved clapped and clapped, now here, now there. She, at any rate, seemed to appreciate his music, for love lends magic melody to a multitude of sounds.

As a matter of fact there was an excellent reason why Capri lay lengthwise on the limb of his choice, for his legs were so short as to amount to little more than feet stuck to the underside of his body. Curious feet they were, for the nail of the back toe was enormously long and curved, while its edge was serrated, like a comb—some say to comb the insects from the long hair which surrounded his wide, flat beak. But I fear, alas, that the feat would have been impossible, for his neck was short as well as his legs, and Capri was no gymnast.

So for an hour or so Capri fed and rested, keeping in touch with his mate though each stuck to its own range, and now and then, as a phantom shadow darted by, one heard a loud "slink," as a specially juicy insect was caught at full flight. They

destroyed thousands of insects, most of which were harmful to man's interests, and by the time the young moon peeped with silver rim through the crooked branches of the beech crest, turning the silver Silvertrail into a thousand glancing daggers, which found merriment in their own heedless mirth, the two nightjars were satisfied—their work for the day was done.

They met in mid-air with the lightest of butterfly kisses, then upward they sped, into the blue emptiness of night, till the Silvertrail, four thousand feet below, looked like a thin white thread cast carelessly to find its own bed on the crooked earth below, till beech wood and cedar swamp and beaver meadow were one in the intermingled smudge of night.

Here, with immeasurable space around them pinwheeling and dived and rose, colliding, drifting apart, threatening to annihilate themselves and each other by headlong collision in mid air, but never quite, for each seemed always to know what the other would do. So were they essentially creatures of the air, for there they loved and fed, there they lived their lives, like a gull whose home is on the sea, and Mother Earth played no part in the world of their wakefulness.

"—Capri wheeled in his flight to skim it up, but as he did so, one of those big fat trout jumped clean out in pursuit of the insect, and bird and fish met in a cloud of spray."



the rest they lived their lives apart, as though etiquette forbade Capri enquiring too closely into her affairs.

THAT July the grandson of the old man at the sawmill was sent to that quiet backwash till he had outgrown the effects of a serious illness which had left the little fellow white and wasted, and scarcely a day passed but that the city boy saw something which added at least one drop to his cup of wonder, which matured, as wine matures, into the cup of understanding.

One dusk when the boy went down to the Blue Pool, armed with his fish pole, all eagerness to catch one of the big fat trout which fed only at night time for his grandpa's breakfast, he saw a strange bird seated, or rather lying, on the silver sand at the water's edge. He approached it slowly, his eyes, wide with wonder, for so unlike other birds was it that he was filled with a natural suspicion that it might be "venomous." It looked at him with its big, dark eyes, and truly, there was nothing very terrible about those eyes. He saw too that the bird was wet, and the boyish desire to catch and possess overpowered his superstitions. The bird

remained stock still as he approached; even when he stretched out one hand to raise it, the creature did not stir till he actually touched its feathers, then away it went on silent wings; and as it sped across the pool he heard that peculiar clapping sound which so long had mystified him. Thus he came to know something which many years of opportunity had failed to teach his grandfather, who belonged to a less observant age.

As a matter of fact, Capri was flying towards a huge fat beetle speeding headlong just above the surface of the lake when the beetle met an air pocket or something, and fell to the surface. So Capri wheeled in his flight to skim it up, but as he did so one of those big fat trout jumped clean out in pursuit of the insect, and bird and fish met in a cloud of spray. Capri fell, and was left to flap humbly ashore, while the trout, hiding wild-eyed under a shelf, was no doubt muttering in surprised bewilderment, "Some beetle!"

A few days later the boy again saw the strange bird, and—how he longed for a book which would tell him what it was! He had climbed into a beech tree when he saw something peculiar lying on a branch directly below. It looked like his bird, and yet, if so, he must almost have stepped upon it as he climbed up. "It must be a mushroom!" he was telling himself, when again those big, soft eyes looked up into his face. And once more Capri allowed the fingers of the boy to touch his glossy feathers ere he thought it time to fly away.

In the early days of August, four nighthawks might have been heard, if not seen, hawking insects about the Blue Pool, two of them still weak on the wing, ever guided and encouraged by their parents. For many evenings they hunted together, rejoicing, so it seemed, in each other's company, but, no sooner were the young-

sters thoroughly masters of the air, than they vanished. No doubt they set out on the southward trail, starting before their parents so that they could make the great journey in easy stages, but how they knew the way or who led them, is still far beyond our knowledge. Of all the migrants they were the first to go, and as the young swallows of the day depart before their parents, so also these swallows of the night.

Capri and his mate, left now alone, were silent as they flew. One no longer heard the loud clap signal; Capri no longer sang his strange song when he sank to his beech limb to rest, and yet there was no sadness in their flight, no sign that the love bond had weakened, for now they flew always together, criss-crossing and wing-tipping, never more than a few yards apart as they skimmed the beaver meadow or wheeled at prodigious speed among the branches of the wood. But, gay though they were, there was a new sadness in the song of the leaves, a new melancholy even in the laughter of the Silvertrail. For autumn was drawing near.

On one still, thundery night, the first night of September, the nighthawks, in their moonlit whirl, rose higher than ever before—upward into a mad cloud of wings, five thousand feet above the beaver meadows. The air was full of wings. Human eyes could not have believed their own vision, for these were the children of the night, which far outstrip in numbers those of the day. Nighthawks—millions of nighthawks! And bats, too, bats without number. They seemed more numerous than the stars, all wheeling in different directions, travelling at dizzy speed, and yet, though the air was thick with them, though wing tips seemed veritably to brush wing tip, not one fell to earth in the reckless starlight dance.

Thus for an hour they flew, then, as though a mighty gale suddenly took possession of the host, they swarmed in one direction. The packs drew in, denser, denser, the whirl of eager wings was like the hush of the sea, and so—southwards, —O moonlit Silvertrail, O land of summer song, till below the mighty Sarano shone white; and southwards still, till the grey dawn broke, and the nighthawk millions fell to earth, but the bats sped on.

THERE followed days and nights of blinding storm, when the low-flung clouds shut earth from view, but the nighthawks, with the migration fever strong upon them, did not wait for the weather to fair. Indeed the coming of the cold lent greater zest to their purpose, and ere that night had fallen the whirling millions rose, higher, higher, above the driving rain, into the rampant glory of a sunset higher than life's storms. Below them, red lipped and wonderful, were the rolling clouds, but through the dark rifts night lay impenetrable, with no glimpse of that silver braid which should have led them to the sea, whence they might follow the coast line to their southern home.

All night the gale blew fiercely from the east, and not till daylight came did they descend below the clouds, storm beaten and weary, eager for the rest and shelter that only Mother Earth could give.

But there, below them, was the sea—sea on every side, white-capped and heaving! Many there were in that dense throng that in their weariness alighted, but the leader wheeled back into the clouds, and the wisest, the strongest, followed.

All through the blinding glare of that long day they flew, descending at intervals into the storm, but always, below them, the sea! Each time some would alight, more and more as the day wore on, while others, lashing blindly through the clouds, fell slowly, slowly to the rear, striving to keep pace—flap, flap, flap!—but sinking, sinking, till hope died, and the great sea claimed them.

Thirty hours later there remained of that great army less than a dozen birds, flapping slowly, falling in their flight, and the leader was no other than Capri. They flew among the clouds, unable to rise into the thinner air—poor wet, exhausted things, striving to hold their lives against the merciless eternity of space.

Continued on page 15

UNCLE LOUIE RUSHKA GETS X-RAYED

A Tale of Winnipeg's Foreign District

By Edith G. Bayne

A FEATHER, you have been told, will indicate the direction of the wind, attesting the truth of the argument that the veriest trifles have their uses. But it was a whole feather-bed that pointed out the ebb or flow of luck in the Fiegenbaum family.

If you happened to be standing at a certain corner in the congested foreign section of Winnipeg and saw the Fiegenbaum feather-bed, roped to a borrowed express-wagon, travelling due east, you knew beyond all doubt that the winds of fortune were strongly adverse. For the bed was making one of its periodical pilgrimages to the pawnbroker's. If however, you beheld it jogging along in a westerly direction it meant that redemption had been made possible, that the Fiegenbaum stock had taken a jump toward par and the family were eating again.

The bed was the valued possession of Mrs. Sarah Fiegenbaum. It was never permitted by her to be put to the lowly purpose for which it had been made and when not journeying to or from the shop of the three balls it occupied a lofty position in the bosom of the family; that is to say, it hung suspended from the rafters of the single living-room and was lowered or raised by means of a pulley-like arrangement made of clothes-rope. It represented the family jack-pot. In its pristine days old Isaac Ipstein had loaned as much as ten dollars on it, for the bed had been stuffed in Russia and only a Jew knows how such a treasure is held in Jewry. Latterly, however, he had come down to seven and finally five. The bed was getting up in years, its covering was patched and spotted and redolent of a variety of odors, chiefly fish and garlic, and it was often necessary

now, when need pressed heavily, for the widow to include her good brass gefüllte pot or her Saturday candlesticks in the deal. So much for the feather-bed—now for the family.

Of primary importance was Uncle Louie Rushka, the widow's invalid brother. Uncle Louie was a byword in the foreign quarter. He had everybody stepping. Solly, the eldest son, had run away with a circus five summers before and hadn't been heard of since. Goldie, the next child, was fifteen and worked in a millinery establishment for barely enough to keep her. Ferdie came next. He was a smart lad. He played the violin—and hookey when he could. The violin wasn't his own but an ancient affair belonging to his uncle and he hadn't ever taken a lesson. Abie and Elsie, the twins, were the youngest, two minds with but a single thought and that for mischief. Mrs. Fiegenbaum was a small, faded woman, with a care-lined brow and hands perennially shrivelled from many and continuous washings.

On a raw spring morning, when the gutters were still running with a residue of melting snow, though the pavements were bare, Ferdie Fiegenbaum might have been seen dragging the borrowed express-wagon topped by the feather-bed along the street in an easterly direction.

"Look only!" said Mrs. Kriff to Mrs. Sam Himmelfeldt. "Again the Fiegenbaums get hard up!"

"Oi, gevalt!" murmured Mrs. Himmelfeldt, sympathetically. "Uncle Louie Rushka maybe gets worse again, ain't it?"

"Worse? He's always worse!" sniffed Mrs. Kriff. "Every time he tries it a new doctor poor Sarah she's got to hock the bed, but Uncle Louie don't part from

his watch and his fiddle, you bet. For why he's such a crab I don't know!"

"The poor feller—you should have it a heart, Mrs. Kriff," said the other, who was a newcomer to the neighborhood. "Oh, Ferdie! Come here once!"

These good ladies were just coming out of a chicken shop and each carried a live and squawking fowl in her shawl.

"For why do you hock the bed?" inquired Mrs. Kriff of Ferdie, while Mrs. Himmelfeldt gave him a small red apple.

"My Uncle," answered Ferdie simply, "he's sick."

"Nu, he's always sick—but is it yet or again?" Mrs. Kriff shifted her rooster from the left to the right arm.

"Does he go by the hospital?" asked Mrs. Himmelfeldt, solicitously.

"I guess so," Ferdie replied, nonchalantly, as he took a bite from the apple and munched it appreciatively.

"Oi!" exclaimed Mrs. Kriff. "Already he's dead!"

"By the hospital—the poor man!" Mrs. Himmelfeldt shook her sheitel-covered head and moaned.

"But he don't stay," offered Ferdie. "He goes only to get his photograph taken."

"His photograph!" cried both ladies together.

"The new doctor says he should go and get his insides photographed."

"What are you talking foolish!" said Mrs. Kriff, sharply. "Is it that he can turn himself inside out yet?"



It was Uncle Louie Rushka firmly convinced that his last day had arrived.

"Jokes he makes by us," murmured Mrs. Himmelfeldt. "Such a mischief, that boy!"

But Ferdie had gone whistling on.

That afternoon in the waiting-room of the X-Ray department of a big hospital an anxious group were gathered. The centre of the group was a bearded gentleman in a tight-fitting overcoat that fell almost to his heels. He was a little man with a sallow face and a querulous expression and he kept up a continuous rocking movement in his seat while he shook his head from time to time and groaned. It was Uncle Louie Rushka and he was convinced that his last hour had arrived. Next him sat his sister, Mrs. Sarah Fiegenbaum, holding tightly in her hand some dirty, crumpled bills, the price of the prospective "operation." On her right was Ferdie, round-eyed with wonder at everything he saw, while the twins fidgeted on Uncle Louie's other side, too much impressed with the apparent gravity of the situation to indulge in their usual antics.

A nurse stepped up.

"Is the gentleman ready?" she inquired.

Uncle Louie rolled his eyes up and groaned.

"I hope you ain't going to ask him he should look pleasant please," said Mrs. Fiegenbaum in a tremulous voice. "He ain't smiled for anyhow ten years and such a sudden change it would maybe hurt his face, y'understand."

"An expression is all we'll let him wear for a few minutes," the nurse said, cheerfully. She tendered Uncle Louie a crash bath-robe, a cotton nightie and a key. He regarded these articles with puzzled surprise.

"Lady," he said, politely, spreading out his hands in a characteristic gesture, "this is so kind from you but I ain't staying all night, me."

"But you must undress for the X-Ray," she told him. "This is the key to your cubicle. Follow this orderly"—a young man in uniform had come up—"and when you are ready for the photograph ring the bell."

With a resigned shrug Uncle Louie rose and tottered away in the wake of the orderly. Only once he paused. Pointing to a strange-looking picture or chart on the wall he demanded: "What iss?"

"That," answered the orderly, "is a photograph of a diseased liver."

Uncle Louie looked at the unshapely mottled blotch with disgust.

"It turns from me my stummick," he said, while a shudder of loathing passed over him. "If I had it a liver what looked like that, understand me, I wouldn't let it sit for its photo—believe me, young feller, I wouldn't!"

At the door of the cubicle the orderly pointed to a small printed sign. Uncle Louie feigned inability to read the English language.

"Have you any valuables on you?" the orderly asked, then. "If so, leave them at the office. That's what the notice says."

"Me? Valuables?" returned Uncle Louie. "Say! Maybe you think I'm an oil-stocker or a real-estater, young feller!"

Ten minutes later a nurse knocked at the door. Uncle Louie stuck his head out.

Continued on page 38



* * a great buzz and commotion was filling the corridor. Uncle Louie Rushka stood in his bathrobe in the centre of a group of nurses, internes and others, talking in a very emphatic way; swinging his arms and gesticulating, while every separate hair of his head seemed to be standing on end in indignant protest at his recent indignity.



Blankets and
woolens are so soft
and fluffy after
washing with
Fels-Naptha soap!
The most delicate
fabrics are made
wonderfully clean
and fresh-looking!

Clean — deep down through every thread!



Real naptha! You can tell
by the smell

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient, ten-bar carton.

That's the beauty of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha—the sanitary soap. They get more than surface-cleaning.

No matter how thick or how woolly the fabrics, the real naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the most deeply-seated dirt, gently and safely breaking its grip from the tenacious woolen fibres, (as of course, it does with thin silk or cotton goods). Then the soapy water, flushing through the fibres, carries all the dirt away.

The clothes are doubly cleansed from dirt, body oils, odors—all the way through—purified wholly and completely. They are made hygienically clean, for Fels-Naptha does all that good soap does, plus all that real naptha does.

When you realize the close relation of clean clothes to health, you will never be satisfied with less thorough cleaning.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than naptha. It is splendid soap and real naptha so blended that it gives you the best of these two great cleaners in one golden, sanitary bar. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today! Give your home the benefit of Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.

GET an idea of how helpful Fels-Naptha is. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

PLATED WARE

By Florence Brewster Wikingsson

HORACE and Milly Daw lived in Colingwood, one of those suburbs where neighbors know the condition of your tonsils, how many Liberty bonds you bought, how many you have left, what caused your bunion, if you wear cross barred underwear or read Beatrice Fairfax. But they were a friendly, kindly folk—wouldn't offend you for the world.

The lady onijas doted on Horace. He had a Lambert Murphy voice, a Vernon Castle sense of rhythm and did not snap your head off or get sarcastic if you trumped his ace while repeating your recipe for pickalilli.

Milly Daw, one of those little pink and white wives who only reach as high as their husband's collar button kept a fact or two from the neighbors, a feat only to be compared with finding a Rembrandt in a departmental store. Just how well she succeeded was discovered one afternoon when she invited seven of her neighbors over for two tables of bridge.

She was in the kitchen, preparing a lunch for the guests, ears strained toward the dining room where three were finishing the game.

"Wouldn't it be grand, girls, to have a regular club—8 couples—and have dinners or dances, say once a week, and theatre parties too," suggested Mrs. Dave Sinclair.

"Yes, it would be lovely," agreed Mrs. Phillips, playing the queen on her partner's trick, "but Horace and Milly can't keep up with the crowd or anything like that. Can't you smell macaroni croquettes? If that's her limit on refreshments when we have all served chicken salad or lobster patties—how in the name of common sense are they going to give elaborate dinners?"

The gong was rung.

"Horace is such good company, it's a shame, isn't it? Milly must be an awfully poor manager. My cousin Ed's wife's the same way. Ed works like a slave but she just fritters it away on God knows only what," cut in Mrs. deGowan.

"Very likely she's paying off the mortgage on her father's farm," giggled Mrs. Phillips.

Mrs. Sinclair's eyes roved about the room as she took the shine off her nose, elaborately, so not to have to count the score.

"My, but Milly's rugs and chairs are shabby. All her little crocheted doo dads can't cover that up. A nice home is such an inspiration to a man but she hasn't gumption enough to even have these walls done over! She told me the other day she didn't really care for a car. Just fancy! They could have one like the rest of us if she didn't act so contrary."

"Horace is one grand man and he has my sympathy," sighed Mrs. deGowan.

"Now, I suppose I shouldn't repeat this, but Mrs. Andries told me that lots of months they just sort of pay 'at' their grocery bill." Mrs. Phillips' contribution came from virtuously pursed lips.

"Oh, mercy! I hope the sandwiches she's serving this afternoon are paid for," piped up Mrs. Sinclair.

The frying kettle nearly dropped from Milly's hand when Mrs. deGowan declared, "Yes, it's too bad Milly is fading so. Poor Horace certainly has a lot to contend with."

Milly's impulse was to throw the kettle of boiling grease at some one—but whether at the guests, her husband or at herself she did not know, but after exchanging a gingham apron for a dainty lace trimmed affair of sheerest white, she managed a smile which looked charming on her flushed face.

After the children were in bed and asleep, Horace and Milly sat down to read. Had Horace not been so interested in the base ball column he would have noticed that Milly was not looking at her magazine, but at him and the expression on her face was not amiable. Turning the paper over and not even looking up, he remarked, casually,

"Elwell leaves the first to open a branch in Denver and Morgan will have his job."

"What!" screamed Milly, jumping from her chair. "I said Mr. Morgan is to take Mr. Elwell's job," repeated Horace, slowly.

"And you get Morgan's?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know! Why don't you know?" almost shrieked Milly, coming up close to him.

"There's nothing to get so excited over," calmly advised her husband.

"What! Haven't you had your eyes on Morgan's job eight years? Are you going to stand by and—"

"Oh, I've squinted at it now and then," drawled Horace modestly, starting to fill his pipe. His calm, deliberate action so angered Milly that she snatched the pipe from him and flung it into the fireplace.

"Why, Milly! What is the matter with you?"

"It's that I am tired of being poor. You—you big, easy-going failure. There. I've said it," she added, breathlessly, and sank into a chair by the fire.

Horace bent over her.

"Don't come near me—you make me so mad I almost hate you!"

"But, Milly, darling—tell me what troubles you. You never acted like this before."

"If I had, we'd be better off now. Everyone knows that you are a big fake and are pitying me," she sobbed.

"Who is pitying you?"

"Eva Sinclair, Mertie Phillips and Esther de Gowan are. I was in the kitchen getting the refreshments and overheard them say how nice it would be if we eight couples met every week for dinners, theatre parties and dances. Mertie suggested that the Daws couldn't afford to do much for you were such a financial frost. They wondered how I stood it and—and Eva said she hoped the sandwiches were paid for," Milly wound up, gulpingly.

"Cats!" muttered Horace.

"Yes, maybe they are but they all dress better than I do and have beautifully furnished homes—and cars! My suit money went for the children's adenoids three years ago and ever since its gone for gas bills, pew rent, stove polish, and fish! I'm tired of making clothes for the children out of aunt Lavinia's old stuff. I'm sick of dusting old junk that would disgrace an ash pile. Other people's gasoline makes my head ache!"

"Guess I should be a steel puddler—or a plumber. In these days when doctors of philosophy are begging for jobs at \$2500 a year, there is not much chance."

"That's no argument. Mr. Morgan gets a chance and his wife has everything she wants," Fresh tears.

"I'd rather scrub than have my life ruined by a failure."

"I never knew I was such a rank failure before."

"That's just the trouble," sneered the former meek little Milly.

"Well, there's no way to make Dalton give me Morgan's job," doggedly insisted Horace, hoping the incident was closed, but—

Milly flounced from the Mission rocker, and eyes blazing, faced her husband.

"Horace Daw, there are some things I've got to have and you must get them for me," pounding on the table with her fist to emphasize each word.

"I want new rugs and living room furniture, new clothes for the entire family, a vacation at Atlantic City—and I want a car!"

"Anything else?" gasped Horace.

"Yes, some salad forks," calmly answered his wife. "I'm going to bed. Good night!"

Horace sat a long time by the dying fire, letting Milly's words sink way in deep. That he received a somewhat garbled version does not matter—he got the news of the card party as straight as the average well-managed husband gets things told him.



For women who will never look their ages

Do you look as young as you should? Are you striving to retain—to enhance—personal attraction? You should. Every woman owes it to herself—to her friends—to him—to make the very most of her good looks.

Just back from Paris—the world's beauty capital—with a wealth of fresh beauty knowledge, Monsieur Vivaudou claims—yes, guarantees to prove—that in every woman are latent possibilities to be developed at will.

He asks you merely to follow the lead of the clever, well groomed women who will never look their ages—those who insist on toilettries backed by the famous name Vivaudou—a guarantee that they are the purest, safest and best made.

VIVAUDOU'S MAVIS BEAUTY SECRETS

MAVIS
FACE POWDER

VIVAUDOU'S
TISSUE FACE POWDER

MAVIS PATTIE

MAVIS COLD CREAM

MAVIS TOILET WATER

MAVIS TALC

Vivaudou's Tissue Face Powder
Have you tried the latest Paris creation? It builds the tissues as well as beautifies.

Pattie
A three months' supply of powder or rouge in a handsome burnished case with mirror and puff.

Cold Cream
So soft it seeps into the pores, ridding them of all impurities. For the foundation of all loveliness—a velvety skin.

Face Powder
Unbelievably fine, exquisitely tinted, perfumed with the luxurious breath of Mavis.

Toilet Water
A haunting fragrance—stronger and more lasting, even, than most extracts.

Talc
Largest selling talc in the world. In the tall red can with the gilt top.

MAVIS FACE POWDER

VIVAUDOU'S TISSUE FACE POWDER

MAVIS COLD CREAM

MAVIS TALC

Mineralava keeps your face always young

PARIS **VIVAUDOU** NEW YORK

PLATED WARE—Continued from page 8

Breakfast next morning did not have its usual cheerful air. Instead of the chirpy banter and intimate gossip about themselves and their neighbors that the Daws were wont to indulge in at this time while the children were still upstairs, Horace merely asked as he rose from the table, "What pattern in salad forks did you say you wanted?"

"Oh, I think when it's plated ware the simpler the pattern the better," replied Milly in freezing tones.

Horace closed the door with a loud bang as he started to the train.

Arriving at the office, he opened up his desk mechanically and began the day's work. Mr. Dalton, the manager came in at nine and one minute after Horace Perkins Daw was standing before him.

"Well, what is it?" vouchsafed Dalton, somewhat crisply, looking up from a pile of papers.

"In regard to the vacancy made by Mr. Morgan—" began Horace, diffidently, "why, why have you any plans?"

"None that concern you," growled Dalton. "It takes an A 1 man for that job."

"Why my long association with Jordan & Co. indicates I have made good—"

"Yes, up to a certain point but you lack initiative and pep. Morgan's job also calls for selling ability. Now, where would you be, say on The Bothwell Motor Co.'s order which I am at-

the money as airily as if he were buying a bunch of violets at a corner stand. He walked out of Hardy's jewelry store himself—plus.

Crossing the street, he entered a drug store and called up Jordan & Co., asking to talk to Mr. Dalton.

"This is Daw—Mr. Horace Daw. Just called to say I'll take you up on that little bet you made me a few minutes ago."

The remainder of the forenoon was spent at Dauler's furniture store where he selected two big over-stuffed chairs for the living room—the two were special \$498.00.

"I'll let you know soon when to deliver them," were his instructions to the clerk.

He had spent what was coming from Dalton—if he got another job as good as the one he had at Jordan's—and kept it.

Luncheon over, he flipped a coin on the table. "Heads—plumbing, Tails—steel—start in a laborer and work up to puddler." But—whether it was shoes for her youngster, cough syrup for her husband or a beaded bag at Frank's and Seder's basement sale she was grabbing tips for—well, the waitress gave Horace the benefit of the doubt anyway.

"Ahem, I guess that means for me to stick to printing awhile longer—to get the wherewithal to keep my family in the style they wish to get accustomed to. Milly called me a fake and a failure.



On Royal Ranch, High River, Alta.

tending to, personally? They're hard to sell—takes a live wire to handle people like them. As for Morgan's job—I intend giving it to Amsden."

"But, Mr. Dalton! Do you realize how long I've—"

"That's nothing to me. If you don't like the way I run things—get out."

"You old walrus—come out in the ally!" was what he wanted to say—but offered instead.

"Very well, I will, I'll get as good a job with some other firm."

"Five hundred dollars to one you don't hold it down!" snapped Dalton and followed out to the cashier and instructed him to give Mr. Daw two weeks' salary. Horace quickly cleared his few belongings from his desk and passed out into the crowded street.

"I believe Milly was right, I'm just—plated ware."

In Detroit they have so many automobile accidents that the citizens can pretty nearly figure when it is their turn next. Any question of doubt can be settled by lingering in the safety zones. It is said that those who are not killed outright seem greatly surprised and confused when they are bumped. Some queer kink in human nature.

Daw walked about aimlessly for several squares till a jeweler's window attracted his attention. He stopped, looked up at the name of the exclusive firm and walked in the store. He nearly toppled over when told the price of a dozen salad forks—the amount was almost a week's salary but he counted out

Dalton said I lacked pep and would be punk as a salesman. I ought to be vice president of some big corporation with those qualifications!"

By three he had been politely told at the Acme Printing Company and at Straus' that his services were not required. At Seymour's, the manager seemed faintly interested.

"I'll let you know in a few weeks. Just now I really can't place you, except," he hesitated a little, "as salesman on commission. If you care to start there and make good, we'll shake the plum tree later."

"I'm hired. Where's my desk?"

One was indicated in the next room. "Look over these cost sheets and call on the Bothwell Motor Co. tomorrow at nine. Their contract won't be handed to you on a silver platter—but you get it—understand?" That was the Seymour system—start a new man on something hard. They did not believe in spending several months training employees.

Horace laid the cost sheets on his desk and picked up the phone.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Dalton," he began in plushy tones, "this is Daw. Wondered if you would care to raise that little bet you made this morning. I'm with Seymour now." Dalton smiled into the receiver—he knew the Seymour methods.

"Why, yes. I'll make it an even thousand to your one." "That extra \$500 will buy a davenport, table and

Continued on page 10



Why Women Smile

As they never did before

Teeth are prettier today—Millions combat film

Most pictures are now taken with a smile showing pretty teeth.

Look about you. Note how many smiles now show glistening teeth. That was not always so.

Millions of people are now using a new teeth-cleaning method. Every day they are combating the dingy film on teeth. You will also do so when you make this test and see the quick results.

Film is unsightly

It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. If not frequently removed, it may form cloudy coats. It is also the basis of tartar.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escape

Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escaped. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film, so brushing left much of it intact.

Dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Together they act to curdle the film and then remove it.

Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the world over are advising their daily use.

A new-type paste

A new-type tooth paste has been created, to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent.

These two film combatants are embodied in it. Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To the homes of fifty nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Pepsodent brings two other very important effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth.

Results are quick

Results are quick and convincing. You can see and feel them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a week you will realize that you and yours should use this new-day method. And you always will. Cut out the coupon now.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent
CANADA
REG. IN
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

1025 Can.
10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 33, 191 George St., Toronto, Ont.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



Take up a Moir's chocolate and examine it. Notice the perfect satiny smooth coating. Bite into that luscious shell.

Honest, did you ever taste such captivating freshness or flavor?

Everything that goes into the making of Moir's chocolates is the purest and best that money can buy.

Mellow honey, full meated nuts, pure cane sugar, luscious

fruit juices, and most important of all, a perfect chocolate coating made by a secret process which preserves the delicious centres and gives to Moir's that "just made" taste.

If you have never tried Moir's you have a new and satisfying pleasure in store.

They look good and they taste better.

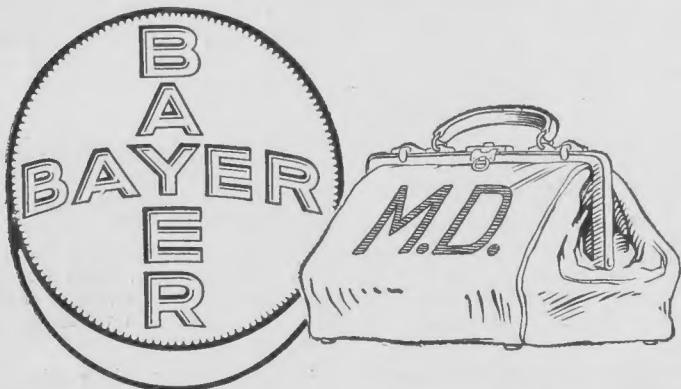
You'll eat them with relish and want more.

MOIRS LIMITED - HALIFAX

Moir's Chocolates

ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

PLATED WARE—Continued from page 9

lamp to go with those two chairs," figured the gentleman at the other end of the wire.

Absorbed in his new work, Daw was nearly two hours later than usual getting home. Milly's eye was still cold, but enquiring. Her husband evaded her unspoken question, after the meal turning to the sporting page, as usual. The painful silence finally was broken.

"What made you so late?"

"Oh, just work at the office."

"Why, anything different?" Milly bent forward, eagerly. "Same old grind," cheerfully, "Printing." Milly's lips tightened.

"I want you to tell the landlord we must have new wall paper. I have not complained before because I knew he would raise the rent."

"But—I was thinking of moving to Beverly some day. What's the use of tearing everything up and then—"

"Are you crazy? Don't you know one must own their home in Beverly?" She ran from the room, crying.

Shortly after eleven the next morning, Horace Daw emerged from the private office of Jim Bothwell, founder of the Bothwell Motor Co. He had never tried to sell anything before—his work at Jordan's was mostly keeping a record of what the other men did. Bothwell wanted finer catalogues than any competitor put out—de luxe editions—but the postage on same was to be the big expense item. His tactics to a below rock bottom price added nothing to his popularity. He employed the usual methods with the new salesmen from Seymour's but that young man seemed to have a covering like a turtle's back—but through it he could feel something—urging! It seemed like Milly prodding him—with salad forks that felt as big and as sharp as pitchforks!

After a couple of hours, Bothwell came up for air, so to speak. Gently laying the contract in front of him, Horace remarked, with a quaking feeling inside, "it is indeed a pleasure to sell to a man with your keen insight. Just sign here"—and through the maze there was a sort of grunt—and James K. Bothwell signed.

Dalton had been waiting in the outer office an hour or more. He glowered. "Oh, good morning, Dalton—so glad to see you. You can mail me that check—just closed a fat contract here," nodding toward the president's private room, "Sorry I can't ask you to lunch but I'm terribly busy."

"Christmas morning! I always took him for a big fancy frosted cake that would taste like cotton batting when you come to eat it."

He dashed through the main office, catching up with Horace at the elevator. "What do you mean by butting in here?"

Mr. Daw spoke as kindly as juvenile judge.

"Dalton, your trouble is being too sure of things. Because I was like an old family horse at Jordan's you thought I was satisfied to—just plug. But I have a rather expensive family to look out for. Seymour's had little hope here. It was more to try me out that they sent me over. Bothwell never heard of me before—you always managed to keep me in the background." Entering the elevator his former employer grasped his hand. "Good luck to you my boy!"

A few mornings later Milly remarked that the office boy was "exceedingly fresh." Her husband stirred his coffee uneasily.

"Yes," she continued, "I called you up on Mrs. Crane's phone at eleven yesterday and that imp said you were not there, then rang me off short. Of course Mrs. Crane was listening to every word and I felt awfully cheap. I wish we could afford a phone of our own."

"Well, dear, we will have one put in."

"Yes, in our home in Beverly," sighed Milly over a little coat she was making out of a discarded velvet tea gown of Aunt Lavinia's.

That evening a package from the Hardy Jewelry Co. was brought home.

"They're lovely—but how can we afford a whole dozen solid silver salad forks?"

"Oh, I guess we'll worry along. No more plated stuff for us. Show them to the neighbors—and tell 'em what I said."

"I can't quite make you out these days. You talk so queerly sometimes. Are they paid for?"

His wife's perturbed look tickled Horace immensely.

When the new living room furniture was delivered explanations had to come then.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!"

"I want you and the kiddies to go to the seashore in August"—yes, because he had a little stucco bungalow picked out in Beverly—a surprise on her return. Mr. Seymour was going to advance him the down payment.

Milly crept into her husband's arms and nestled there real close.

"Darling, we simply must have a car. And you'll get me a piano and a fur coat for Xmas, won't you?"

Horace was thinking of the stucco bungalow—the payments would be pretty heavy the first year. Milly jogged his arm a little.

"Yes, dear," he answered, "if there is still a market for catalogues and other printed matter."

The River Which Calls

What does it call? Who does it call? Someday, someone will hush and listen, Then we shall know.

Janey Canuck

In the days of Gone for Ever,
In the land of Used To Be,
There was once the "Calling River",
And it strove to reach the sea;
For its Banks were high and wooded,
Shadowed oft it crept along
And it longed to feel the pulsing
Of a current deep and strong.

For the Sea was calling, calling
Wild and free,
And the river answered gladly,
"Wait for me."

Then a voice was heard to whisper,
Soft but clear the echoes wake,
"It is I, the Mighty Spirit,
Showeth all the way to take.
Not to all can come the wideness
Nor the beauty of the sea;
But to all a greater glory,
If they listen but to me."

Still the sea was calling, calling
Wild and free,
But the river paused, ere ans'ring,
"Wait for me."

"Rest you here amid the shadows,
Thine to do the Spirit's will."
(Softly roll the waves to listen
All the valley tense and still)
"Not to you to know the glory,
Nor the wideness of the sea,
But to know the joy of service,
In a healing ministry."

Tho' the sea is calling, ever
Come to me,
Answers now the quiet river,
"Not to thee."

Then the sun shone forth resplendent,
Tinting all with golden sheen,
And the river flowed, still slower
As the lakes were formed between.
So has passed the "Calling River,"
So at last the "Voices" cease
For on river, hill and valley
There was breathed the breath of peace,
Now thro' all its pleasant places
Tho' the echoes rise and swell
You will hear no "Calling Voices"
In the Valley of Qu'Appelle.

Tho' the sea has called the river,
And the river called the sea,
And the drawing of its current
It will know eternally;
But to you and me the river,
Comes when useless strivings cease,
Not perchance our fond ambition,
But God's blessed boon of peace.

Irene Armstrong.

What it Means to a Scot

"I see they have just dug up a corner stone of a library in Greece on which was inscribed '4000 B. C.," remarked a student to a Scotchman. "What do you suppose it means?"

"It canna mean bu' one thing," answered the Scot solemnly "Before Carnegie."

THE COWARD

By Mayme Cooper

DAVE Elmond had arrived on the evening train; and the Elmond twins would fain have had the fact announced from every housetop in the neighborhood. Had not the big brother graduated with first class honors from the Agricultural College, and was he not home? Peggie and Bennie, fondly hoped 'to stay.' The morning of the preceding summer, when Dave had spent his holiday at work in the city had indeed been turned into joy.

So great was their enthusiasm over this home-coming that it almost overshadowed the recent arrival of their father's only sister. And this wonderful Aunt Ruth had come all the way from her far-away home in New Zealand, for this visit, the first in six years.

Out on the broad verandah the little group was gathered—their father and mother and Aunt Ruth.

"Yes Dave's home for good," the father announced, his face beaming. "He was offered a good position in the city—same place he's been working the last two summers you know, but Dave turned it down. He'd rather help me run the old farm. He loves every inch of it you know."

Aunt Ruth murmured some words of pleasure at this satisfactory arrangement. She was watching the face of Dave's mother. It held no pleasure. In

fact, he wouldn't be roaming all over the barn. You didn't tie him. Don't dare say you did!"

A moment or two later the twins' leisurely walk brought them into view of Aunt Ruth's window. Bennie was crying and Peggie was administering sympathy in liberal doses.

"Of course you tied that old Prince," Peggie was saying, "I saw you do it. I saw you!" She stamped a furious foot. "So did Dave. Don't you remember he said that was a punk halter? I'm going to ask Dave," she flung up a spirited head, "and I'm going to ask him right in front of Papa too."

AND Peggie, to the consternation of her family, actually carried out her intention—at the tea-table.

"Dave," she suddenly broke out, in a very loud and nervous treble, "Bennie did tie old Prince when we came back from town this evening, didn't he, Dave? Didn't you see him? Didn't you?"

"My word!" mimicked Dave, "am I to decide a bet? Let me be careful!"

"Not another word, Peggie!" It was her father's voice pitched at an altitude that made every member of the family jump. "Leave the table and go straight to bed."

Then, as Peggie obeyed, her up-tilted head saying the things her tongue dare



A pause in the gallop

fact, for one fleeting second she had surprised on it an expression that was almost terror. And the dread in her eyes, the alert and constant vigilance of her whole attitude—these had certainly sprung into being with Dave's home-coming. Why?

She looked across to the barn where Dave, with a twin clinging to each hand, was being shown the various improvements that had taken place during his absence. What a big, handsome Dave he was! The splendid fulfilment of his childhood's promise. Surely, surely, there should be nothing in connection with the home-coming of this bright-faced boy to trouble the mother's heart?

Two days later, seated beside the open window of her little room she pondered the same problem. It was the same room she had occupied in the days of her girlhood. From this window she commanded a view of the new and modern barn; the straggling stable of her childhood's remembrance had vanished. Sloping away from the new barn, as from the old, was the pasture field down which she used to run in those far-away, delightful summer mornings for the cows.

Old memories revived from the stupor of years paraded before her; she became so lost in reverie that, when a loud and peremptory voice suddenly broke in on her musings, she fancied, for one breathless moment, it too, was a voice from the past.

"Don't say that again, Bennie!"

"But Papa," whimpered Bennie, "I did—"

"Don't say that again," the voice was a roar this time, and held a threatening challenge, "You didn't tie him. If you

not utter, his flashing eyes sought those of his eldest son as though he expected to see, what he did see, open protest.

"I'll thank you, Dave, not to interfere. This is my affair!"

Dave laughed sardonically. He ignored his mother's imploring glance.

"Perhaps you'd like me to go to bed too, father. I don't know what Peggie's crime is, I seem to be in on it."

But the father, with a muttered "Excuse me," had already left the table.

And this little scene was merely the prelude to a thousand and one similar in the days that followed. Everything about the Elmond homestead came in for its share of acrimonious discussion, from the disputed age of that veteran among horses, old Prince, to the relative merits of fall and spring ploughing. Dave was full of new ideas, new theories, ideas and theories that ranged from the best method of government to the best method of planting potatoes. These, he introduced on every possible occasion, and these his father, at every introduction, unhesitatingly designated as "new-fangled nonsense." The barn, the implement shed, every outhouse and field was the scene of verbal battles innumerable.

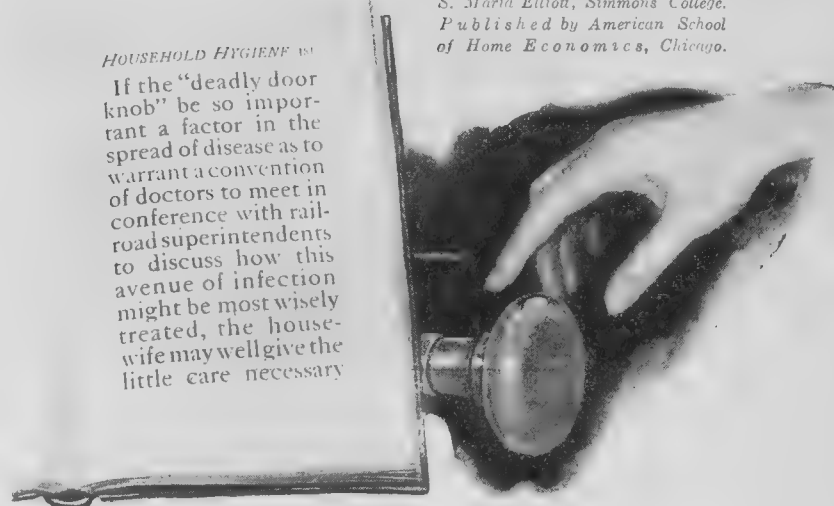
As the days and weeks went by Aunt Ruth, looking helplessly on, wondered and hesitated. She longed to talk to Dave; she had in her keeping a certain story she felt he should hear, but—she had promised Dave's father that story should never be told his children. And while she wondered and hesitated, the rupture that was inevitable sooner or later, took place.

Continued on page 12

From "Household Hygiene" by Prof. S. Maria Elliott, Simmons College. Published by American School of Home Economics, Chicago.

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE

If the "deadly door knob" be so important a factor in the spread of disease as to warrant a convention of doctors to meet in conference with railroad superintendents to discuss how this avenue of infection might be most wisely treated, the housewife may well give the little care necessary



The deadly door knob

IF THE innocent-looking door knobs in railway cars and stations are such dangerous carriers of disease, what about the places in your home that micro-organisms really prefer—the dark, damp spots where they flourish?

The wash-basin and kitchen sink drain? The refrigerator pipe? The toilet bowl? Musty closets? The dark, hard-to-get-at, out-of-the-way nooks and corners?

Those tiny micro-organisms (germs or bacteria as they are more commonly known) are invisible to the naked eye, yet their dangers are none the less existent. They are a constant menace to health—the source to which most illness can be traced.

The healthful home requires repeated use of a disinfectant—a completely effective disinfectant that actually destroys germ life.

The effectiveness of "Lysol" Disinfectant is indicated

by its use in leading hospitals everywhere. "Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water.

Tests made by pouring "Lysol" Disinfectant in water, stirring well and then examining this solution under the microscope show that every single drop is clear and transparent; there are no undissolved globules.

Be sure of the disinfectant you use

THIS means that "Lysol" Disinfectant solution (in proper proportions as given in the directions) is 100 per cent. effective, completely destroying and killing germ life.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is neutral as well as completely soluble. It contains no free acid nor free alkali. Diluted in the correct proportion, "Lysol" Disinfectant is non-caustic.

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant.

As an antiseptic for personal hygiene (One-half teaspoonful to one quart of water) "Lysol" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene because it is safe as well as thoroughly effective. In proper solution, it does not irritate. In fact, it is soothing as well as cleansing. The use of "Lysol" for this purpose is due to the realization of women everywhere that antiseptic personal cleanliness is a safeguard of health.

Canadian Agents:

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., LTD., 10 McCaul St., Toronto

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY

COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For household and personal use



THE COWARD—Continued from page 11



Your straw hats need never look old

A straw hat is as old as its color. Colorite will make any straw hat look bright and new. For it can be applied in fifteen minutes, bringing back the original shades or giving it another color.

There are sixteen fashionable shades from which to choose.

Look over your old hats. Bring out

the favorites and buy a different shade of Colorite for each one. You will have a variety of hats and a lot of fun doing them over for a little money.

Colorite is sold for 30 cents in drug stores, department and dry goods stores. If offered a substitute, send us 30 cents for the color you want.

Dept. 89, Home Office, Boston, Mass.
CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY

You can also buy Colorite Fabric Dyes for tinting or dyeing cotton, wool, or silk cloth.

Made in Canada

Colorite

HAT FINISH



Style
No. 242

THERE are several P. C. models specially designed for the supple girlish figure. Every woman who seeks to get the best value in style, service and comfort for her money should certainly see and try on a P.C. Corset.

Models to suit all figures.

Parisian Corset Manufacturing Co. Limited
MONTREAL QUEBEC TORONTO

"P.C." Corsets

RUST PROOF

GUARANTEED

26



One sunny afternoon, watering can in hand, the visitor sauntered leisurely into the large tree-shaded garden, where she was startled to discover the figures of her brother and nephew. Half-concealed though they were by a giant, untrimmed maple, their attitudes could only be described as menacing.

"Well, you can go," David Elmond Sr., suddenly roared, "You can go, the sooner the better! But don't ever set foot on this place again! Remember that!"

"O, don't you worry!" retorted the son, "If I ever do set foot on this place again—" he gave a little sardonic laugh, "well, you'll want me pretty badly, I guess!" He was off, like a shot, in the direction of the house.

And straight after him went Aunt Ruth. Dave, in his haste had not paused to close the door of his room. He was slamming his things into a trunk with frantic haste. Before he could move or speak she had closed the trunk and was sitting on it.

"Dave," she addressed the fuming young man, "You're not going away in this fashion, and you needn't think it."

"You know—?"

"Yes, but—"

"And mother?"

"She doesn't, and Dave, she must never know."

He turned as sharply as though she had stabbed him.

"What's the sense of such talk! Aunt Ruth, I must have my trunk. I'm in the very mischief of a hurry. I've got to catch the first train out of here."

Aunt Ruth ignored the chair so significantly placed for her.

"All right, she acquiesced, matter-of-factly, "But Dave, before you go, will you give me ten minutes."

"Ten minutes!"

"I've something important to tell you."

"Stay here one instant longer than I can help! What do you think I am!"

"It's something you should know—should have known long ago."

"I know too much!" Abruptly he turned from her and seizing a battered suit case, began piling into it the remainder of his clothing. "I'm leaving on the two-twenty—without my trunk—if I live."

"You'll live," said his aunt, "your mother may not. Peggie and Bennie's whole childhood will be shadowed, your father will brood and grieve—"

"Oh, will he!" the boy laughed, sardonically, "he'll coax me to come back, too, won't he?"

"He'll never ask you to come back."

Dave straightened suddenly.

"And do you think," he demanded, "do you honestly think I'll ever set foot on this place again, unless he does?"

"You'll never come home again unless he does."

They faced one another in silence.

"You don't know," Dave broke out at last, "you don't know! He flung himself across the room to open the window, gave the blind a savage pull, which sent it flying to the top, jerked it to the bottom with such force that it flew to the top again, and flung himself back.

"YOU don't know," he repeated, "I've lived here all my life. I know. It's always the same. I never had a right to an opinion of my own—never! Peggie and Bennie haven't. Dad's right, right about everything, always right! He's the same everywhere. He left his lodge. They didn't do some old thing the way he wanted it done. He left Church. They didn't build the church the way he wanted it built. He never goes any more. You've seen that! Of course, mother mustn't go either. Peggie and Bennie mustn't go. Dear little kiddies. They're dying to go but they mustn't."

"But—you came home to stay?"

"I thought I could hold my own," he laughed bitterly, "I've held it."

"Yes, you've held it." The hand that pushed the thick gray hair back from her hot forehead was shaking. "So did your father before you. So did your grandfather. Oh, you think I know nothing of this sort of thing! I! Why, my whole girlhood was spent in watching the process—your father and grandfather in collision continually in collision—holding their own."

"Oh," Dave commented grimly, "They quarrelled too. Sort of a family affair this!"

"It seems to be. Well one day they quarrelled for the last time. Mother and I returned from a few hours visit to find a note awaiting us. My only brother—my chum, my idol! And he had gone from home—from the neighborhood—for good. But he left me a note. A note!" Her eyes glinted. "Oh it was a cowardly thing to do!"

"Cowardly!" Dave lifted a spirited head. "Of all the things Dad never was—and isn't!"

"What else was it? He was in a rage. It was easier to leave home on the instant than to stay one hour, easier to write a note than to face mother and me. Father would have to do that. He knew it and left it for him to do. He chose the way that was easiest for himself—hardest for everyone else, and that's the way of a coward!"

Dave started in an astonishment that was paralyzing.

"Well of all things!" he said at last. "What on earth would you have him do? Please father forgive me and I'll stay at home and hold my tongue like a good little baby—is that it?"

"I wouldn't have him stay home at all if he thought it wiser to leave. I would have him leave home without pulling the place up by the roots as he went. I would have him remember that he couldn't in honor leave twenty-two years of love and devotion as a butterfly does it's chrysalis."

"It's easy to preach!" the boy flung at her.

"I know," Aunt Ruth's voice shook a little. "I know, but Dave—supposing that day thirty years ago—your father instead of running away, had decided to stay at home and make a real, honest-to-goodness effort to tame his tongue, and his temper—Oh, just supposing! What would that decision have meant—to all of you, but most of all—Oh, most of all—to himself!"

Dave walked over to the window.

"Well," he presently said, without turning his head, "what happened?"

"It killed father," she said simply, "Oh, not directly, of course," in answer to his incredulous look. "He just brooded and brooded and grew every day more silent and bent and old. When he took pneumonia, he hadn't a chance. We knew it and he knew it. I don't think he cared. Even then your father's name never passed his lips. We—we didn't know what to do."

Dave wheeled abruptly.

"What!"

"We dare not excite him. When finally I did telegraph David, father said very little. He just—counted the hours."

She paused, her eyes fixed unseeingly on the glorious beauty of the summer afternoon.

"They never saw each other again," she said at last, "in death or in life. David never received our telegrams. He'd gone west with a harvest excursion. When finally we got his new address, Father—" she pointed to a spot in the distant cemetery where the dancing sunlight softly caressed a tall white stone.

There was a long silence in the little room. The two-twenty whistled its way into the station, whistled its way out again, but Dave at the window, neither moved or spoke. Finally, there came a step on the stairs, they both knew. The boy sprang across the room, flung his suitcase into the closet and opened the door. His mother stood on the threshold.

"I thought I heard voices," she looked in alarm from one face to the other, "you here, Dave!—what's wrong?"

"Why, nothing mother," he laughed, "I'm just going out to dad." Then, at the relief in her eyes, his own misted with contrition. He put his arms about her. She laid her head, a fond, proud head, on her big boy's shoulder, but she never knew, then or afterward, just how big he was.

Down and Out

"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?" "Sure. I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk." —Washington Star.

Creatures of Our Canadian Wilds

Wilderness Engineers

By Raymond Thompson

THE beaver is too well-known to need any general description; yet I have noticed in reading various articles on this favorite subject, that some of the most interesting features regarding the nature and work of this most interesting animal are omitted. Having been a professional trapper for a number of years in the Canadian wilderness, I have been in a position to make a very close study of the various forms of wild life.

Most people, then, are familiar with the general appearance of the beaver—it is more like a greatly enlarged muskrat, with a broad, flattened tail, than anything I know of. What puzzles a good many is the fact that some beaver fur is sort of soft gray color and some other a reddish-brown. This is explained in that the "coat" of any beaver is composed of two distinct classes of fur. The outer coat (long, coarse, reddish hairs) gives the animal its color. On the belly the fur is somewhat darker. Now, underneath this outer fur is a soft, plush-like one of the gray tinge I mentioned. In the trade,

an almost perfect circle and look quite a bit like a rose-colored celluloid ring when so assembled. It is simply astonishing to note the size of the trees that the beaver cuts down with these powerful "chisels," and I have measured black poplar (sometimes called Balm of Gilead) stumps over a foot and a half in diameter. Very seldom will the beaver cut a dry stick, unless the same happens to be in the way or needed in the construction of lodge or dam. This is quite natural, for not only does the bark of the green tree form the animal's principal food, but the dry stuff is much harder on the teeth.

Besides the cutting teeth, the beaver is equipped with molars or grinding teeth, to the number of sixteen, four on each side of both upper and lower jaws. These are used in grinding up the bark and roots, and serve exactly the same purpose as our own "back" teeth. The beaver is strictly a herbivore; outside of the bark and roots which I mentioned as forming his chief diet, he is fond of the tender grass that shoots up in early spring. But a few days ago I watched



Beaver at work on top of his lodge built against the shore of a "Beaver Meadow"

the longer hairs are pulled out, leaving this finer fur, and we have what is known as "plucked beaver."

Another thing that few people are aware of in connection with the beaver is the manner in which it keeps its fur impervious to water. The hind feet, much larger and more powerful than the fore ones, are fully webbed. The toe nails are short and stubby (in contrast to the long ones of the front feet which are used for digging). On the second from the outside toe, the nail is split or divided on either hind foot. Connected with this opening are oil glands which are sometimes confounded with the castors of the beaver. In "waterproofing" his coat the beaver simply combs his fur with the hind feet, this action causing the oil to flow from the glands. But for this odd provision of Dame Nature, the water animal would be in rather a predicament, as, unlike us humans, he has no such thing as a ready change of clothing. True, the beaver does change his coat (like all other animals), but the process is so gradual that it would be impossible to note any difference from one day to another.

THE teeth of the beaver form another very interesting study. The front ones, or incisors, are chisel-like, curved cutting teeth, and are a double set, that is two lower and two upper. These teeth are so long, and extend so far back into the jaws, that the two of them when placed together will form

an old beaver for upwards of an hour, and in that time he consumed an amazing quantity of grass.

It is hard to find a small stream in this country that does not show evidence of the beaver's work at one time or another. Years after a dam has been deserted by these amazing engineers, the structure remains much the same, except that through the accumulation of drifting leaves and seeds a rank growth of bush has sprung up. To really appreciate the marvelous ingenuity of these wild creatures one has but to visit one of their series of dams. The size and corresponding strength of these dams depends entirely on the volume of the stream and the nature of the channel. For instance, if the creek has a rocky bed it is very hard for the animals to make an enduring foundation, and if it be swift as well as stony the beavers have added difficulty in keeping the dams from going out in the high water period.

Generally speaking, the best location for a dam is on a portion of the stream where the current is not too swift, and where the bed of the channel is muddy (not in color, I mean void of rocks). Naturally, the surrounding country must be covered with a growth of trees such as the beaver uses for food, chief among these being willow, alder, poplar (cotton wood) and birch. In starting the building of a dam the beavers cut sizeable parts of the trunks of trees, with



Keeping your child's hair beautiful

What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations. Be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy

WATKINS
Mulsified
TRADE MARK
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
MADE IN CANADA

*Splendid for Children—
Fine for Men*



Continued on page 14



You can't see what's inside of a can—but you do know the worth of a label

And that explains why particular people, who value quality and flavor above everything else in food products, are so careful to demand DEL MONTE.

They know from experience that DEL MONTE quality is always highest quality—they prize the experience, the ceaseless vigilance of inspection and the care for which that label stands. They know that DEL MONTE always brings them the pick of the world's finest crops—in more than a hundred delicious, appetite-tempting varieties—ready for use at a moment's notice—at less expense than if they had canned them in their own homes.

Send for this Book

Let DEL MONTE be your guide in supplying the finest fruits and vegetables for simple, economical meals—all the year round. "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor" will help you. It's a 64-page book with over five hundred simple and economical recipes and suggestions for the thrifty, easy use of canned foods. Send for a free copy.

Address Department 37
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California



A partial list of DEL MONTE products

Apricots
Blackberries
Royal Anne Cherries
Peaches
Peaches, Melba Halves
Bartlett Pears
Crushed Pineapple
Sliced Pineapple
De Luxe Plums
Green Gage Plums
Asparagus
Peas
Red Pimientos
Pumpkin
Spinach
Sweet Potatoes
Pork and Beans
Olives
Seeded Raisins
Seedless Raisins
Salmon
Catsup
Maraschino Cherries
"Dri-Pak" Prunes

CREATURES OF OUR CANADIAN WILDS—

Continued from page 13

the limbs attached, and float them down to the desired part. Here the branches are forced into the mud and after an array of these has been formed across the entire channel, mud is piled and forced into the mass by the tons. Really, one wonders how these animals can gather such an enormous mass of sticks, stones and mud. For these dams are often ten and twelve feet thick at the foundation and sometimes over a couple of hundred feet in length. The water level is thus raised anywhere from two to ten feet, according to the character of the location.

IF the stream, across which the obstruction is thrown, is swift the beavers are forced to make one or more additional dams, immediately below, as reinforcements. As the water over the main dam sometimes drops all of ten feet, it will naturally require a very strong embankment in order to successfully resist the enormous pressure from above. Here is where the instinct of the animal asserts itself and wins for the beaver the title of "The Wilderness Engineer." By building one of these dams further down he backs the water up against the main structure, to, say, half way up on the lower side. Thus the waterfall over the main dam is lessened to five feet, just half that of what it would be otherwise, consequently the pressure against the larger obstruction is correspondingly lighter. If the lower dam needs reinforcing, a still smaller one is built below it in turn. I have seen evidences of this masterful piece of engineering in too many instances to entertain the slightest doubt as to the wonderful instinct that directs it.

Above the main dam are likewise lesser ones. These I call "auxiliary dams," and their purpose may be explained as follows: The beaver, ordinarily, will not go more than a hundred feet or so away from the water, for he has many deadly enemies on land and must keep a constant lookout for these foes. After a certain dam has been inhabited by beavers for a few years the growth of suitable "timber" immediately adjacent becomes scarce. It is hard work dragging the stuff over land and if the stream is small there will not be enough water to float it down from above. Consequently, the beavers go to work and build dams upstream, thus backing the water up over a considerable area, and making a further supply of timber available.

The house or "lodge" of the beaver, while not requiring the work of such a master hand as directs the construction of the huge dams, is, nevertheless, an object worthy of considerable attention. The foundation rests on the bottom of the stream and the structure in its entirety resembles a large dome, rising above the water several feet. The same material goes into the building of these strange dwellings as is used in the dams. The entrances, two or more in number, are under water at such a depth as to prevent them freezing shut when the grip of winter covers the pond with three feet of ice. These entrances converge into one main tunnel which swings upward to a point somewhat above water level, and here the living room is located. This room is hollowed out, from three to six feet in diameter, depending on the size of the family, and the floor is covered with grass and reeds. Not such an enticing abode, is it, for one to spend half of his life in? Yet, it is an ideal house for the beaver, being warm and affording protection from the hungry foes as well as the severe frosts of winter.

In the fall the beavers collect a large store of limbs and trunks of the smaller trees and sink what is called the food cache, just outside the entrance to their house. As they are confined to the dam during the period the ice covers it, this store of food, together with what they can gather on the bottom of the dam, comprises their bill o' fare.

The beaver is not strictly a nocturnal creature in its habits, and I have often watched them at work, both late in the evening and before sunrise. Indeed, hundreds of beavers are taken annually by the hunters and trappers of this northwest country during these above-mentioned periods. Curiously enough, the beaver does not seem particularly scared of one as long as he is in the water, and I have had them swim up right close in order to be satisfied as to the nature of the one that watched.

SOME highly interesting, though rather amusing, tales are told relative to the beaver. One of these I quote verbatim and comes from one whom I consider as a splendid authority on most subjects of wild life, and an author whose writings I admire very much. I trust no one will think that I am "trying to show off;" I don't know it all, by a long shot! Here is the statement: "The broad flat tail of the beaver serves a most excellent purpose in carrying the mud to the dams and huts, and in matting and smoothing it into solidity."

In carrying mud, the beaver holds it tight up under his chin with his fore feet, the latter not being used in swimming. However, the beaver never carries mud any great distance, generally digging it up immediately above the dam he is building or close to the lodge, if working on the latter. Mud wouldn't stick on a beaver's tail as long as it would take to put it there. What the tail is used for is to act as a rudder, and is of great assistance to the animal when handling awkward pieces of timber in the water. Within a comparatively short distance of my home (here in the edge of civilization) are a number of beaver families. Only yesterday morning I came in from a trip on which I had hoped to take some photos of these interesting creatures at work. The trouble is to get them out where the light is good.

This particular morning a beaver was indulging in a favorite sport of theirs. Have you ever noticed ducks diving and quacking, not in search of food, but through sheer love of the sport? Well that is exactly what this old beaver was doing and as there was no other sign of life about, he must have been doing it for my particular enlightenment. Down he would go, striking his six-inch-wide tail a slap on the water that sounded like a pistol shot, to reappear almost directly; this performance was repeated for some time and when he finally dived for good he wasn't more than thirty feet away. But it was early in the morning, and the speediest lens would have failed to register his actions.

I think there is no more interesting animal in the great outdoors than the beaver, and it is no wonder that Canada has adopted this creature as a mascot or symbol.

He Wanted it Rubbed In

A WEALTHY Western Congressman says the Argonaut, much against his will, erected a magnificent mansion in Washington to please his wife and daughter. The Congressman was of plain tastes and had no liking for the social activities of the national capital. One day an old friend visited him. Wearing a face of the deepest gloom, the owner of the stately home escorted his caller throughout the place. The visitor was admiring and enthusiastic, but the host said little or nothing. When the inspection was finished and the two had returned to the library on the first floor, the visitor said:

"Well, Jim, you certainly can't say that you haven't everything that you want."

"Yes, I can," replied the millionaire sombrely; "I want a parrot."

"Why a parrot?"

"I should like to hang him over the front door, so that every time I enter this place he can yell out, 'There comes that old fool again!'"

THE NIGHTHAWKS—Continued from page 5

Capri was leading, I say, at the head of the straggling wedge—whither he knew not, save in response to a call older than the hills—southwards!—but suddenly he dropped from his place, lower, lower. The gap closed in, and the rest went on.

Exhausted? Capri, the fittest of a thousand thousand of his tribe! No, but his lady love, his lady of the silver Silver-trail, had fallen out! So now he joined her, flew beside her, wing tip to wing tip, wheeling, encouraging, while the rest fought on and were lost; but too long she had held the pace which he had set, and earthward now her only journey lay.

Sea! Nothing but sea—white-crested, rolling sea! Flap—flap—flap, still side by side, scarcely clearing the long blue rollers now, and—nowhere? Nothing but sea? What then was that great purple mass looming nearer, nearer? What those fan-shaped, feathery-topped things, and what this new scent in the air?

Capri's mate breasted the storm anew. She saw and understood. Fresh strength came to her wing-beats, she rose a little, battling gamely on, but Capri—bounded upwards in great long, twisting glides, and there fled along the wind that rarest of sounds, the scream of a nighthawk, bearing the gladdest tidings to those unseen above. For they, the fittest, were to live!

SUCH were the storms of that autumn that few nighthawks and few bats returned to the valley of the Sarano and its sister river when spring again touched the north land. The result was that plagues of insects devastated the great fruit orchards, and when a learned naturalist attributed the shocking destruction to the almost entire absence of nighthawks

and bats, millions of which had been swept out to sea by the storms of the previous autumn, his theory met with the passing smile of all such pretty theories. One practical observer stated that though he had grown apples in Sarano for the last thirty years, he had seen only one nighthawk, while he considered four bats to the mile a liberal estimate!

But there is one strange incident to record from the Silvertrail Valley that summer. Where now the lush grass of the beaver meadow? Where the sweet breath which bears the scent of forest and leaves and flowers? The trees stood leafless as winter, the earth was brown, and covered everywhere with the webs of creeping things which had stripped the land.

So the old white-headed priest called his flock about him, and at the hallowed hour of sunset he led them to the little church on the hill-top to ask of God the deliverance which only God could give. And there, in the dim, cool fragrance, the voice of the old white-haired man strayed on in humble tones, before him the narrow altar on which his hands were laid, when, through the open door there flew on silent wings—a bird! Thrice it flew around the church, swerving to miss the hanging lamps, then as the voice of the old man rose in final, earnest supplication it hovered a moment above his head, above the sacred table, like a spirit from a world unknown, then departed by the way that it had come. Many there were whose eyes were not downcast, for many saw it, and as the old priest rose, there sounded from the open door a sound in which the sacred mystery of the twilight finds its utterance—the sharp clap-clap of springtime's sundown hour.



In the very heart of Nature.

All Is Well

If thy courage never fails,
Then, All is well!
Winds of hope to fill thy sails,
Yes, All is well!
What can daunt thee if thy soul,
Tranquil, fixed, to gain the goal,
Never falters, onward goes,
Fearless meeting all thy foes?

Earth is dreary, cold, at times,
But All is well!
Listen to the stirring chimes
Ring, All is well!
Set thy feet upon the way
They should go, and ever pray
For the grit and patient strength
That must win, for thee, at length.

Friends may come, and friends may go,
Still All is well!
And concealed, waits many a foe,
Yet All is well!
Hark ye to this bracing strain!
Courage keep though faint with pain,
And your failing heart is stayed
By your God, "be not afraid."

Rough, the flinty road-way winds;
Hark! All is well!
He who wins contentment finds;
So, All is well!
Gleam of victory, beckons on,
Forward, till the field is won,
Courage! courage! still repeat!
Never, never! fear defeat.

Frances.

Soul Balm

Blamed ole winter time's a leavin'
An' I'm glad to see it go.
Tired o' sittin' round the fireside
Lookin' out at slush and snow;
Tired o' plannin' 'bout the future
Tired o' dreamin' o' the past;
Want to see the flowers a bloomin'
An' the green grass growin' fast.
Want to sit out on the river
Want to salve my weary soul,
With the healin' balm at's hidden
In my good ole fishin' pole.

There's a tonic in a fish pole,
That no doctor's pill-bags hold;
In its springtime resurrection
There's a joy not bought with gold.
Oh, the thrills through ever' fibre
Like the songs that angels sing.
An' I'm mighty close to Heaven
With my fish pole in the spring.
So I'm glad at winter's leavin'
I kin doctor up my soul
With the healin' balm at's hidden
In my good ole fishin' pole.

By Paul Picket

There is probably nothing that so obstinately stands in the way of all sorts of progress as pride of opinion, while there is nothing so foolish, and so baseless, as that same pride.

I know against all appearances that the universe can receive no detriment; that there is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul.—Emerson.

**She has a
loveliness
every woman can win**

—the flawless complexion that Boncilla gives

The secret of real beauty is a perfect complexion. Not a complexion disguised by cosmetics, but a clear, fresh, natural complexion as exquisitely clean and pure as a baby's!

Every woman can reclaim this youthful loveliness, by using the wonderful Boncilla Beautifier Clasmic Pack.

Boncilla is different from all other complexion aids. It cleans and clears your skin with a gentle vacuum action. It draws out every imperfection, every particle of dust and grime from the depths of the pores. It stimulates circulation, rejuvenates muscles and tissues, smooths out lines.

One treatment will convince you that Boncilla does all we claim,—and it costs you next to nothing to try the experiment. Get the 50c Boncilla Package-of-Beauty. It contains tubes of Boncilla Clasmic Clay, Boncilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, and Face Powder—enough of each for 4 complete Boncilla treatments.

**Sold at Drug and
Department Stores**

Boncilla

If your dealer cannot supply you, send the coupon and 50c. to us and your order will be filled immediately.

Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd.
590 King Street West,
TORONTO.

I enclose 50c. Please send Boncilla Package-of-Beauty to

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

W.H.M.-5-23.

MR. ROBERT ARMSTRONG—THE CAPTOR OF LOUIS RIEL

By Charlotte Gordon

ONE of the most picturesque figures in our Dominion to-day is Mr. Robert Armstrong of Calgary, an outstanding pioneer, in that he was the captor of Riel, the famous rebel of Western Canada. To have taken a part in one of the decisive episodes of the history of the great West as the chief scout of the North West Field Force of Canada under General Middleton, Mr. Armstrong's experience is a story with which to conjure in the realm of romance and history. His silver medal, stamped with the head of Queen Victoria, dated 1885, is one of his prized possessions.

It was at a gathering of the old-timers' association in Calgary that Mr. Armstrong was brought out of his life of retirement. Old-time pictures were thrown on the screen as a part of the entertainment—one a picture of an eager young scout of pioneer days. Not recognizing himself, Mr. Armstrong waited for the name to be announced when there rang out: "Robert Armstrong, the man who captured Riel."

Then quickly followed the demand: "Robert Armstrong, stand up." From his modest corner he was led, by interested friends, to a place beside his picture, amid the cheers of the audience. And they found that time had dealt kindly with him. It was hard to realize that the upright, benevolent looking man, with slightly greying hair and a very merry twinkle in his eye, had seventy-four years to his credit, and years in which waved high the magic wand of adventure.

The mists of time have not dimmed his memory and the manuscript of his adventures which he has written, is a typically human document, replete with incidents, stories, names of places, persons, dates and a clear portrayal of events. The stories typify the stern and rugged experiences of the pioneers, and the narrative is just like the writer, straightforward, rugged and humorous.

It was while hunting in the Judith Basin in 1882, that Mr. Armstrong met Louis "David" Riel, the leader of two rebellions in Canada, who was then teaching a Catholic school. In 1870, when Riel's men at Fort Garry had melted away before the approach of the soldiers from Eastern Canada, he had ridden across the river and from the opposite bank witnessed the triumphal entry of Wolseley's men into the place where he had reigned supreme for a short time. He then took his way over the Boundary line to await developments and was still engaged in school teaching at St. Peter's Mission, Montana, when the agitators of the second rebellion sent for him in 1884.

His second meeting with the notorious rebel, was in Prince Albert in the Fall of 1884, and in attendance at some of the public meetings held by the agitators, he heard Riel in his fiery appeals working the half-breeds up to white heat that burst in the rebellion.

"He was a man of fair education and a good speaker. He had, however, gotten in wrong with the Canadian Government, and I saw that he was heading for more trouble," Mr. Armstrong writes, "continuing to tell of the opening of the rebellion as it touched his district about Prince Albert."

"Among the first steps taken by the Breeds in attempting to enforce their demands, was the confiscation of supplies en route from Qu'Appelle to Prince Albert. Riel despatched runners into the North to solicit the aid of the tribes of Indians in those regions, instructing them to seize all rifles and ammunition from the Hudson's Bay Posts, and raids followed.

"The first serious fighting in the impending trouble, took place at Duck Lake on March 26th," writes Mr. Armstrong, "when a small force of Mounted Police and Militia, the latter composed of Prince Albert boys, started out under command of Major Crozier from that centre for Carleton to protect the Hudson's Bay post there.

"THE men were met by a much larger force of half-breeds and Indians under the notorious leader, Gabriel Dumont, who wanted to parley under a white flag. They had barely commenced to talk," the narrative reads "when an old Sioux, almost blind, stepped up behind one of the men, attempting to grab his revolver. The man, turning quickly, snatched the gun, which in some way was discharged, killing the old Indian. Right there, the fight commenced; the Indians threw down their blankets in the snow, which was over a foot deep, and cut loose with all the weapons they had. The boys returned fire, but were seriously out-numbered and forced to retire with a loss of several dead and many wounded.



Mr. Robert Armstrong, of Calgary, the man who captured Riel, the famous rebel of Western Canada.

"We had a small seven pound brass field piece, but owing to the fact that in loading the third round the ball was inadvertently rammed home before the powder was put in, it was rendered useless and this really lost the fight for us.

"The boys managed to get the teams headed for Carleton and, piling in, away they went, leaving the dead where they lay and taking the wounded with them.

"A friend of mine was one of the first to fall with a bullet through his heart. Before leaving Prince Albert, we were joking about the business, never for a moment thinking that it would really develop into anything serious. However, fate ordered otherwise and a great many Prince Albert boys lost their lives. Captain Moore and R. A. Harkley were among the wounded though happily not seriously.

"Dumont had the bodies removed to a deserted house and we took teams and brought in the slain. They were frozen as hard as flint, for the temperature registered 40 degrees below zero and we had some time thawing them out for burial.

Mr. Armstrong continues that he had been determined to keep out of the trouble, as he had led such an adventurous life among the Indians in the United States and in the life of a buffalo hunter, but seeing how serious an aspect the situation was assuming, he offered his services as scout. Few men were as well fitted for such a work and he was readily accepted.

"During this time, many well known citizens of Prince Albert rendered valuable services," writes Mr. Armstrong. The late Colonel Sproat organized the Prince Albert volunteers. He was a military man with previous experience as Colonel of the 32nd Bruce Battalion in the Fenian Raid; he was also a member of Parliament of Confederation and a Civil Engineer on the Grand Trunk Railway when it was built. Mrs. Sproat was also prominent among the ladies of Prince

Albert in helping the sick and wounded soldiers. Mr. A. B. Sproat of Calgary, is a son of the late Colonel Sproat.

Mr. Armstrong tells of the excitement in the little outpost of Prince Albert, when a man rode into town, shouting that the Indians were advancing on the place. Women and children were taken from their homes and lodged in the Presbyterian Church, which was barricaded with sacks of flour, cases of canned goods and cordwood. During the excitement, many of the little children suffered from frost bites and the women fainted.

"Later in the evening," writes Mr. Armstrong, "I rode out of the town to try to locate the force that was supposed to be heading our way and soon found that it was a false alarm."

Mr. Armstrong's scouting experience on our western plains, when in a state of war, makes interesting reading. He tells of coming on deserted houses at nightfall, hoping to find "grub," and it was at McKiever's farm between Duck Lake and Prince Albert that he found a tub of "dandy sausages which we soon had frying and they sure tasted good, for we were pretty hungry, having been without food for over a day.

"Later I visited Cameron's farm, a short distance away where a party of men were stationed and they were in clover with all kinds of 'grub'—poultry and bacon galore. I remember one witty Irishman remarking, 'If this is war, may we never have peace.'"

Mr. Armstrong was sent with despatches from Prince Albert to the telegraph office at Humboldt, and at that time Colonel Irwin had been without news from the outside world for about three weeks on account of men, sent with messages, falling into the hands of Riel.

"I received a new rifle and revolver for the trip. At first they refused ammunition for fear I might be captured and the whole outfit become rebel property. I, however, informed the Colonel that I had never yet experienced the sensation



Louis "David" Riel, who had the "Bad Eminence" of leading two rebellions.

of being a prisoner of war and had not the slightest intention of becoming one in this instance."

Needless to relate, that Mr. Armstrong got safely through with his despatches, for "I cannot remember when I first learned to handle a gun, but imagine it was plain natural," is his own expression in speaking of his early training.

In the narrative he tells of the advance on Batouche as carried on from the river and of how the steamer "Warship" was strengthened by raising a bulwark of bags, and "mostly kit bags at that, the barricade being about four feet high, while the Pilot was protected at the wheel by a sheet of boiler iron placed around his post."

Drifting down stream, the men opened fire when opposite the rebel position but had such heavy return fire that they had to take to a better cover than the kit bags afforded.

"In the meantime," writes Mr. Armstrong, "the hail of bullets beat a lively tattoo on the boiler iron and so alarmed the Pilot that he allowed the steamer to broach and she swept down stream towards the ferry. The heavy cables, suspended in mid-air, across the river, caught the boat, completely dismantling her. She continued to drift with the current until at last she grounded on a sand bar and came to rest."

DURING the fighting, Mr. Armstrong, in his scout duties, was sent to Clarke's Crossing with despatches for the correspondents of the various papers. Being the first through with the news "I received a bonus from the press, one of whom was George Ham of the Manitoba Free Press" writes Mr. Armstrong.

He refers to the type of soldiers in the rebellion. At Batouche an officer detailed certain men for duty in the pits and others in the cook house, much to their annoyance. Mr. Armstrong said to them "You fellows don't know when you are well off—here you are kicking because they won't allow you to go and get your head shot off." "Oh, I'd rather get my head shot off than stay around here doing cookhouse duty. There is no glory in this."

"You are some boys, I'll say," and he continues in his narrative, "this was typical of the whole force—they never stopped at anything." However, we have all learned that Canadian lads can be depended on to the utmost anywhere.

There is the story of the English officer who remarked to one of the transport officers that he had been conversing with some of the drivers and found them to be "quite intelligent," to which the man, something of a joker, replied "If I find any of them possessed of any such quality, out he goes; they have their orders pasted in their hats and that is all that is required," whereupon he was reported to be mad.

The land advance at Batouche, from May 9th to 12th, ended in a complete victory for our men, as is well known.

"Just before the final attack," writes Mr. Armstrong, "the General with his staff were riding around, including myself, when we suddenly heard a terrific yelling.

"That sounds like a charge, Armstrong; just ride over and see what is going on," said General Middleton.

"I did so and found that the troops were storming the enemy's position. I reported and then rode into Batouche, heading for Batouche's house, which I entered by a window, the first in. Captain French soon followed, ran upstairs, looked out of the window and was immediately shot dead. I could scarcely believe my eyes, it all happened so suddenly. An old breed, named Ross, was lying on the ground a short distance from the house and upon seeing the Captain stick his head out of the window, the old fellow drew down on him and killed him.

"After this incident, I stepped over to the famous dungeon where Riel kept his prisoners. It was a horrible hole, dark and filthy. The men had been confined there a long time and when we hauled them out they could hardly stand upright and had to have medical attention.

"The following day, we collected a quantity of furs belonging to Batouche, sending then on the steamer to Prince Albert. Batouche later collected a considerable sum of money from the Government for them.

"Then we began to hunt for Riel. Men were already scattered over the country in the hope of rounding him up. Deil, Hourie and I struck out together, headed for the Minichenas Hills which were more or less covered with bush. One of the men, Peter Deil, was interpreter for General Middleton and is now

Continued on page 30



Facsimile of the famous Gold Seal which is pasted on every genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug.

**GOLD
SEAL
CONGOLEUM**
GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH
DAMP CLOTH

Beautiful Patterns for Every Room

No matter which room of your home needs a new rug, you'll find a *Gold-Seal Congoleum* pattern to suit it in size and coloring. Housewives who use these rugs in all their rooms say they'll never go back to unsanitary, dust-collecting rugs and carpets.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs have a smooth, durable surface that is proof against water, dirt, and spilled things. To clean them, all you ever have to do is mop them up

with a damp cloth—and in a few seconds they're spotless and new again.

But ease of cleaning is only one of many satisfying features of *Congoleum Rugs*. They're easy to lay too, cling flat to the floor without fastening, and never turn up at the edges.

Beautiful—durable—easy-to-clean—inexpensive—*Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs* are Canada's most popular floor-covering. Let

us send you our interesting folder showing the full line of patterns in color.

9 x 3 ft. \$4.50	9 x 7½ ft. \$11.25
9 x 4½ ft. 6.75	9 x 9 ft. 13.50
9 x 6 ft. 9.00	9 x 10½ ft. 15.75
	9 x 12 ft. \$18.00

Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard—2 yards wide, for use over the entire floor . . . 85 cents sq. yd.

Prices Winnipeg and points West proportionately higher to cover extra freight.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY OF
CANADA, LIMITED

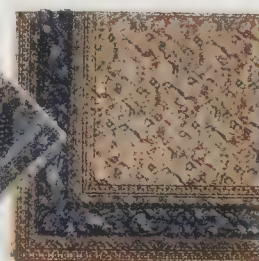
1270 St. Patrick St., Montreal, Quebec

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

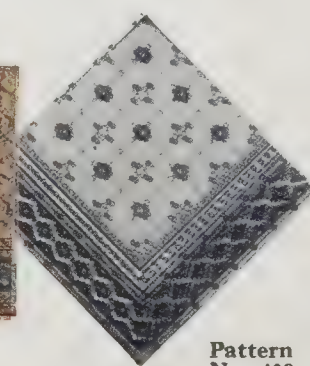
Made in Canada—by Canadians—for Canadians



Pattern
No. 323



Pattern
No. 378



Pattern
No. 408



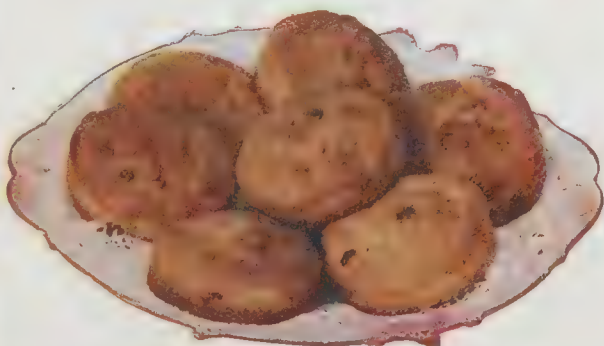
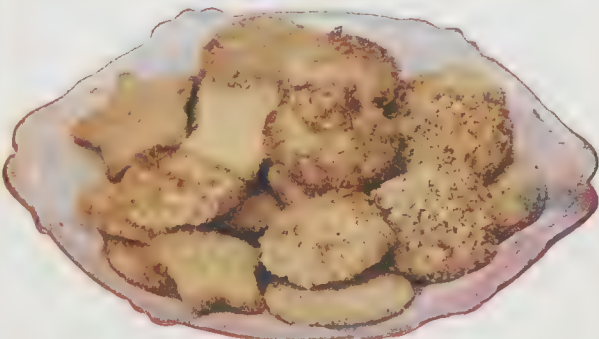
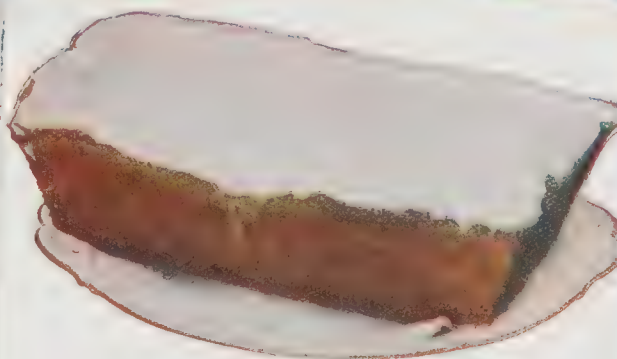
Mother Canuck recommends
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
 because she knows from experience (1st) That it is an efficient, healthful and economical leavener. (2nd) That it contains no alum or other injurious substitutes. (3rd) That it is the best and purest baking powder possible to produce. (4th) That foods containing it have an increased nutritious value, and women generally are coming more and more to realize that it is Canada's perfect baking powder.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
 TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL

Copy of "The Magic Way" will
 be mailed free upon request.



he made himself infinitely agreeable. As he had great tact and unlimited spare time he talked with Atalance about investments, politics, the fur business, and Camille Villeroy; with Aunt Louise about poetry and cooking—for she loved both—and he delighted to help Mam'selle Marie to water the plants and fetch the vegetables from the garden. The only discordant note was struck by Alexander's guitar, for Atalance Proulx abhorred music. He quickly advised the young man to cultivate the acquaintance of Mam'selle Gladu, 'as she made the same damnable noise.'

"Mam'selle Lucile Gladu, my old school friend from St. Paul," Alexander almost shouted. "To be sure, she lives in St. Boniface. Mam'selle Marie, you must take me to see Lucile." And thus began those daily visits to the Gladu home which led Atalance so badly astray in his calculations, and opened the gates of happiness to Mam'selle Marie.

"Things went on in this manner for some two weeks, — two golden weeks for Marie and Alexander—during which Marie refused to allow herself to think of the ancient M'sieur Villeroy in far away St. Paul. Every afternoon, while her father and Aunt Louise took their afternoon nap, Marie would meet Alexander in the garden and he would help her to gather the vegetables. And out there among the turnips, and the onions, and the cabbages love came to them, till it seemed to poor Marie as though she had stepped into a fairy story, and the garden was a garden in paradise. In the house she became shy and quiet, and Aunt Louise noticing, understood and pitied. In youth she, too, had made a rendezvous with romance, and out of the ashes of remembrance she produced a faint glow.

"One evening, while the family sat at supper, a steamboat whistled for the landing just below the house. Shortly afterwards the maid came in with a letter for M'sieur Proulx, which the Captain of the boat had brought direct from St. Paul. Atalance opened the package and read. Then like a crack of doom sounded his voice:

"Marie, my child, rejoice. M'sieur Camille Villeroy is coming next week. In the meantime he sends you the expression of his profound esteem."

"With one accord Marie's eyes met Alexander's. She forgot the presence of her parent and Aunt Louise, everything but that this was the end, and the roses faded out of her cheeks and her lips trembled. She did not speak.

"Aha, young man," Atalance exclaimed, "you will meet M'sieur Villeroy under particularly pleasing circumstances. He shall help you at my recommendation."

"But in the midst of the expectant joy young Alexander's face wore a look of profound gloom, so that at last Atalance remonstrated.

"What ails you, young man?" he said. "Be happy; M'sieur Villeroy is coming."

"Alexander groaned, and his fingers played a tattoo on the table. 'The truth is, M'sieur Proulx, I must go away,' he said.

"And you don't like leaving her behind, eh?" And Atalance burst into a gruff "Haw! Haw!" while Alexander stared at him in surprise.

"Young man," he continued, "do you think that I am a fool? Think I am blind, eh? Don't you suppose I know what has been ailing you for the last week? You are in love."

"In love, M'sieur?" Alexander stammered. And poor Marie rose hurriedly and left the room.

"Such things have happened before—it's no crime," Atalance laughed. "A piano and a guitar are good company, eh? Why to heaven, you fool, don't you speak to her—marry her?"

"Marry her?" Alexander answered. "That's not so easy."

"If the young Mam'selle is willing, young man, there is nothing to stop you. There we will speak without sentiment. I know the young person, and I have reason to believe that her father is dying to get rid of her. He loves her, of course, but she is too lively for him. You have nothing to fear from her father." And Atalance smiled knowingly.

"But M'sieur, I have neither money nor position," the young man faltered.

"Bah!" exclaimed Atalance, "He has enough money for all. Listen! Why not get married and explain to her father afterwards? What is done cannot be undone. She is his only child; he will forgive her when the church has made

Mam'selle Marie

Continued from page 4

you one. He must relent—I will intercede.' And M'sieur Proulx looked quite heroic.

"Alexander leaned back and gazed at him with sparkling eyes. 'So you advise me to—to—elope,' he stammered.

"I will do more than that!" Atalance answered eagerly. "I will give you proof of my friendship. I will send word to the captain of the boat which leaves early to-morrow morning, and tell him to expect you and a young Mam'selle aboard as passengers to St. Paul. He shall be given to understand that your going must be known to none but ourselves, and to expect you aboard only at the very last moment before departure. My name, young man, will be sufficient to allay any misgivings on his part." And M'sieur Proulx beamed. "Leave all arrangements to me, Alexander, I will see you through. But one thing I must not—cannot do; I cannot see you off."

"My more than father!" exclaimed Alexander, "Who would have thought to find so much sentiment in so serious a man. It shall be as you suggest. I will go to Mam'selle immediately." And he rose and followed Aunt Louise from the room.

"Left alone, Atalance laughed immoderately. 'And so the piano was too much for you, Henri Gladu? Now we shall see how you like that other damnable instrument with it; and this time, Henri, it is—ha! ha!—for ever.'

"The following day dawned like any other day except that Marie was confined to her room with a violent headache, so Aunt Louise said. Atalance shook his head in disapproval and ate his breakfast in silence. He ate four meals in marked displeasure, and after a hearty supper he and Aunt Louise sat down to their usual game of cards.

"Atalance held good cards and his displeasure quickly gave way to pleasing excitement, in the midst of which someone knocked at the door.

"Some one to see you M'sieur," the maid announced briefly; and immediately a little old man in shabby clothes stepped into the room and looked inquiringly at Atalance.

"M'sieur Proulx remained seated. 'What can I do for you?' he asked. 'Could not your business wait for morning?'

"The little old man came a step nearer. 'I am anxious to speak to you,' he said. 'I have something of importance to say and to find out—'

"What is your name?" snapped Atalance.

"Pardon my forgetfulness," The old man bowed. "I really forgot—as people always know me. I am Camille Villeroy of St. Paul."

"Atalance jumped to his feet in amazement. Even Aunt Louise stared at the stranger with interest.

"I came sooner than you expected for certain reasons," the old man continued. "You may know that I have a son?"

"Atalance bowed respectfully.

"He has disappeared. We parted in anger. He did not like the idea of my coming marriage to your daughter. He was traced to St. Boniface. Has he been here? I must see him—speak to him. And the old man dropped weakly into a chair.

"No," answered Atalance, 'he has not been here; only a very pleasing young friend of his who brought a warm letter of introduction from your son. To be recommended by a Villeroy is sufficient; this humble abode has been his home for the past two weeks. Perhaps you know him—Alexander Champagne of St. Paul?'

"Never heard of him," answered M'sieur Villeroy sharply. "Describe him to me."

"Atalance Proulx trembled. A terrible illumination broke upon him, and it was Aunt Louise who neatly described the young man to M'sieur Villeroy.

"As I thought!" the old man exclaimed. "It is my son. Where is he now?"

"Atalance grew faint with rage as he thought how he had helped Mam'selle Gladu to a Villeroy, no matter how unworthy. He turned to his sister. "Call Marie! She must come, Louise," he stammered. He would lighten the blow to his dignity by producing a counter attraction. "Yes you shall see Mam'selle Marie! Forget this wretched young man,

M'sieur Villeroy, I beseech you. I will fetch her."

"Atalance it is no use your going for Marie, she is not there." And Aunt Louise barred his way. "Listen, M'sieur Villeroy," she said, "and I will explain all. Your son has eloped with my niece, Mam'selle Proulx."

"M'sieur Villeroy rose to his feet. 'How is this, M'sieur Proulx?' he demanded. 'You knew that my son had eloped with your daughter?'

"Oh no, no!" Atalance groaned. "It is a horrible mistake. It cannot be true. Explain yourself, Louise. I thought—I had reason to think he loved Mam'selle Gladu. It was she I suspected," and he held his head in his hands and rocked to and fro.

"M'sieur Villeroy slowly paced the floor and gazed in profound scorn at poor Atalance. Then Aunt Louise took command of the situation.

"M'sieur Villeroy," she began calmly, "believe me you have escaped a great misfortune. What did you, an old man, want of a young wife? She would have ruined the last years of your life. Be grateful that your son saw her before it was too late for you both. You have never seen my niece, but I can assure you that your son has taken unto himself a very pretty wife, one whom you will be proud to call daughter, and under other circumstances this marriage would have been satisfactory to you. Therefore take my advice, M'sieur, forgive and forget. Return to St. Paul and receive those children with open arms, and rejoice that your son has chosen the wife of his heart. I must confess to you, Atalance, and Aunt Louise turned to her brother where he sat crushed and subdued, 'I was not aware that Alexander had the good fortune to be M'sieur Villeroy's son. With that exception, I was well aware of all that happened, and, what is more, I also helped your daughter to escape from a fate an older person would have welcomed,' here Aunt Louise curtsied and M'sieur Villeroy bowed low.

"M'sieur Proulx," and the great Villeroy took a pinch of snuff, "your sister is a very, very sensible person. After all, it might have been much worse, for I shall not have to worry in future about getting my son married. With Mademoiselle's permission—and again he bowed low to Aunt Louise—"I will retire and write a letter, in order that the first boat out to-morrow may convey my congratulations to the young couple. My son is doubly indebted to the house of Proulx—for a charming bride, and an equally charming Aunt."

"Indeed, in the course of a week he found Aunt Louise so much to his taste that when he returned to St. Paul it was in company with a new Madame Villeroy. To be sure, not the one he went in search of; but, as he said with great satisfaction to his son, when that young man returned from his wedding journey with Madame Marie, it was even better as it was, for had not two Mademoiselle Proulx's been acquired by the house of Villeroy."

The old merchant ceased speaking, and for a while we all four sat and watched Madame, his wife, as she guided her knitting needles through a maze of stitches. Presently Lalemant, the clerk, broke the silence, and gave voice to the question which was uppermost in all our minds:

"And what did M'sieur Proulx do when he had lost both his sister and his daughter? I suppose Mam'selle Gladu eventually became Madame Proulx?"

The old gentleman applied a match to his pipe, then gazed at the stove with a



He found Aunt Louise so much to his taste that when he returned to St. Paul, it was with a new Madame Villeroy

reminiscent, far-away look in his eyes. "Well, that's another yarn, Lalemant," he said, "but, as for Lucile,"—and he looked at Madame and both laughed heartily—"she really deserved a better fate. You see, gentlemen, I married Mam'selle Gladu."

No Strike for Her

Our daddy left his job to-day,
Up where the masons climb.
The men are out for higher pay
And shorter working time.
They've sworn to stick,
Not lift a brick
That comes from off a truck.
But mother, patient mother, hasn't struck!

Our Sister Kate is home from her
Nice stenographic place.
The striking typist girls concur
That wages need a brace.
She does not please
To pound the keys
For pay she doesn't like.
But mother in the kitchen doesn't strike!

And Brother Bill has left his job
At motoring a car.
He says the managerial job
Pushed tyranny too far.
No move he'll make
To turn a brake.
He thinks he's showing pluck,
But mother, weary mother, hasn't struck!

And Uncle Bill, who up to date
Has been a dry-goods clerk,
This morning at the hour of eight
Refused to go to work.
He said, "It's wrong
To toil so long
Where women shoppers hike."
But mother in the kitchen doesn't strike!

Her working day has hours sixteen,
Outside the union ranks.
No salary she's ever seen
Her pay's a careless "Thanks."
Yet night and day
She slaves away
For Ned and Mame and Mike,
And mother in the kitchen doesn't strike!

Faith, which once meant a belief of a creed, must now imply a companionship with Christ; repentance must signify a purifying of the life, and the baptism must point out the washing white of a sinful soul. All the volume of religion must flow toward a new manhood.

If, in the collision of personal interest through the day we are more careful to favour ourselves to secure the best, to be served first, to gratify our own wishes and tastes, than to gratify and serve others, I care not what name we bear, the spirit of the Master is not in us.



Cash Returns for the Farmer

DAIRY FARMING, properly conducted, will bring in cash returns to the farmer and his family every day—and will in a short time expand and become more profitable.

The proceeds from the sale of milk, butter and eggs should be deposited in the Bank for future needs.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

234

What of the Future?

The man who has ample Great-West Life investment insurance can face the future with confidence. If he needs money for emergencies he can borrow on his policy, but the more he saves the more his policy earns. If he lives he gets his money back with splendid interest. If he dies his beneficiary is well provided for.

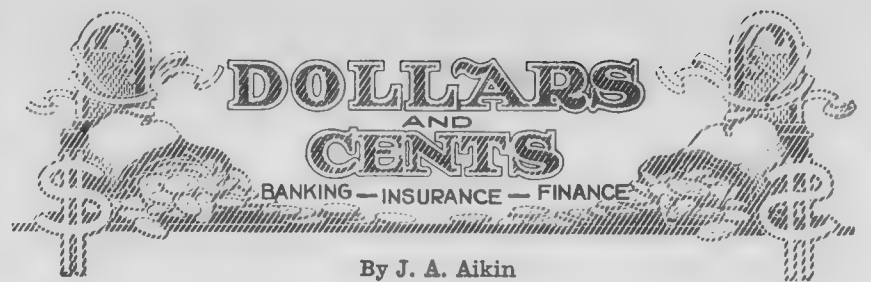
Let us give you full particulars of low rates and attractive plans.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept "Q"

Head Office

Winnipeg



By J. A. Aikin

The Bank Act and Rural Credits

REVISION of the Bank Act has called out not a little discussion on the important related questions, especially in the western provinces. There is no intention on the part of the Minister of Finance to make any wide departures from the Act as it now stands on the statute books of Canada. But it is the desire of the government to bring the new Act into close relation with the needs of the economic life of the present. To that end better provision will be made for auditing; a set limit will be made on the amount which any employee or official of the bank may obtain in the way of a loan; banks will not be permitted to issue stock dividends, and pension funds will be deposited with another bank. It is understood that in the case of the defunct Merchants Bank loans to officials of the institution were of sums quite too large for security; it is proposed to prevent recurrence of such transactions.

The extent to which the banks of Canada have been getting back to normal conditions is evidence that, as in the war period, they have the capacity for adapting their plans to conditions and demands. At one time, March 31st, 1920, the banks had securities under deposit with the government amounting to 311 million dollars, for which Dominion notes were issued to them. That vast sum has been steadily reduced until it is now slightly over 75 million. The banks' reserve of gold has been kept up, and this fact, along with the large gold reserve at Ottawa and in the government central gold reserves, is reason for the expectation that Canada will be back on the gold basis at a not distant date.

The main argument put forward for change and relief is in the direction of better rural credits. The federal committee on banking and commerce which is considering the bill has widened its survey and will report also on that phase of the question. The new agricultural credits law passed by the U.S. Congress has been the subject of special interest to Canadians who want to see proper provision made for extension of credit to farmers in Canada which will promote increased production. In a statement of the law by Secretary Wallace, it is shown that the act provides for the establishment of 12 federal intermediate credit banks in each of the 12 federal land bank districts. Each has a capital of \$5,000,000, which may be added to up to \$50,000,000 provision having been made for a total credit of \$600,000,000. These intermediate credit banks are authorized to discount and purchase notes given to banks for agricultural and livestock purposes. Also they can make loans direct to co-operative warehouses associations on the basis of warehouse receipts or mortgages on livestock.

"A local bank which has loaned money to its farmer customers for agricultural purposes and has taken their notes for the loans can discount these notes with the intermediate credit banks," Secretary Wallace explains. "It is not necessary that the notes so discounted should have back of them chattel mortgages or warehouses receipts. The intermediate banks can give terms of credit ranging from six months to as much as three years."

As evidence that the farmers of the United States are working to get a system of marketing which will stabilize prices, it may be stated that the new law was framed with direct relation to the U.S. Warehouse Act. That Act provides a permissive system of licensing warehousemen. At the present time there are 360 licensed cotton, 227 licensed grain, 20 licensed wool and 62 licensed tobacco warehouses in the United States. Receipts issued by federal licensed warehouses are accepted by banks and financial institutions everywhere as sound collateral. Having produce in these warehouses will enable the farmer to obtain loans on his produce.

The Secretary says, "To get the full benefit of the provisions for marketing

credit, farmers should see to it that the warehouses in which they expect to store their products on the way to market are licensed under the Federal law. There should be a very large increase in the number of warehouses which handle grain and other farm products. Ample credit can be secured on all farm products stored in Federal licensed warehouses. This makes it possible to market farm products in a more orderly way and to avoid flooding the market and depressing the price."

It is with the purpose in view of providing the Canadian rural producer with equal banking facilities as are provided in the United States that the committee are prosecuting their inquiry. Heretofore the Canadian farmer and trader has had the benefit of the superior banking system; it is proposed to continue the advantage in another form.

Trying to Solve the Credit Problem

GEORGE BEVINGTON of Edmonton, member of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, a former American, and an advocate of radical changes in the banking and credit systems of Canada, appeared before the Banking and Commerce Committee at Ottawa and supported proposals for rural credits after the plan adopted in the United States. Taking the emergency financial methods of the war period when Dominion notes were issued to the banks on approved securities, Mr. Bevington proposed that Provincial banks could be established and the Federal Treasury Board would act as a rediscounting medium and thereby extend credit on long and short terms as required.

Mr. Bevington is what is known in the United States as a soft money man, he advocates the more generous provision for extending credit to "all producing units in the nation at any and all times as their assets shall warrant." He argued the state was responsible for control of credit, indirectly, through the banks. Mr. Bevington took the ground that the real basis of credit, the ultimate security for all "credit instruments," including Dominion notes, bank notes, bonds, treasury bills, was "the number, intelligence and industry of its people, the capital equipment and natural resources within its boundaries." Upon that base Mr. Bevington would build the new credit structure.

Pressed by Hon. H. H. Stevens to explain his attitude toward the gold standard, Mr. Bevington denied his plan meant any departure from the present system. It was just a matter of terms; if the Canadian government issued its bond to the Treasury Board, which in turn would issue Dominion notes to the Provinces, the procedure and situation would be much the same as in the United States. The witness stoutly denied the charge of logical inflation; each loan, he said, would always be protected by an asset and with a margin for security.

Mr. Bevington's plan is just another angle of the ever new theory that credit may be extended regardless of the assets behind the government money. For evidence of what that may lead to, one has but to look to Germany and Russia.

The American rural credits plan being put into operation is not of the feather printing-press money kind which Mr. Bevington suggests. Behind it is the Federal Reserve Bank system, which on April 5th, 1923, had in the bank vaults total reserves of \$3,109,601,000, of which \$2,983,201,000 was in gold. In addition to that the Federal Reserve banks had on the same date \$1,186,135,000 in earning assets, and total resources of \$4,866,144,000. It is all right to place importance on the industry, integrity and assets of the individual and the nation, but it is also quite necessary for the banks, whether government or chartered, to have sufficient assets as the base for operation and extension of credit.

Continued on page 21

Compound Interest

Suppose a boy of 18 determines to save six dollars a week. At three per cent compound interest he will have on his twenty-fourth birthday \$2,037 of which \$165 will be interest.

The longer your savings account grows the larger it grows and the faster it grows. Is compound interest helping to make you independent?

Double your Savings It CAN be Done."

934



UNION BANK OF CANADA

Head Office • WINNIPEG

The Necessaries of Life

By Emily F. Murphy
"Janey Canuck"

All rights reserved by the author.

IN CANADA, any man who neglects to provide the necessaries of life for his wife and all children under sixteen years of age, is liable by the provisions of the Criminal Code to a fine of \$500.00, or to one year's imprisonment, or to both.

The "necessaries of life" have been interpreted by the Courts to mean food, shelter, clothing, and medical attendance.

Men who are properly constituted and normal, have no concern with this section of the Code because it is their chiefest pleasure to provide these things. There is no need to drive them with a whip to the care of the kiddies. When they leave home on a business trip, or on a holiday, they take especial care that their family shall not lack anything requisite to their maintenance or health.

And yet, because of some strange moral or intellectual impotency—some inexplicable kink in their mental make-up—these same men, not infrequently, make no effort whatsoever to provide their family with the necessaries of life against that day when they pass to the far Country of Death from whose bourne no traveller returns.

Charles Lamb said of a friend, "He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died," just as many fathers in our time carry away all the necessaries.

This is an old story and often told. Indeed, it has become so trite that it has ceased to move the conscience of men or to stir them to action. To them, it is a light lesson, and runs through their porous conscience without let or hindrance.

It was only the other day that a sad faced young woman from Ireland came to my office and said, "Sure an' my husband has died from me, an' the undertaker does be wantin' my tiny wee bit of furniture for the pay. Your leddyship 'ill not be lettin' him, will ye, the now? I'd like a time, ye understand, to be lookin' around for a place that's suitable-like, an mebbe close to the cemetery."

Who could do less than promise immunity from the undertaker when her man had died away "from" her, without leaving enough to bury himself. It is a pity no one has devised a method of sending messages on to the spirit world. To our thinking, many of the spirits get off too easily, and need to know what is happening down here in the world.

When Bobby Burns, who has been described as the most perfect gentleman in Europe, found that death was closely approaching, he suffered great mental distress knowing that his wife and children would be left in poverty. Referring to this in a letter he said, "'Tis half of my disease."

Yes, "death-bed repentance" usually nas to do with neglect to provide a competency for one's dependents by means of an assurance policy.

Even with an estate, there are always delays while the property is marketed, or promissory notes collected. Probates, executors, trust companies, legal guardians, courts, and such ponderous necessities, are seldom given to rapid action so that, in consequence, a family may be quite as distressed as if they had no estate at all.

Life assurance, on the other hand, means a prompt payment in cash, with no dues or taxes to be collected therefrom by anyone, not even by the state itself.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 20

There would seem to be an opportunity in connection with revision of the Bank Act to endeavor to make provision for extending needed credits to farmers and stockmen, just as is done for trade and industry. The proposition is not a simple one to be settled off hand or dismissed as impracticable. The fact is that in Canada many farmers have been regular customers of the chartered banks, through which many of them have been able year by year to get the kind of rural credits now being asked for in a public way. Once the farmer has established himself with the bank and takes care of his paper he can usually get as much credit as is necessary and advisable for him to have. The banker must

protect his customers, whether in trade, industry or agriculture, against too easy credit. The plan worked out in the United States comprehends the edium* of the banks which are usually in the best position to judge applications for credit for production purposes.

An Excellent Authority

When Sir Walter Scott was a boy his teacher asked him to give the part of speech of the word "with."

"It's a noun," said young Scott.

"You are very stupid," said the teacher. "How came you to say such a thing?"

"I got it from the Bible, sir," declared the future novelist stoutly. "There's a verse that says 'they bound Samson with withs.'"

Even Hens are Careless Occasionally

Mrs. Blank greeted her farmer indignantly when he appeared one morning. "No," she said, "I shall not buy any more eggs from you. Some of the last lot were positively bad and several others were hardly fit to use."

"Oh, well, Mrs. Blank," remonstrated the old man, "that's all right. You know a hen is bound to lay a bad egg every now and then."

HE SAID: "See Me in February"

THE case of David Oliver is a story brief and tragic. On January 12th, our District Manager interviewed him, and, as he had no insurance and needed protection for his wife and three children, he said he would take out a 20 payment "North American Life" Policy for \$10,000.

But, like many another good husband, he wished to consult his wife before signing the application. The next morning he decided to postpone completing the application for a month.

On February 2nd, after five days illness, pneumonia took him off. Debts which he anticipated paying before taking out the insurance, were left for his wife to settle, and she unfortunately was left with little to support herself and family.

Have you been considering additional protection for your family?

There will never come a time more favorable than the present.

Your wife may object to insurance, but your widow *never* will.

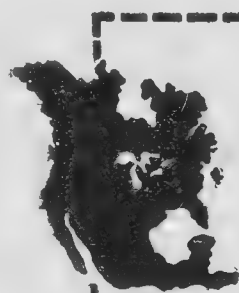
Our 20 Payment Life Plan, guaranteeing a Monthly Income, is particularly adapted to the requirements of the average man.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

Head Office - Toronto, Canada

Agencies in all important cities in Canada.



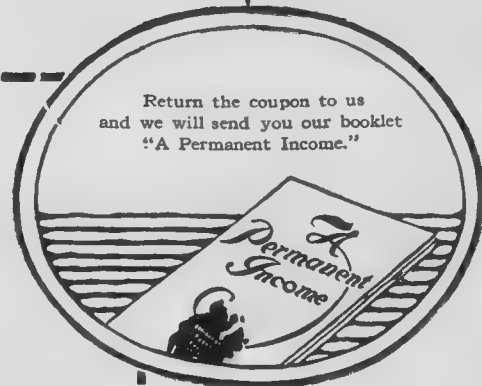
I should like to read your booklet
"A Permanent Income."

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Return the coupon to us
and we will send you our booklet
"A Permanent Income."



Mistaken Identity

Mrs. Clancy lived in an apartment house just over the rooms of her best friend, Mrs. Murphy. For a long time these ladies were the best of friends, but at last they quarreled. One day, as Mrs. Murphy was sitting at the window, Mrs. Clancy called down; "Faith, now, and why don't yez get in out of the windy and let your pet monkey sit there awhile. The naybors would be after getting a rest from yer homely ould face."

"Well, now, Mrs. Clancy, it was only this morning that I did that same and the pollaceman came along and, when he saw the monkey, he bowed and smiled and said: 'Why, Mrs. Clancy, when did yez move downstairs?'"

Making a Platitude Correct

Tommy was undergoing chastisement at the hands of his outraged mother for eating the jam.

"Tommy," she said, "this hurts me more than it does you."

And when Tommy was alone he produced a square piece of wood which he had placed where it was needed, and murmured reflectively. "I thought that board wouldn't do her hand any good."

Causes of Death

It is the custom in many of our states to require the statement of the cause of death in the reports made to the Board of Health. Recently the following causes were culled from reports received by a state in the Northwest:

A mother "died in infancy."
"Went to bed feeling well, but woke up dead."

"Died suddenly at the age of one hundred and three. To this time he bade fair to reach a ripe old age."

"Do not know cause of death, but patient fully recovered from last illness."
"Deceased had never been fatally sick."

"Died suddenly, nothing serious."
"Pulmonary hemorrhage—sudden death."
(Duration four years.)

"Kick by horse shod on left kidney."
"Deceased died from blood poison, caused by a broken ankle, which is remarkable, as the automobile struck him between the lamp and the radiator."

The diligent fostering of a candid habit in mind, even in trifles, is a matter of greater moment than appears at first sight.



Beauty in a Sponge

NEW and beautiful creations can be obtained in wall decoration with Alabastine. Your furnishings and draperies can be matched perfectly by the use of a sponge, and finished in flat finish or washable varnished surface.



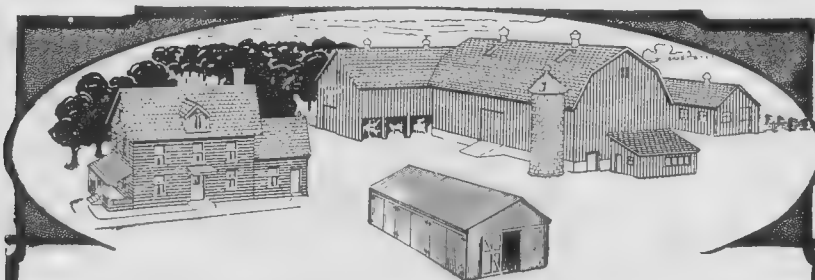
Send to-day for our booklet on Opaline Effects.

46

The Alabastine Co., Paris, Limited
Paris, Ont. - - Winnipeg, Man.



CHURCH'S HOT or COLD WATER Alabastine



A splendid water supply

A "Metallic" roof area of 3000 square feet will yield an average of 18,750 gals. of water per annum

Not only rain water but you can save all the dew fall and get a cleaner, sweeter water, and more of it than with a wooden roof. And of course, "Metallic" Shingles or our "Empire" Corrugated Iron will give you a stronger, more durable and weathertight roof—and one that will be fire and lightning proof as well.

Supposing you only make a start with a "Metallic" roof on your implement shed—you can roof other buildings later on—you'll be protecting your valuable implements from fire and weather and greatly increasing your water supply. Every square foot of "Metallic" roof will yield 6 1/2 gals. of clean, pure water per annum. You'll quickly pay for the materials used and always be sure of good water.

"EMPIRE" Corrugated Iron

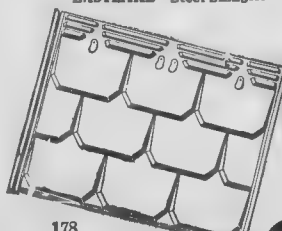
Write us today for particulars

Let us show you how to make sure of a splendid, never-failing water supply and secure better, more durable buildings as well.

The METALLIC ROOFING Co. Limited Manufacturers
797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg

Tanks and Troughs for all purposes, Metallic Ceilings, Siding, Snow Melters, Feed Cookers, etc. Catalogue on request—state what line interests you.

"EASTLAKE" Steel Shingles



178

About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

Getting a Start With the Hotbed

It is not convenient for the average person to invest in a greenhouse, but failing this it is not necessary to get a late start in the annual pursuit of horticulture, and have to take an honorable mention at the annual horticultural show while the other fellow with the greenhouse secures a substantial prize. By getting a good start with the hotbed, the whole season will show one's vegetable and such like produce in an advanced stage and the harvesting of it will therefore be safer from the frost "outposts," than that raised in the garden after the necessary interval of waiting for the frost to get out of the ground, the weather to clear up, etc. After all, it is the early vegetables that are most appreciated and when one has a hotbed the tender young plants may be well under way while the weather is yet cold and on the temperature becoming of a more temperate nature, these plants may be transferred to the garden with an excellent start in life for an early appearance on the market or the home table as tender and tasty vegetables.

If there is a good place on the south side of a building or close board fence on the farm or town gardens, where the cold northern winds will be checked and where there is the maximum amount of sunshine, then that is the place where the hotbed will do its best work. The next step will be to hunt up the materials and avoid expense as much as possible by using lumber that is perhaps found in a rejected lumber pile, and old storm sashes. The frame should be made out of two-inch planks and it is just as well to have it so that it may be raised to accommodate the young plants should they be too close to the glass. In order that the rain may be drained quickly off the glass, the frame should be six inches higher at the back than at the front; this will also be advantageous in admitting plenty of sunshine. A six-foot sash should be able to rest on the edges of the frame, and in order to bring this about, the frame should be about five feet eight inches wide. Hotbeds are made either above or below ground, but those below ground are preferable if the land is well drained. In order to make the below-ground type, the soil should be taken out to a depth of, say, eighteen inches, while ample room should be allowed for the banking, by making the pit three feet wider than the frame. Horse manure should be piled near to where the hotbed is to be. This manure should be quite fresh, and when it begins to heat it should be turned over with a fork so that a uniform heat runs through the whole pile.

It is advisable to use manure that is not very strawy, as it will heat in a better manner in that way, and if the pile be small as will be the case if a small hotbed be made, it should be covered in some way to offset the effect of low temperatures. Five or six days after turning it should be hot and ready for use. The manure should be tramped as soon as it is shaken in by the fork. During the latter part of March when milder weather is generally expected, about a foot of manure will suffice as a floor. When the manure is in, the frame should be placed in position and about six inches more manure applied as a banking both inside and outside the frame. The banking on the outside of the frame should reach to the top and be from twelve to fifteen inches in width. The sashes should now be put on and in two or three days they should be removed to allow the bed to be tramped and the soil put on after seeing that the level is fairly true. A good soil for the hotbed can be made of garden soil mixed with about twenty five percent. well rotted manure. About five or six inches is the recommended depth for the soil in a hotbed. In about six days the hotbed should be ready for the seed, but it is advisable to wait until the temperature of it has dropped to between 80 and 90 degrees F.

When the soil is ready, it should be spaded over and raked so as to leave it in a level and fine condition. After the seed is sown (about the same depth as

outside sowing) and the young plants come up, a little ventilation should be given to keep the plants sufficiently aired but strictly avoid allowing any cold wind blowing directly on the plants, therefore choose the mildest and calmest days for the greatest ventilation. On the other hand too little ventilation will cause the plants to damp off.

All the good work of the hotbed toward producing early plants will be in vain if the plants are rushed to the outside beds before they are properly hardened off. The best procedure is to, like the bicycle instructor, "let go one hand at a time," or in other words, let the process of throwing the tender plants on their own resources of protection, be gradual by leaving them in the hotbed for a few days without the glass and lift them to the outside bed.

Avoid allowing the temperature of the bed to get out of the safety zone which lies between 50 and 85 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Feeding and Care of Farm Help

THE above title may seem to be well into the realm of humor, and it may be so as it is a title borrowed from pamphlets on live stock, nevertheless it may be taken to heart by those who are good farm managers, where the care of live stock is concerned.

When the employer is looking for the kind of man he has pictured to himself as his ideal, he should ask himself what kind of an employer he would want were he working on a farm. When the hired man arrives with his suit case and bundle and feeling in a relaxed condition after the stress of winter, the kind of reception he receives at his new home will go a long way to giving him a start. His room may be in a state of chaos after being a kind of odd store room during the winter, and his welcome from the household may consist of looks that seem to imply "another mouth to feed." He must either be received as a member of the household or must consider himself a rank outsider. Semi-tolerance just causes resentment, and the best work comes from the cheerful man. Hard work demands good food and plenty of it, and also plenty of time to eat it in. The man who rushes through a hasty breakfast and starts work in the field at 7 a.m., will be quite ready to slack up at about 10.30 or 11 o'clock; it is false economy to push things to that extent and it is the man who can keep up the steady pace that counts in big acreages.

When pulling in at noon for dinner, matters should be so arranged that watering and feeding his team is as convenient as possible, for it is very irksome for a tired and hungry man to have to spend about ten minutes at the pump and then have to climb up into the loft to get sheaves out of some awkward corner, after a hasty wash arriving late at the table he will speed up in order to be in at the finish with the rest of the family. Presuming that the noon interval extends from 12 until 1.30, this time should be his as well as the horses' rest time. It is a different matter to harvest time when men and horses are expected to work the limit in order to secure the crop in the shortest possible time, but in normal times when a man has been going fairly steadily for five hours in the forenoon, behind a walking plough he does well to rest his feet until pulling out time. It is not an uncommon experience to find that a man who is over worked will be apt to cut down on the attention his horses require in the evening's grooming and bedding down.

With regard to diet, a continuous round of salt pork and potatoes with a wedge of pie to follow, does not have a very strong appeal to the average man. Variety in diet is as necessary on the farm as anywhere else, and a meal should not be treated as a ceremony to be got through with as much dispatch as possible, but as a time for rest and "refuelling."

ABOUT THE FARM—Continued from page 22

PEDLAR'S METAL CEILINGS

YOU can attach Pedlar's Metal Ceilings to old walls or new, and in either case you have a beautiful, durable, sanitary and fireproof interior finish. Ideal for houses, churches, schools, lodge rooms, theatres, restaurants, offices, etc.

WRITE FOR CATALOG W. H.

The PEDLAR PEOPLE Limited
Established 1861
80 Lombard St., Winnipeg, Man.

STRAWBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES

The Everbearing Strawberry is the nicest thing that has ever struck this country in the way of Horticulture.

They are a dead sure crop if you give them the necessary moisture to develop the big load they will carry the first year and all summer long. If you want milk you must water your cow, and if you water the strawberries every time you water the cow I will guarantee strawberries and cream all summer long.

Be sure and pull all bloom off newly-planted strawberries for six weeks, or your plants will be ruined. Plant only a few and give them lots of water and see how well paid you will be for your trouble.

I am not asking you good people to do what I cannot do myself. I will have quite a few bushels of beautiful fruit this summer, nearly all from plants I plant about May 1st. You are all invited down to my place any time after July 15th, and you will see a little bit of British Columbia right at your own door. Come any day—come Sunday, come Monday—and I will show you Everbearing Progressive Strawberries loaded with big, red, ripe fruit, right up until the frost catches them in the fall. And to think that you can all go home and do the same thing! Isn't that just lovely?

I will also show you Hybrid Raspberries in the pink of condition, after standing 45 below. Raspberries are easier to grow: if you mulch well they will require little water.

Plant Strawberries 14 inches apart; Raspberries 3 or 4 feet apart.

Prices:—15 for \$1.00, for both—cash.

In a very few years we will be growing Strawberries and Raspberries on a large scale, in commercial quantities.

Send for prices and directions.

John Caldwell
Virden, Manitoba



Back to Work

Kendall's Spavin Treatment will get that lame horse back on the job again. For more than forty years as Kendall's Spavin Cure it has been removing spavins, splint, ringbone, thoroughpin and all kinds of body growths.

Get it at your druggist's today; also the free book "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases", or write direct to

DR. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY,
Enosburg Falls, Vt., U.S.A.

**Kendall's
Spavin Treatment**

Plan To Plant Another Tree

Maple Trees 2 year old 1-2 feet. per 100 postpaid.	\$3.00
Cottonwood 2 year old 1-2 feet per 100 postpaid.	\$3.00
Russian Willow 2 yr. old 1-2 ft. per 100 postpaid.	\$3.00
Caragana 12-18" per 100	\$3.00 postpaid.

Patmore Nursery Co., Brandon, Man.

The sleeping quarters of the hired help are better to be situated away from the farm house if possible where there is no possibility of the men disturbing the farm household, or being disturbed by the farm household, in fact, where men may relax and enjoy an evening pipe before turning in for the night.

Another point in favor of separate sleeping quarters for the men is that they may keep their grips and trunks there where they will be more accessible, and in the event of their requiring anything from their personal belongings when they are up from the field, they do not have to go through the house to get them. Especially is this a good plan when the weather is wet and the ground muddy, for no good farm wife likes muddy boots tramping through the house at all times.

When the weather is hot, a small shack built in the farm grounds for the men to sleep in, is far more preferable to having them crowding into the house and making matters worse. Failing a shack, a small tent would serve just as well.

When two men or more are employed, there should be an arrangement between them for Sunday chores so that each will get a working Sunday in turn, while the other, or others, will have a completely free day. This plan goes a good way to make the men more contented.

The man who studies cleanliness is not generally a poor worker, and after a hot day in the field, especially if the wind is causing soil drifting and making everything grimy, a man does not feel right until he has had a good wash all over. Cleanliness should be encouraged, and having clean men around the house is surely an advantage from several points of view.

By the above means of looking after the welfare of the employees an employer makes them his debtors, and if the men are made of the right material they will show by their acts and general behaviour that the considerations extended to them have not been misplaced.

The Honey Crop

OF all the crops the farm produces, there are none that yield such a high profit as the honey crop. Beyond the initial expense of the purchase of the first hive or two, and the material for the upkeep of the colonies, which is, comparatively speaking, insignificant, the rest of the operations with the bees is clear profit gathering. In order to fully appreciate the product of the bees one should consider the manual labor and expense involved in securing returns from all classes of live stock on the farm. The feeding, bedding, pasturing, grooming and milking of the cows, and the amount of care and feeding required for the pigs and hens give us a certain return for our trouble, but in the fall when we look upon the sealers of honey which we have practically received as a gift, it is then we more fully realize that the bees have fed themselves, at the expense of making long trips at times, they have needed no fencing in or herding, have increased in numbers and managed their own affairs so well that they have left us very little to do.

Honey has been famous from the earliest days of history, and even today after tremendous strides have been made in food research work, it still ranks as one of the best of foods, having a high nutritive value for heat and energy production.

To those who are hesitating to keep bees, as they may have doubts as to the suitability of the country as a whole for this undertaking, it may be said that Canada abounds in nectar-producing plants and that honey is an important food-product of the country.

Most of the white honey produced and sold in Canada is clover honey, gathered from alsike and Dutch clover. The quality of Canadian honey is said to be unsurpassed. Clover honey has a delicate flavor of which one does not tire, and it is regarded as the standard of fine honey.

It is a poor district that does not produce a number of the many honey plants to be found in Canada, and the following are some of the plants that produce the nectar and pollen sought by the bees:

Manitoba maple and soft maple, willows, grape vine, lilac, honeysuckle, apple, plum, cherry, peach, pear, dandelion, gooseberry, currant, caragana, strawberry, blackberry, sweet clover, basswood, alfalfa, alsike clover, white clover, wild asters, golden rod, willow herb, buckwheat.

The principal honeys of Canada granulate within a few weeks after removal from the hive. This granulation is hastened by cold, and to restore it to its original form, heat should be employed, though the fact that the honey is granulated should not be considered for a moment as a falling off in value as granulated honey is not one particle inferior to liquified honey, while on the other hand it has certain advantages. It is not liable to leak out of the package, it is easier to handle and it is even preferred by some. Honey is liquified by raising it to a temperature of from 130° to 150° F. The vessel containing the granulated honey is placed in hot water, and care should be taken to see that the temperature does not go higher than 160°, for about that point honey decomposes, the flavor spoils and the color darkens. Honey should never be liquified by the direct application to heat.

As a supplementary food for children, and also for adults, honey has a considerable value. It is a concentrated food ready for use at all times, and there is no waste, for honey keeps good for any reasonable length of time, provided it is stored in a dry place.

With regard to the storing of honey, the kitchen cupboard is usually a more suitable place for this purpose than the cellar. Honey absorbs moisture from the damp air, and an access of water renders it liable to ferment. Liquid honey should flow but slowly when the temperature should have from thirty to thirty-five is from 130° to 150° F. The vessel permeated with air bubbles should be rejected.

Honey, being valuable as an article of food, there is always a good market for it, and nearly all the honey seen in stores in Canadian cities is produced in Canada. There is no telling what an enthusiastic beginner in bee keeping may attain to. Root of Medina, U. S. A., started with a single swarm, and now the A. I. Root Company, is famous for its Bee Keepers' Supplies. If your apiary has grown to the extent that the family needs are only a small part of the output, the balance may easily be marketed. The usual method of packing honey is as follows: Extracted honey in glasses containing three-quarters of a pound, and one pound, and in tins holding 2½ lbs., 5 lbs. and 10 lbs., and comb honey in sections weighing 12 ounces to 16 ounces.

Toward the end of the season after we have had the benefit of the honey produced by incessant labor on the part of the bees, it is only fair and just to see that they go into winter quarters with sufficient supplies to carry them through the winter. It is recommended that each 10-frame Langstroth hive should have from thirty to thirty-five pounds of sealed stores before being placed in the cellar.

An Ounce of Prevention

"I've noticed, Jack," said the young wife, "that when you go to light the gas in a dark room you always take two matches. Why is that?"

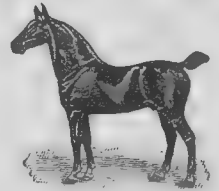
"Well, my dear, said Jack, "I discovered long ago that if you carry one match it will always go out, but if you carry two it never does."

What's in a Name

"What are they going to call their baby?" inquired the first neighbor. "I don't know," said the second; "but they have named it Reginald."

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Remedy for Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, Skin Diseases, Parasites and Thrush, and Lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other Bony Tumors.

Removes Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

For Human Use Caustic Balsam has no equal as a Liniment and Counter-irritant for Inflammatory and Muscular Rheumatism, Sore Throat and Chest Colds, Growths and Stiff Joints.

A Perfect Antiseptic—Soothing and Healing if applied immediately to Burns, Bruises or Cuts.

Every bottle will give satisfaction. Sold by Druggists or sent by parcel post on receipt of price \$1.50 per bottle. Send for descriptive circulars and testimonials.

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

NEW DORIC sister of the famous REGINA

Largest Steamers from Montreal To EUROPE

The service and the congenial, home-like atmosphere on these new one-class cabin steamers will prove a revelation.

The completeness of the appointments — the handsome public rooms — two broad promenade decks and the faultless cuisine, make them popular with travellers who want service with comfort at moderate cost.

White Star, Red Star and American Line regular sailings from New York to Europe.

Ask for booklet D.D.

211 McGill Street, Montreal
or Local Agents



WHITE STAR DOMINION LINE



ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Reduces Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curls, Filled Tendons, Soreness from Bruises or Strains; stops Spavin Lameness, allays pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind—an antiseptic liniment for bruises, cuts, wounds, strains, painful, swollen veins or glands. It heals and soothes. \$1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid. Will tell you more if you write.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 138 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Canada
Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

AGENTS WANTED

A NEW INVENTION—Pyro Fire Extinguisher weighs only 3 lbs. Excels work of heavy high priced devices. Guaranteed. Puts out fire in ten seconds. A child can use it. Already selling like wildfire in organized territory. Price of only \$2 makes easy sales—100% profit. J. S. Perry, P.E.I. sold 750 last 30 days. Alvin McAulay placed 14 in two hours. Investigate today. Pyro Extinguisher Co., 605 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont. tf

AGENTS TO SELL Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap—Toilet Articles—Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from \$25 to \$75 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply: Bovel Manufacturing Co., Dept. 28, Toronto, Ont. tf

AGENTS—Men or women. Sell knitting yarn, the article most in demand. Everybody is knitting. We supply sample card of nineteen shades of the best two ply and four ply knitting yarn on the market. This yarn is specially adapted for use on knitting machines. We allow large profits and supply your customers free with printed instructions for knitting popular, up-to-date garments. This helps make sales. Write for sample card and territory. Donald Manufacturing Company, Dept. 156, Toronto, Ont. t.f.

AGENTS—\$100, \$200 MONTHLY, selling Easy-Wash; washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required; send 15c for 10 family washings. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 5-23

AGENTS WANTED—\$60.00 weekly selling hosiery direct in offices, factories, houses. Best values. Exclusive territories. Dept. W. H., Triangle Mills, Box 2503, Montreal. 5-23

1,000 AUSTRIAN KRONEN sent for 25c, pre-war value \$200, suitable souvenir, get 1,000 now. Russell, Box 251, Station B, Montreal. Agents wanted. 5-23

BEAUTIFUL NEEDLE CASE, largest assortment for every use 2c (coin). Russnote, Box 21, Station B, Montreal. Needles galore. Agents wanted. 5-23

27,000 RECORDS guaranteed with one Ever-play Phonograph Needle. New. Different. \$5 day easy. Free sample to workers. Everplay, Irvine, Alta. 4-23

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

BRITISH COLUMBIA—Why not write me for my Farm Catalogue? I have some attractive propositions for sale or for exchange. What have you on the Coast for some good Prairie Farms? E. G. Kingwell, Strout Farm Agency Inc., 511, B.C. Perm. Loan Bldg., Victoria, B.C. tf

I WANT FARMS for cash buyers. Describe and state price. R. A. McNown, 380 Wilkinson Bldg., Omaha, Neb. 6-23

WANTED—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash prices, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 5-23

HONEY FOR SALE

CLOVER \$8.00. Amber \$6.00, Buckwheat \$5.00 for 60 lbs. Large orders at lower price. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. tf

FOR SALE

BETTER BREAD! USE HO-MAYDE BREAD Improver! It will give a finer, sweeter, larger loaf. Perfectly wholesome. Ask your grocer, or send 15 cents to Western Agents, C. and J. Jones, Lombard St., Winnipeg. t.f.

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bldg., Washington, D. C. t.f.

STAMPS

STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. tf

POSTAGE STAMPS bought, sold or exchanged. History and check list with fifty illustrations. All Canadian issues from 1851; price 50c. Collectors, 268 Station "B," Montreal. t.f.

MISCELLANEOUS

ELECTRIC FIXTURES, are you in the market for Electric Fixtures or Supplies, if so we can save you money. Write for our Special Sale Catalogue. Every Fixture a bargain. Earle Electric Supply Co., St. Clair Avenue, Toronto, Ont. 5-23

CHOICE GLADIOLI at prices that will interest you. Send for price list. Geo. Malcolmson, R.R. 1, Hamilton, Ont. 5-23

CAPTAIN COLES—Salvation Army, writes: "Your books for boys and girls should be in every Christian Home." "Better Living," formerly "Purity Advocate," 10c per year. Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. t.f.

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. tf

DON'T SUFFER. Utor cures quickly, abscesses, boils, carbuncles, eczema. Sample 25c. F. J. Allan, 648 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg, Man. 5-23

PAINT AND VARNISH. Prepared in the west for westerners. It stands up. Buy direct from manufacturer and save middleman's profit. Prices and color cards supplied on request. C. J. Wyers, Brandon, Man. 8-23

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS—Save time, worry and money. Order our special complete baby outfit—41 pieces, best material—\$13.95 f.o.b. Winnipeg. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Mrs. McKenzie, 235 Donald St., Winnipeg. 5-23

SAVE HALF—Used clothing in good condition at half mail order house prices. Write Mrs. Gowdy, Suite 2, 522 Main St., Winnipeg. Goods sent anywhere C.O.D. t.f.

BUY A POUND of our walnut toffee, the most delicious taffy on the market. Send us 80c in stamps or postal note and we will send you a pound by return mail, post-paid. Over thirty years' experience. Address, A. L. Moran Co., Ltd., 561 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man. t.f.

PEACH'S CURTAINS. Ideal Home Decorations. Catalogue Free. Curtains, Case-ments, Household Linens, Laces, Underwear, etc. Direct from The Looms. "The Weave that Wears." Prompt shipping facilities. Delivery guaranteed. S. Peach & Sons, 658, The Looms, Nottingham, England. 11-23

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. t.f.

\$15.00 Double Service Raincoats for \$6.49, by mail prepaid. All sizes for men and women. \$12.00 Hudson choker, fine quality fur, brown or black for \$5.49. \$2.00 men's knitted ties for 79c. Ladies' silk hose \$1.25, cotton 30c. Men's silk 69c. Pay postman, C.O.D. 10 per cent. discount, cash with order. Catalog free. Allen Manufacturing Co., St. Zacharie, Que. 8-23

WILL 1923 BE LUCKY FOR YOU? Send Questions, Birth Date, \$1.00. Dreams Interpreted 25c. Nellie Lewis, Psychologist, Silver Lake, Oregon. 5-23

AUSTRIAN IMPERIAL KRONEN, 1000 Kronen 25c. We handle German, Russian and others. Beautiful banknotes. Russell, Box 251, Station B, Montreal. 5-23

POULTRY AND BABY CHICKS

SELLING Pure Rose Comb White Wyandotte Eggs for hatching, \$2.00 for 15. Mrs. Shepherd, Fleming. 5-23

ORLOFFS—Prolific winter layers, frost-proof, non-setters, large, beautiful. Settings, hatching eggs \$3.50. Cowan's Farm, Waldeck, Sask. 5-23

BABY CHICKS. Any quantity or breed supplied. Purebred, guaranteed Egg-laying Strain. Express charges paid. Book your order now. March 14th first Chicks. 95 per cent. alive at your Station. Catalogue Free. Hatching Eggs for Customers. Agent for Wisconsin Incubator. Alex. Taylor, 311 Colony St., Winnipeg. 5-23

EGGS FOR HATCHING. Barred Rocks and Chanticleers. Mrs. M. Vialoux, Varsity View, Man. 6-23

WHITE WYANDOTTES—Have worked on my flock for 10 years to produce layers and have succeeded. Proof of laying qualities sent on request. Eggs \$2 setting; \$9 hundred. A. Chance, Alameda, Sask. 5-23

WHITE HOLLAND TURKEY EGGS from two year hens, 35 cents each; after May 30th, 20 cents. Mrs. Kampworth, Windthorst, Sask. 5-23

HELP WANTED

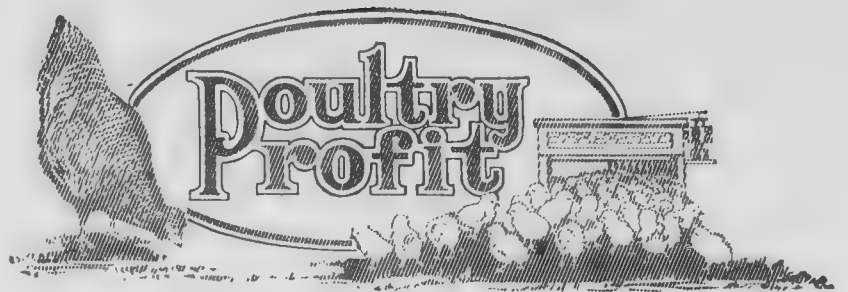
WOMEN—GIRLS. Learn Gown Making. Dress better—half cost. Earn \$35 week. Experience unnecessary. Fascinating. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S., 529 Rochester, N. Y. 5-23

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. tf

Plan To Plant Another Tree We have Maple, Elm, Cotton-wood, etc., 5-6 ft. 50c. each to \$1.00 each. Caragana for hedges 2-3 ft. per 100 \$5.00

Patmore Nursery Co., Brandon, Man.



By H. E. Vialoux

THIS late spring, winter lingering well into April with snow banks everywhere, means many chickens hatched later than usual. In the western provinces, the month of May is the ideal hatching season, nine years out of ten, and I can vouch by experience that May hatched pullets will lay well during the following winter, commencing to "play the game" in November and early December. We need not worry, but set all the hens we can from April 20th to May 15th for winter layers, and then let a few broods come off early in June to kill off in the fall for home use.

In spite of a long stormy winter, the egg crop in the western provinces has been unflinching, supplies coming forward to the city in all weathers when the express trains could plough through the drifted roads of February and March. Prices were fairly maintained until the Eastern season, when new-laid eggs took a decided slump. No doubt the trade in baby chicks will be unusually brisk this spring, but it behooves us to take every care of our layers and raise all the chickens possible in May and early June under first-class conditions. Every week or so the laying hens should have a dose of Epsom Salts mixed with a bran mash to keep them healthy and fit after the long shut-in period of winter.

The deadly "flu" which has hit us humans fairly hard in the past few months has recently added fowl to its list of victims in the East, and in the States where hundreds of choice birds, some of them prize-winners, have been swept out of existence after two or three days' illness. Some of the big breeders have managed to save their flocks, or a portion of them, by the use of an antitoxin or drugs. The fowl develop an intense fever and lassitude, just like human patients, and die in a short time. Up to date I have not heard of any "flu" among flocks of western chickens, and from all reports to hand, birds have wintered remarkably well, giving a good account of themselves in 1923, the most stormy winter in twenty-five years, throughout Canada and United States.

An interesting account of the methods used on the famous Tancred Farms, Kent, Washington, in the care of brooder chicks, has been published in a United States poultry journal. The feeding of young chicks is left in the hands of Mrs. Tancred, a chick expert, who raises thousands of chicks every year, and claims that bowel trouble is unknown on the farms. When the chicks hatched on their own plant are made comfortable in brooders, small eight-inch tin pie plates are placed before them, containing a half cup of charcoal on one side, and a half cup of grit, and a bottle of water, inverted in a saucer. No feed of any kind is given the first day. The morning of the second day the birds get a pinch each of commercial chick feed, about half a thimbleful, or one pint to 1,000 chicks. Five feeds a day are given after this, and the tin plates always contain bran for the youngsters to pick at. This does not give them indigestion. In a week's time the little birds are getting one quart to 1,000 chicks at one feed, increasing the ration as their appetites become more hearty. Water is given freely from the first, but no milk for four or five days. On the other hand, if chicks are shipped in from some other point, so they arrive at the Tancred Farms three or four days old, no water is given them for several days, but they quench their thirst with semi-solid buttermilk, or soured milk. If very thick, mix it with ten parts of water and give in the mason jars turned upside down on a saucer for at least two weeks. This is an important point. Too much water simply kills the imported baby chicks, as it causes diarrhoea. One quart jar, the wide-mouthed kind, of sour milk, is sufficient for 100 chicks.

The bran used is in big flakes purified of all dirt such as is used in making

"Roman Meal" and though it costs more, it is worth the extra \$5.00 per ton, as it keeps the chicks healthy. The day before the chicks are ready for the brooder, the floor is covered with coarse washed sand, one and a half inches deep, in both the warm and the cool compartments. Then a layer of alfalfa is put over the sand, replaced in ten days by finely cut straw. The stove in which coal is burned, is started and 92 degrees of heat registered. Next morning the chicks, now 24 hours old, are placed in their cosy quarters in the brooder. After a week, the dry bran in the tin plates is mixed with a chick growing mash; after four days of age the birds are given a daily feed of hard-boiled infertile eggs, culled from the incubators. These are boiled two hours, chopped up, shell and all, and take the place of meat in the daily ration. One dozen eggs makes a feed for 1,000 chicks. The eggs are culled from the first "egg test" on the fifth day, never when they have become really stale.

GREAT care is taken during the first two weeks in watching for any disorder among the chicks. They should come out of their night quarters bright and chirpy before 6 a. m. in nice weather. If sluggish, indigestion is troubling them. Notice their crops—if too full, omit a feed. In early morning all the night's droppings are brushed up from around the stove before they get a chance to scratch in them. 90% of poultry disorders come from droppings. Gunny sacks are placed around the brooder stove at night the first few days, as they can be easily shaken out after the chicks are up and doing. The litter must be often changed, and the milk bottles washed out daily. To sum up, perfect cleanliness must be observed in rearing any number of baby chicks. From 1,000 to 1,200 chicks are raised in one brooder on the Tancred Farms with good success.

"Chick starter" formula: Wheat, oat groats, corn and peas, all finely cracked. This is varied with the chick-starter milk mash as the birds grow, and the mash is fed in slatted boxes. It is made of oat groats, bran, bone meal, corn meal, meat meal, dry powdered buttermilk and whole wheat middlings, mixed in a dry mash. The proportions are not given, but naturally the bone meal, meat meal and buttermilk should be not more than five per cent of each ingredient to 100 lbs. of the grains used. The chick feed first mentioned is always used for the last feed at night, as it takes longer to digest. This is always fed in the litter provided.

As the years go by, there does not seem to be much variation in the advice offered by great experts in regard to artificial incubation. Turning of the eggs is still practised in all the hatcheries, and the vexed question of moisture and ventilation is carefully watched. In the big standard incubators used in hatcheries, the eggs are not cooled in the way considered necessary years ago. In fact, it is not possible to cool them at all, but the air is changed by means of ventilation fans which no doubt give the same result. One point much emphasized however, is that a high rather than a low temperature is maintained in the machine throughout the period of incubation so the chicks will all be hatched at the end of the 21st day. Great care is also used in keeping newly hatched chicks from getting down into the cool nursery drawer until there are enough of them together to raise the temperature to perhaps 100 degrees of heat.

The Evolution of a Name

A girl named plain Mary at her birth dropped the "r" when she grew up and became May. As she began to shine in society she changed the "y" to an "e" and signed her letters "Mae." About a year ago she was married and now she has dropped the "e" and is just plain "Ma."

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

THE WINNER

By W. R. Gilbert

IN the cosy chess-room of the Winni-warmer Club, Irving Hunter and Carl Linden were playing a friendly game of chess. Hunter, who was the elder of the two by some ten years—he was thirty odd—had been devoted to the game since his college days, and he it was who had initiated Linden into the mysteries of piece and pawn. The men were now fairly matched, and many were their spirited contests over the chessboard.

On this particular evening, however, Linden did not play with his usual skill. At the tenth move he carelessly sacrificed a bishop, and a few minutes later lost a knight. The game was soon hopelessly lost, and Hunter looked up, surprised.

"What's the matter, Carl?" he asked. "Your mind is not on the chess to-night."

"I know it," Linden answered, rising abruptly from his chair. "But there are better things in the world than chess."

He strolled over to the fireplace on the further side of the room and stood there, looking down at the glowing coals. It was a stormy night, and there were few at the club. Save for themselves, the room was deserted.

Hunter followed his friend, looking at him with some curiosity. "There are better things in the world than chess?" he repeated. "Such, for instance, as—"

"Such as love," answered Linden. He was still young enough to blush as he said this, but as he gazed at the glowing embers he seemed to see in them a face that often haunted his thoughts—a sweet, girlish face, framed in masses of soft, fluffy hair.

"I'm in love with the sweetest, dearest girl in the world, Irving," he said. "But I'm afraid she wouldn't suit you, old chap. She isn't a chess player."

"Women were not made to play chess," said Hunter, sententiously. "I tried to teach one the game this winter, but though I didn't succeed, she taught me—to love."

"I don't know whether this one cares for me or not," Linden went on. "Sometimes I think she does, but I don't know. I wrote to her, asking if I might call to-morrow evening, and I meant to put it to the test, to gain or lose it all, but she wrote that she had an engagement."

"I wish you luck, Carl," said Hunter. "Thank you; I knew you would," responded Carl, with a cordial grasp of his friend's hand. "If Ethel will only marry me, I shall be the happiest man alive."

"Ethel?" he said. Hunter dropped his friend's hand. "Yes," replied Linden. "The name slipped out, but I don't mind your knowing

it. It's Miss Ethel Reed. But what's the matter?"

Hunter tried hard to keep all emotion from his voice as he said quietly, "I, too, love Ethel Reed."

The two men looked at each other in silence, each unconsciously measuring the strength of his rival's claims.

Hunter envied his friend's manly young form, his fair face, with its earnest blue eyes, and his light, wavy hair. He did full justice, also, to Linden's sterling qualities of mind and heart. "What chance have I against him?" he thought bitterly. Meanwhile, Linden was saying to himself, "Ethel is just the girl to prefer a serious, sensible fellow like Hunter. I know he is worthy of her, but how can I give her up?"

Hunter walked over to the chess table, and toyed absently a moment with the pieces.

"Carl," he said, in a voice that sounded somewhat strained, so great was his effort to maintain his composure—"Carl, so far as I know, we both have about an even chance at present. I don't believe Miss Reed has given her heart to either of us, as yet. Why not leave the decision to chess? We will play a tournament; the loser to leave a clear field to the other, to make an effort to see her, or to influence her in any way, till—the other has had his chance."

Carl was silent a moment, and Hunter awaited his answer anxiously. "I'll do it," said Linden; then, crossing over to the table, "and may the best man win. The conditions?"

"Best two games in three," returned Hunter, promptly.

"Time limit for one move, twenty minutes. One game an evening. Drawn games not to be counted."

"Let's begin," said Linden briefly, seating himself at the table and arranging the pieces.

"I don't think you're up to the mark to-night Carl. If you don't play better than you did I should be taking an unfair advantage of you."

"I have something to play for now," said the other firmly.

The choice of color and first move was decided, and the game went on in silence. No sound was heard save the ticking of the clock, and now and then a "Check!" from one of the players.

Perhaps it was significant of the difference between the two men that Hunter, as was usual with him when engaged at chess, was so absorbed by the game that he was utterly oblivious of everything beyond the limits of the chess table, while Linden, though he tried to put his mind on the game, was often unconsciously thinking of Ethel.

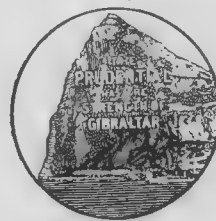
Continued on page 47



Julius Caesar makes good

Julius Caesar had his faults; but he certainly was no coward. Profligate that he was, he feared no living man or set of men. On one of his Syrian war journeys, it is told, he was captured by Egyptian pirates, who coolly informed him he would remain their prisoner until his friends produced a million dollars. "A million dollars!" he exclaimed, "why, I owe personally more than that. Let me go or I'll come back some fine day and crucify the whole bunch." But the pirates held him, nevertheless, until Rome notified them that the million was ready for Caesar's return.

But once back at his marble desk, the General refused to ship the money. "Hold it until I die, and then pay my debts. I'll go back and fix up this other thing." So he went once more to Syria, as he had promised, crucified the necessary pirates, and fell in love with Cleopatra. The ransom fund was kept for his creditors after death. Nowadays one does not have to argue with pirates to accumulate a stated sum as a guarantee for creditors. He can get an insurance company, for a stipend a year, to make this guarantee for him. Many business men find life insurance a very great convenience in matters of this sort.



If every wife knew what every widow knows, every husband would be insured

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Edward D. Duffield, President, Home Office, Newark, N.J.

"From 56 Offices spread from coast to coast, in Canada, Prudential Service is available"



THE TIGER BOY SCOUTS OF SIAM

Members of the Tiger Boy Scouts of Siam, during their annual training at Bangkok, steal away for a few moments to enjoy sweets purchased from the native peddler. The king of Siam personally directed the organization of the Boy Scouts, and viewed the boys in their annual training period.

I HAVE just finished reading a book entitled "Proud Lady" by Neith Boyce (the MacMillan Co. Ltd., Toronto). This novel is a study of a woman, Mary Lavinia Lowell, whose character is a blend of narrow mindedness, goodness and obstinacy. This she inherits from her New England mother. Her broad minded father has contributed his share to her character which however does not come to the surface until later in life. Her outlook on life is entirely conventional and bound by set rules.

At first torn between two loves—she marries her soldier lover, Lawrence, who has in him a wild Irish streak. The clergyman lover remains her spiritual adviser. Two such characters as Lawrence and Mary were bound to come into conflict sooner or later. When the clash happens Mary's life is almost wrecked because of her inability to adjust herself to a man's viewpoint. Lawrence, the clever handsome young lawyer, goes his way and lives his own life and Mary's first feeling is to leave him but as there are children she finds herself with a problem too hard to solve, and now her father, a physician, with his philosophy and experience, comes to her aid. She realizes at last that the great force of life cannot be bound with iron chains to any hard and fast rule.

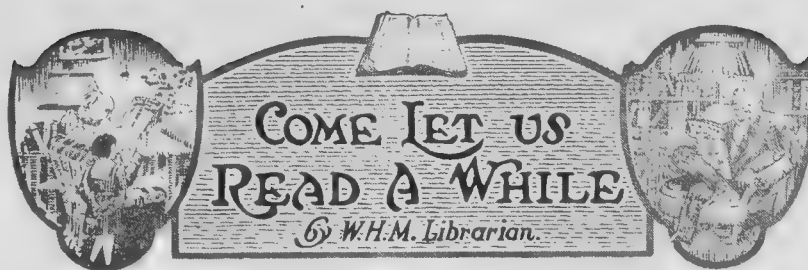
Perhaps her awakening comes too late for the author bids her characters farewell with Lawrence at the gates of death. This is not a particularly pleasant book but one that would open the eyes of many women of the type that Burns called the "Unco guid."

SIR Philip Gibbs has written a new novel entitled "The Middle of the Road," which brings to mind "If Winter Comes." Already one friend of mine has stated his opinion that "The Middle of the Road" is a finer novel than "If Winter Comes." The reason for linking these two novels together is that Bertram Pollard, the hero, created by Sir Philip Gibbs, reminds one of Mark Sabre. Perhaps Bertram Pollard is more typical of the ordinary English lad than was the eccentric Mark. English lads take longer to find themselves than any others in the world. Perhaps it is because they have a little of the Peter Pan in them, the quality that prevents them from growing up. Bertram Pollard finds life something of a Chinese puzzle. "It is all very difficult, is one of his favorite statements and because it is so difficult, the young ex-officer finds himself in the middle of the road, the hedge of exclusive aristocracy on the one side, and the bush of extreme anarchy on the other. Standing as he does in the middle of the road he is able to love his beautiful, high-born wife deeply, and at the same time to feel much sympathy for the unemployed ex-private Bill Huggitt. Pollard loves England passionately, but he cannot view the suffering of Ireland without pain.

Joyce, the beautiful wife, is portrayed as an aristocratic snob, victimized by her upbringing. The two drift naturally apart, and yet, in spite of all the regard that Bertram calls forth from other sincere admirers of his sterling character (in the course of journeying in France, Germany and Russia), the image of Joyce can never be erased from his mind. Eventually he contracts typhus in Russia; Joyce comes to him in Germany; they have both learnt a great lesson. There is to be no question of forgiveness because, as Bertram says, "We were both kids."

Perhaps this is the lesson Sir Philip wishes to impart—we have all been kids. War's a kids' game—squabbling. There must be more give and take, more understanding, more walking in the middle of the road instead of behind the hedgerows of ridiculous and petty convention. "Life's mostly patchwork." You cease to grouse when you become adsorbed in the ministry of healing, which, just now, is the job for everybody.

As a pictorial survey of postwar European conditions alone, the book is excellent and of economic value. One feels throughout that the writer is a man of strong compassion, that "a heart beats here," that the book is the result of a mental wrestling. Sir Philip has spoken for how many millions of returned men who are sick at the nonvictorious issue of a great victory? Somebody may have won the war, but the world lost it, and is losing it yet. The "message" of the novel is this: Get into the middle of the road and march along together. Don't be peashooting kids—idiotic Pharisees. The world is out of joint, and nobody short of the world



will put it right. Well then, stop your whining; get up; draw on your workday boots, and "Fall in"—you.

PARENTS wise enough to make a practice of bringing into the home some of the best of children's books from time to time, will be interested to hear of the school edition of "The Story of Mankind" by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. This beautiful edition with its large clear type, quaint pictures by the author and a guide to teachers at its conclusion, is published in Canada by the MacMillan Company. The Story of Mankind is a most fascinating account of the world's history, told so simply and so delightfully that children will read it as eagerly as they read the comic strip in a daily newspaper, and yet they will be absorbing a tremendous amount of valuable information. I can heartily recommend this volume as an addition to any school library. Teachers in country schools will find a wealth of help in this book because it is so written that a chapter could easily be read and digested in one lesson and made subject matter of a composition later on in the week. The questions at the end of the book will be found of great help to teachers.

IF you are looking for an interesting book and yet do not want fiction, read Margot Asquith's Impressions of America. (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart) You will find it very amusing although one does weary of this amazing lady's admiration of herself. Nevertheless she has such a bright way of saying the most trivial things that one smiles despite oneself. It is like being obliged to turn away for fear an impertinent little child should see the amusement he has caused. Mrs. Asquith is really very infantile. She has never outgrown the "showing off" stage and the child's delight in romancing

IT gave me a queer feeling to receive from the MacMillan Company of Toronto two volumes, reprints of stories by Rolf Boldrewood. These stories of Australian Goldfields and adventures in the Australian Bush were tremendously popular twenty-five years ago. They must still have power to interest a great host of readers, otherwise these reprints would not appear. I have no doubt that many a youth interested in the far off Australia will enjoy reading these romantic adventures written by Boldrewood so many years ago.

WHICH made the best marriage, Connie Ball or her sister Deb? Well, it all depends what one calls the "best." Connie's mother had no difficulty in deciding this problem. Her idea of a happy marriage was one in which

the husband made a huge income so that the wife could gain entry into exclusive clubs, could entertain largely and figure in all society columns. So according to this lady's lights, her daughter Connie had made a splendid match. But Deb thought along different lines. Queerly enough, she believed in love and ideals and spiritual wealth. So she married a professor of chemistry who barely earned enough to keep her and the child in ordinary comfort. In "Trodden Gold" by Howard Vincent O'Brien (Toronto, Thomas Allen) you will read of the results of these marriages. And when you have read this vividly written story, you can judge for yourself what constitutes a successful marriage.

IF you are seeking a real, long romance that will give you many pleasant evenings, take up a copy of "Ovington's Bank" by the famous Stanley J. Weyman (Toronto, The Ryerson Press). This engrossing tale tells of days in early banking history when mail came by coach and when country squires looked down upon bankers as men who made their living in business. Here we have an excellent picture of a high spirited, clever young man who through pride of spirit goes to the dogs while the dreamy, lazy unpractical cousin becomes a man of character and worth. There's plenty of action in this story as well as love, so it will find favor with men as well as maids.

IT has always been a privilege of woman to conceal her age! Now Compton Mackenzie comes along and wrests the privilege from her and tells us all about woman. He divides her life into seven parts in this novel called "The Seven Ages of Woman" (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart) and we see a little baby bereft of her parents by a drowning accident, then we see this baby a school girl, a debutante, a wife, a mother, and a grandmother. It is a sad story because it opens with a mother's disappointment in her son and ends on the same note, although the third generation and not the first, is now on the scene. Would the author have us believe that a woman's life cycle is doomed to turn on the pivot wheel of sorrow, that children must bring unhappiness to their parents and that old age is always intensely lonely. Well he can say this if he pleases and we can retort politely, "Oh bosh!"

IT'S a mystery story that you are looking for? Well, here you are, a real thriller "The Gray Charteris" by Robert Simpson (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart) is a most exciting story with its setting in the pest ridden swamps of Africa. Just who the man Charteris is, no one knows. He has the face of youth, the hair of age,

the wisdom of the Sphinx. Some say that he is not a man at all but the spirit of Adventure.

WHETHER you believe in Miracles or not, you really must read a slender volume written by Canada's great raconteur, George H. Ham. It is called the Miracle Man (Toronto, The Musson Book Company) and tells with forcible simplicity the story of Brother Andre who for many years was the humble porter of the Order of the Holy Cross but who is now sought by thousands at the Shrine of St. Joseph of Mount Royal, sought and blessed for the Miracles he works for those sick in body and weary in spirit. In honor of this man who has never known any state but that of poverty, a million dollars has been subscribed by thousands who have won health and happiness through the intercession of the little wizened Miracle Man. Do read this little book. It falls like dew upon the soul, fevered with too much of the world's turmoil.

THAT the genius within us cannot be entirely wiped out by circumstances is the theme of a striking novel called "Indelible" by Elliot H. Paul (Toronto, Thomas Allen). True that Samuel Graydon comes of poor parents who are not much in sympathy with music, yet he becomes a fine pianist. True that little Lena the Jewish girl has no one to help her at all, but she comes in possession of a violin and learns to play divinely. True also, that a horrible accident injures her left hand so that she can never play again. But genius is indelible. Samuel and Lena marry and to them a little girl is born, a little girl who will play the violin that has lain for so long mute.

THOSE who live on farms and those who live in cities, adults and young folk, all will enjoy Harvey J. Sconce's "The Romance of Everfarm" published in Canada by the MacMillan Co. The romance of the wheat kernel, the story of the Apple Blossom, the adventures of a kernel of corn, these are some of the chapters, so you can guess how instructive and interesting the entire volume will prove. Beautiful photographs increase the appeal of this book that will, I am sure, prove of great interest to the boy and girl of an inquiring turn of mind.

Answer to Correspondent

F. J. Kearns, Nemisham, Alta.
"Modern British Poetry" and "Modern American Poetry" collected and edited by Louis Untermeyer are published by Harcourt, Brace and Co., publishers, New York, U. S. A. This address will reach them, but if you are desirous of buying these volumes, as your letter indicates, I would suggest your ordering from the nearest book store in Canada as you will avoid the trouble of clearing the customs.

Like As a Lute

By Samuel J. Looker

Like as a lute inspired with heavenly tones
Played by a master learned in music's lore,
Charms listening ears with mellow undertones,
And from low earth to highest heaven doth soar,
So Lady, gracious and kind, thy gentlo love
Hath melody most rare to charm my ear,
Thy regal beauty has the power to move
To utterance love's song without a peer;
Lo! all my days with sounds most musical
Are filled, and joy beside the way doth sing,
With such clear tones as grace a festival,
Or dulcet notes of birds that greet the Spring;
And voice of lutes and all glad sounds that be
Make music in my life for love of thee.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints.
I will trust in Him
That He can hold His own; and I will take
His will above the work He sendeth me
To be my chiefest good.
The glory is not in the task, but in the doing it for Him.

—Jean Ingelow.



Cameroon (Africa) boys being taught the Arabic language



Make Your Kitchen Linoleum Last a Lifetime

HOW many years of wear will you get from the covering on your kitchen floor?

You can make it last a lifetime by giving it a coat of Liquid Granite, the best and most durable floor varnish in the world.

Liquid Granite provides a hard, enduring surface, grease-proof, wearproof and waterproof. Through its transparency gleams the brightness of the linoleum, safe from the wear of tracking feet, protected from domestic dis-

asters which might injure the fabric or dim the colors.

LIQUID GRANITE will outlast every other floor varnish. It is without exception, the best finish for all floors, whether hardwood, stained or painted floors, or linoleum. It protects and preserves the natural grain and color in the wood, and gives a beautiful lustre that rivals the most perfectly polished floors. Liquid Granite floors are kept in perfect condition by merely wiping off with a damp cloth.



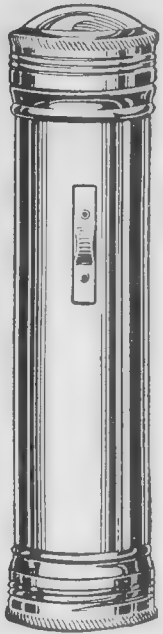
The Luxeberry Painter says :

"For the perfect kitchen, use Liquid Granite on the floor and Luxeberry White Enamel on the woodwork. Luxeberry gives a lustrous pure white that stays white. It radiates sunshine in every room where it is used."

Made by
BERRY BROTHERS INC.
Varnishes Enamels Stains
Walkerville Ontario

Liquid Granite

The World's Best Floor Varnish



It's Safe!

You can't set fire to anything with an Eveready Flashlight. Eveready is flameless. It is the only safe light to use around a motor car or for temporary light around the home. Eveready is the handiest portable light ever invented. Every day you have dozens of uses for its searching brilliance. Just make a note of the times you stumble in the dark; of the time you waste peering for dropped articles during the next night or two. Then go to your favorite dealer and select the style of Eveready Flashlight you prefer. For sale at hardware, electrical, drug, sporting goods, auto accessory shops; garages and general stores.

Canadian National Carbon Co. Limited

Montreal Toronto Winnipeg.

Keep your flashlights working with fresh Eveready Batteries. For all tubular flashlights get the new Eveready Unit Cells.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

LOW SUMMER

EXCURSION FARES ON SALE DAILY, MAY 15th TO SEPTEMBER 30th. EXCURSION FARES

THROUGH THE

Canadian Pacific Rockies

TO THE

PACIFIC COAST

From Winnipeg

\$72

Return

For Information

Ask the

CANADIAN



PACIFIC

"It-raises-the-dough"

49



Gold
Standard
Baking Powder
The Bodville Co. Ltd.

Magazine Value as represented by The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 per year is unequalled. Tell your friends about it.

CANADA'S FIRST COMMONER

By GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER

CANADA'S Minister Plenipotentiary and Diplomat Extraordinary, are titles that might fittingly be conferred on Honorable Rodolphe Lemieux, the Speaker of the House of Commons. His life story would read like a fairy tale—for there was no silver spoon in his mouth when he entered this world, yet it has been given to him to be the friend of kings, popes, princes, poets and statesmen, during the past quarter of a century.

A few of the missions which the Hon. Mr. Lemieux has undertaken on behalf of the Dominion come to mind. When in 1910 South Africa formally adopted its new constitution, a constitution more remarkable for the names appended to it than for what it contained, and it contained a great deal—H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught attended to represent the King and the present Speaker accompanied him as the representative of the Canadian people. There were, when solicitor-general, several briefs before the Privy Council, and later on as Minister of the Crown many missions on important business to London, Paris and Washington, participation in the Postal Convention at Berne, and at Tokio, negotiations with Japan which culminated in the oft-quoted "Gentlemen's Agreement." Perhaps his most gratifying success came during his recent trip abroad when he officially accepted from the government of France that country's generous gift of the corner that is forever Canada.

An epitome of the interesting events and people that have lent color to Mr. Lemieux's career is that recent month in England and Europe. It happened that he reached the Motherland in time for the General Elections. After the conclusion of that battle, he saw Parliament in session with Lloyd George in a corner—alone. His Majesty King George honored Mr. Lemieux by inviting him to Buckingham Palace for a chat which lasted fully a half hour. During the course of their conversation the distinguished Canadian took occasion to congratulate his sovereign on his Battle-field's address—likening it to Lincoln's immortal oration at Gettysburg. Since returning to Ottawa Mr. Lemieux has received a beautifully bound and autographed copy of the Vimy speech from the King.

In France the mornings were devoted to his mission but the habit of years is strong, and the afternoons were spent in the House of Deputies. Mr. Lemieux had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with the President of the French Republic, who was Postmaster General of France when the former held the corresponding cabinet position in Canada. They used to sign postal conventions together. From Mr. Millerand Mr. Lemieux received the gift of Vimy Ridge for Canada.

The Pope knows more about the Canadian Rockies than nine out of ten men born in this country. During a half hour audience with His Holiness on a Sunday afternoon in early December, Mr. Lemieux was delighted when the Pope led the conversation to the beauties of the British Columbia peaks, that sometimes seem to pierce the heavens. The Holy Father is an ardent Alpinist. He is extremely interested in Canada and told Mr. Lemieux it was the hope of the new world.

Meeting Mussolini who was introduced to Mr. Lemieux by the Speaker of the Italian Chamber, Signor de Nicola, was another interesting experience. He impressed the Canadian as a Napoleonic type—minus the lock on the forehead. His remarkably square jaw and piercing black eyes are outstanding. At this time he personified Italy although it is doubtful whether it will last or not. That the world owes a debt of gratitude to Mussolini is the tribute of the Cana-

dian statesman. Mussolini cut the hydra head of Bolshevism in Italy—by using the same weapons and methods as the Bolsheviks themselves. He believes in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

A touching tribute to Canada's sons who fought the good fight was witnessed in Brussels one December evening about five o'clock when a huge truck bearing the figure of a Canadian soldier was being moved from one atelier to another. The monument is to be placed at St. Julien, near Ypres and will be unveiled on the first of July next. Somehow the word was passed along the streets which the truck traversed that it was "The Canadian Soldier," and every one stood still with head uncovered and bowed.

It is not generally known that one European country was represented at the League of Nations by a woman. Roumania did herself this honor and sent Helene Vacaresco one of the most brilliant writers of the present day. She told Mr. Lemieux how she had been impressed at Geneva by the two Canadian delegates, Hon. Messrs. Fielding and Lapointe. Mr. Lemieux met this gifted lady in Paris at a luncheon given by Madam Chase Casgrain, formerly of Ottawa.

These are only a few of the kaleidoscopic experiences that were the portion of Hon. Mr. Lemieux during a few brief weeks abroad. Now he is at home preparing to guide the fourteenth Parliament of Canada through its second session. He is the helmsman of the Commons. The direction which the ship of state is to take is laid down by the Prime Minister after consultation with the Speaker and the Whips, but its guidance on its course is in the hands of the Speaker.

Those who have been in the corridors of the House of Commons at three o'clock during the session have watched the Speaker's dignified procession from his apartments to the Green Chamber. The inspector of police calls out "Way for Mr. Speaker." Then one sees the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the Mace and Mr. Speaker in his full flowing black silk robe wearing his three-cornered beaver hat. He is accompanied by his clerks. The simple dignity of the ceremonial serves to remind those who witness it of the priceless rights of the Commons that were so dearly won and handed down to us by our forebears.

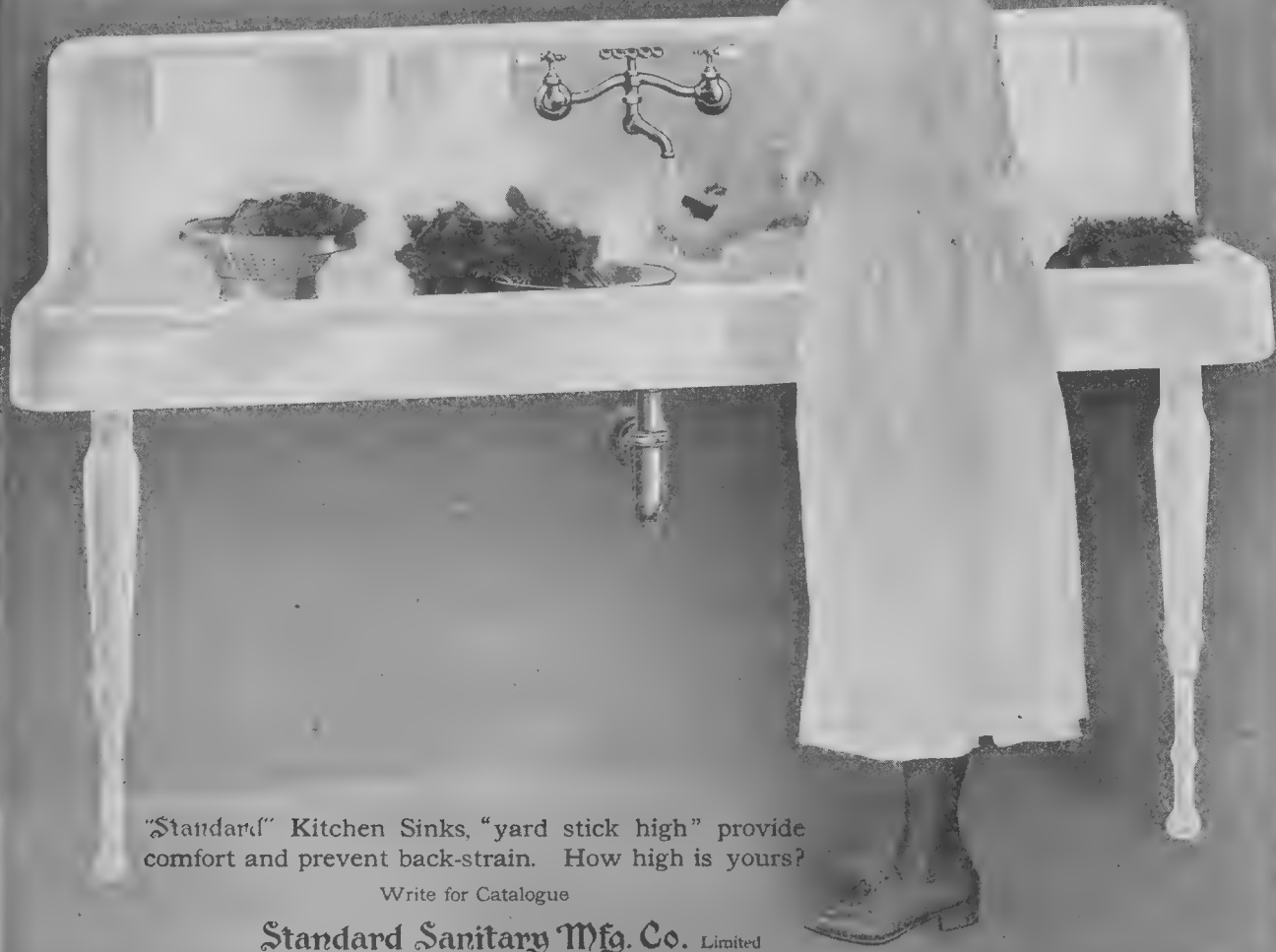
The Speaker is not only the guardian of the privileges of the House of Commons, but its disciplinarian. As a rule it is a most orderly assembly, and the relations between the members and the chair are most cordial. But human nature being what it is, any one can understand that occasionally some of the 235 members of the Commons are bound to become a little peeved and sometimes utter insulting remarks about opponents in the House. It is Mr. Speaker who reproves them and elicits an apology or withdrawal. But it is the law of the House itself which he imposes on the members—not his own will.

The Speaker has social as well as parliamentary functions to discharge. There are a certain number of levees, dinners and luncheons during the course of every session.

It was in 1376 that the first speaker appeared in the English Parliament. It happened that both King Edward I and his son the Black Prince, who was heir to the throne were absent, and John of Gaunt who was unpopular undertook to preside over the Parliament. The two Houses separated and the Commons proceeded to the Chapter House in Westminster Abbey. There they deliberated for some time behind locked

Continued on page 31

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES



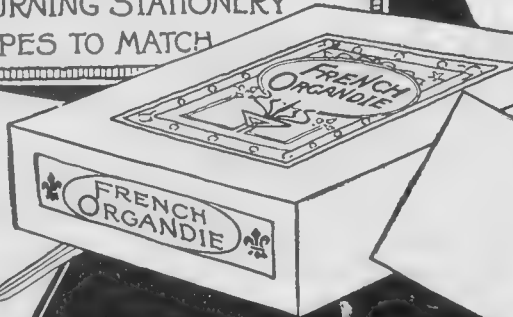
"Standard" Kitchen Sinks, "yard stick high" provide comfort and prevent back-strain. How high is yours?

Write for Catalogue

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Limited
TORONTO

BARBER-ELLIS FRENCH ORGANDIE STATIONERY

WRITING TABLETS PAPETERIES
CORRESPONDENCE CARDS · · MOURNING STATIONERY
NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH



"ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT"

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming.
An ad. in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Mr. ROBERT ARMSTRONG

Continued from page 16

"As we went up, he started to move away and I called to him. He immediately turned and ran to me, with his hands up, thinking I was going to kill him. Then he fell on his knees and began to pray in French."

"I told him to get up, that it was too late to pray. He should have done that some time ago. He stood up and I gave him General Middleton's order of surrender."

"Riel took charge of the other men while Hourie attended to the horses. I knew that Major Boulton and some of his men were on the hunt, also 'Gatling Gun Howard,' so I decided to take Riel to Batouche, four miles away, through the bushes, for Major Boulton had sworn to 'shoot Riel on sight,' while General Middleton had said 'Try to bring Riel in alive.'"

Major Boulton had been a witness of the murder of his friend, Thomas Scott, in the first rebellion at Fort Garry and he had an especially bitter feeling for Riel.

"I sent Riel ahead to tell General Middleton of our capture, while Hourie and I looked after our notorious prisoner. I instructed Riel to keep his mouth shut if we met any one. Finally we came on several advance scouts who inquired as to who our man was. Riel was a very short man, not of prepossessing appearance and I answered that it was Riel's cook."

"They cried out, 'Why don't you shoot him, I would not take a little thing like that to camp.'"

"As Hourie talked with the scouts, I moved on with Riel who was behind me on my horse. We got about a half mile from the rest when Riel drew a small .32 derringer pistol from his inside pocket and handed it to me, saying I had missed it when I examined him. 'I will be honest with you Mr. Armstrong, take this pistol too.' I said 'why did you not use that on me from your point of vantage—escape on my horse and save your neck?' He answered 'I could not kill a man in cold blood, especially as I knew you in Montana. Will they hang me in Camp?'"

Mr. Armstrong told him that he would have a fair British trial.

"He then told me how that, during the war, his orders had been to capture me, if possible, but not to kill me, and on at least one occasion, I had been in some danger as I rode by with a few companions. In a clump of willows, a dozen rifles were pointing our way and within a few feet of us. Riel's orders were the only thing that saved our lives."

"I reported at once to the General's tent, turning Riel over to him. The next day Riel was taken to Saskatoon, from which place he was sent in charge of Captain George Young of Winnipeg to Regina. Strange to relate, Captain Young was the son of the late Rev. George Young, who pleaded in vain for the life of young Thomas Scott in the first rebellion at Fort Garry."

"Riel was tried and condemned to death after a great battle of legal talent and an immense amount of evidence as to his sanity and otherwise. The Regina Court sentence was confirmed at the appeal taken at Winnipeg and Riel was executed at Regina, going bravely to the scaffold, saying he forgave all his enemies."

His body was given to his family for burial at St. Boniface where he was born and attended school. There was a fear that the body might be dishonored at the funeral and the Rev. R. G. MacBeth, writing of the circumstance, said—

"And so these stalwart plainmen, with flashing eye, came marching up the walk and wide cathedral aisle, eight deep, around the coffin. One whom I knew said that every one of their women present had a weapon to hand to the men if required. The service was very impressive. If he had only kept his hands free of blood, many there are who would honor the memory of the ill-fated man whose body rests in the historic St. Boniface with the one word 'Riel' on his monument."

An incident at the close of the rebellion, fraught with deep interest for Mr. Armstrong, was the finding of the prisoners released by Big Bear.

Mrs. Gowanlock, wife of the Indian Agent at Frog Lake, and Mrs. Delany, wife of the farm instructor, were taken prisoners by Big Bear after their husbands

Continued on page 32

Meal Tickets and Advertising

Continued from page 29

his co-operation, and when he finally left the restaurant with Tony's signature to a contract calling for generous use of white space, he was confident his knowledge of the psychology of salesmanship had carried the day, though he could not exactly put his finger on the one winning argument.

No wonder! The irresistible argument, from Tony's point of view, had been that he would not be called upon to pay anything for the advertising until the middle of the next month. By that time, unless business had improved wonderfully, there would be no business at all, and any worrying over Beacon accounts would not be done by Tony Anargyros.

Aleck Smart had generously volunteered to prepare the "copy" for the advertisement, and when he dropped in later in the day and showed the cafe proprietor a rough proof, Tony was delighted. Smart had imagined more good points about Union Jack cooking and Union Jack service than Tony had ever guessed could exist under his management. It was absolutely certain, Smart insisted, that trade would increase tremendously as a result.

Tony had to leave town early next morning, and did not return for three days. When he came back he found the cafe crowded to capacity at the dinner hour, though it was still early. Hastily donning his apron, Tony turned in right willingly and helped the overworked waiters, chuckling occasionally to see how his advertisement in the Morning Beacon had brought about such a wonderful piece of good fortune. Never again would he try to do business without advertising!

For three hours the rush of business kept up. Diners came, ordered liberally, and departed full and contented. Evidently many of them had already scraped acquaintances with the waiters and girls—ever a very difficult thing in a Greek restaurant. But to Tony most of the guests were strangers, drawn to the Union Jack by the laudatory advertisement in the morning newspaper.

After the crowd had thinned away, Tony approached the cashier, rubbing his hands with pleasing anticipation.

"Well, well," he smiled graciously, "I guess beezness is peeking up, eh? Nevaire saw such a crowd here before. And, by the way dose canned goods 'ave gone from the shelves, you been pretty beezy while I been gone, eh?"

"Busy!" snapped Mayme of the cash register, "I'll tell the world we've been busy. Strikes me you owe the staff a bonus for the way they's slaved looking after this new crowd. What was you idea, anyway, Tony? You gone crazy, or what?"

"Idea? Crazy? What you mean, Mayme?"

"Getting all this bunch to eat here that way. Do you know—?"

"Well, eef doubling up my beezness a hundred per cent. in three days is being crazee, then I guess I'm crazee, all right, Mayme. How much cash you took in since Toosday?"

"Cash? Whad'ye mean, cash? How'd you expect me to take in any cash off that new bunch? Cash?—Crazy as a bed bug, that's what." Tony's well-fed face lost several ruddy shades. He could not understand what the girl meant at all, at all.

"Their money's goot, ain't it?" he asked. "They pay, don't they?"

"Pay nothing," snapped Mayme. "They're all eating on meal tickets."

"What's the difference?" asked Tony, more puzzled than ever. "If they got meal tickets they pay in advance, don't they?"

"Not this time, Tony. This bunch is eating you out of house and home on Hardscrabble's meal ticket."

"Hardscrabble? What for? I no oonderstan'."

"Oh, wake up, wake up. Didn't you tell me, almost the last thing before you went away, to give Hardscrabble meal tickets in payment of his \$300 account? I gave him fifty tickets, and

this new gang has been eating on 'em ever since. Hardscrabble peddled 'em off at five bucks apiece, and most of the tickets are all punched out already."

Quite unreasonably, Tony roundly cursed Aleck Smart, advertising salesman. But that did not prevent the Union Jack cafe from having another advertisement in the Morning Beacon a few days later. It was set in agate type, and headed "SHERIFF'S SALE."

Canada's First Commoner

Continued from Page 28

The rich and brilliant heritage of this great historical post is splendidly sustained by Hon. Mr. Lemieux. Not only is he one of the most able constitutional lawyers Canada has produced, but he has a personality that would make him a welcome addition to any circle he chose to grace with his presence. Of imposing figure with a countenance in which strength and kindness combine, he would attract attention in any assembly. He has the finest speaking voice it has been my good fortune to listen to—some one has said that every thing he says is set to music. His success in life is an inspiration to the ambitious youth of the land—for he was one of a large family none too well blessed with earthly goods. But lack of gold was no handicap for several of his brothers have attained positions of honor and distinction. The Lemieux family had the traits of character that make for success, and Canada's first Commoner is the brightest star in that constellation of brilliant brothers.

WHAT CANNOT BE ADVERTISED

Times have changed and popular sentiment concerning advertising has changed with them. Institutions which a few short years ago would have shuddered at seeing their names in the paid columns of this and other publications, devote today a great deal of time and money to presenting their commodities to the public and keeping themselves in the public eye.

Is this due to the increasing population, and the resultant difficulty of personally reaching prospective customers—or is it due to the vast progress which has been made in the publishing business?

We would assume the latter, and this conclusion is the one reached by the publishers of the Desbarats "All Canada" Newspaper Directory, of which the 1922-23 edition has just reached us.

The publishers of this work, The Desbarats Advertising Agency, claim that those who fear the light of public opinion should not advertise, those who are selling articles whose chief claim is that they look like good ones and will give the dealer more profit (when sold)—need no advertising, those who are not seeking to establish for themselves a reputation for good goods, for honest dealing, for modern and progressive thought, for improvement, and for a desire to do right for their customers while earning a proper financial reward for themselves, these are the people who need not, and should not advertise.

The publishers have gathered a mass of valuable statistics which will be prized by those who either are advertising in Canadian publications or who may be wanting to do so, and is an important addition to the works on advertising.

The Desbarats Advertising Agency, Limited, Montreal and Toronto, Publishers.

His Explanation

William did not shine as a student, and his reports clearly proved this, yet he insisted to his mother that he was right at the top of his class.

"You see," he explained when one of his reports was under scrutiny, "that 'E' is for 'excellent' and that 'D' is for 'dandy.'"

"But," persisted his mother, "the little girl across the stree gets almost nothing but 'A's' on her reports."

"Well, mother," responded the boy, "I hate to give her away, but that 'A' stands for 'awful.'"

And it is said that he got away with it.

MEALTIME SATISFACTION in 4,000,000 homes



NEW PERFECTION Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

For quick, economical and dependable cooking service, all the world still finds the Blue Chimney NEW PERFECTION the most satisfactory oil cook stove.

In sizes from two to five burners, the NEW PERFECTION Oil Cook Stove offers, alike to large and small families, all the advantages of ample cooking facilities.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate these New Perfections.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY LIMITED
SARNIA - ONTARIO

Montreal, P.Q.

Also Makers of PERFECTION Oil Heaters

Winnipeg, Man.

Mr Robert Armstrong

Continued from page 30

had been killed by the Indians. Proceeding to Fort Pit with the women, Big Bear captured Mr. McLean, Factor of the Hudson's Bay at that point, and his family—Mrs. McLean and children, including two daughters who had just returned from Eastern Colleges. They were all taken up North of Loon Lake and kept in captivity for some weeks, twenty-eight prisoners in all, mostly women and children.

The young ladies, stated Mr. Armstrong, had quite a good time as the Indians were good to them, arranging all sorts of Indian festivities in their honor. Big Bear finally let them go, turning them out after sending a despatch rider ahead to inform General Middleton of their coming. Teams with food and clothing were at once sent and Mr. Armstrong, as chief scout, met the prisoners some time before the wagons arrived. They were in a sorry plight, suffering for food, with only some musty flour and a brass kettle, and the day before their rescue they had dined, the twenty-eight, on one rabbit made into a pot pie.

When the troops finally went to Winnipeg, Mr. Armstrong travelled with them. His horse, saddle and general equipment had been sent on with the military horses and he had forgotten about the matter until called to the telephone shortly after arriving in the city.

A rather familiar voice said "I am speaking from Stony Mountain, do you know my voice?" Then a slight cough, and Mr. Armstrong knew that it was James Mackay, a Prince Albert boy who had been a scout with Captain French. Visiting at Stony Mountain, he was taking part in a "riding party" and wished to borrow the scout horse in pasture there with the buffalo.

Mr. Armstrong's reputation as a horse-man had gone before him, and his next experience was as a guest at another "riding party" at Stony Mountain, when astride of his buffalo "runner" he was asked to "touch" a great buffalo, the largest in the herd. With his eager horse he quietly moved towards the big buffalo, and when within forty yards the animal began to run. His horse then took the real buffalo stride and, catching up to the big bison, Mr. Armstrong caught a bunch of hair from the back of the neck, wheeled and rode back to the ladies with his trophy, one of them rolling the result of his prowess in her handkerchief.

LIFE continued to be merry for the military colony, and fresh incidents made Mr. Armstrong's visit memorable.

One morning as he came down to breakfast in the hotel, about a dozen ladies of Winnipeg were congregated at the foot of the stairs. "Is this a delegation?" asked Mr. Armstrong. "We want to kiss the man who captured Riel," was the answer.

Mr. Armstrong declares that he was rather startled, but finally agreed to the osculatory performance, and taking the initiative, asked "Where shall I begin?"

The rebellion of 1885, a movement of grave consequence, was thus quickly quelled. Had it lasted for even a year, the country would have been laid waste and immigration put back indefinitely, so our civilization of to-day in Western Canada is deeply indebted to those men who played a part in these history-making times.

Mr. Armstrong's spirit of adventure took its color from his earliest environment and experience. Living two miles from Kansas City, the old Armstrong homestead suffered heavily during the Civil War, the troops of both sides raiding the home, commandeering horses and cattle to their hearts' content. The broad acres of the homestead are now a well built part of Kansas City.

"Owing to the circumstances surrounding my youth, I came into close contact with real adventure at an early age. I could shoot from the time I was old enough to ride a horse and cannot remember when I learned to rope a steer," writes Mr. Armstrong, and continues—

"At ten years of age I could hunt buffalo and soon became expert on the trail, learning all the tricks in regard to approaching game without disturbing them—in the case of the buffalo, to get them going in a circle, always downing the leader or the animal who first became restless. I learned the best method of handling skins during the process of curing them, was skillful with the skinning knife as well as with the rifle and

pistol which were my daily companions and very often my only protectors."

"I learned during this time to beat the Indians in craftiness, on the warpath or during the hunt—knew practically all the Indian signs and could speak to any Indian in the sign language."

This sign language, relic of primitive days on the continent of America, has served the pioneers in a manner that cannot be realized. On the streets of our city to-day are men who still use it when meeting an old Indian, for all the older men of almost any tribe understand the signs. Many of them are used by us in conversation and are really a form of illustration of our conversation, a sort of natural explanation.

About forty years ago, seven tribes of Indians, all speaking a different language, had a great council. All day they sat talking in the sign language."

Rubbing the hand across the forehead means "white man" to an Indian. The significance of this sign dates back to about a hundred years ago when men, bronzed from their life in the open, were about the same color as the Red man until removing their hats, when the forehead, protected from the sun, revealed the "white man."

Indians of different tribes, meeting, tell to what tribe they belong. Black-foot touch the feet. The Sioux, always known as "cut-throats," draw the hand across the throat. The Crow Indians flap their hands in imitation of a crow flying. "Day" is to throw open the hands with the palms up. "Night" is hands down and one above the other. "Hungry" is to draw the hand across the stomach. "Work" is to protrude the hands forward. "Tired" is to drop the hands with utter abandon, a form of

illustration that we use much. "Pretty" is to rub the hand over the face. "Lady" is to draw the hand over the hair, extending it to indicate long hair and a combination of the two gestures gives "Pretty Lady."

"Strong" is to close the fists. "Bad" is to close the fist and draw it up in front of the face. "Crazy" is to twirl hand by head. "I am talking to you"—hold the palm of the hand in cup shape and draw it from the chin. "Sick" is to draw the hands away from the chest.

"Distance"—with thumb and first fingers curved together to measure the hands apart.

"Long time"—shake one hand by the side of the head and measure "long distance" with the other. "Yes"—drop the first finger. "No"—sweep hand backwards, palm up. "Look"—point with two fingers spread apart.

To indicate that the truth is not being told, draw two fingers across the mouth and outward, meaning that they "speak with two tongues." One finger drawn across the mouth and outward indicates "the truth." "Friendship"—clasp the two first fingers. "Afraid"—thumb and first finger curved together, drawn away from the heart. Indication of doubt, is to put two fingers on the heart, meaning "I am thinking" or "I have two hearts in the matter." "Soldier"—fists closed and slowly parted, really illustrating hand cuffs and probably originated from them.

In continuing his story, Mr. Armstrong tells of his experience driving mule teams in the Western States, that so well fitted him for the part he played in Canada in later years. When he travelled the trails, the rifles of savage Indians, enraged at the white man's incursion, were almost continually levelled upon him.

It was in 1865 that he travelled from Leavenworth, Kansas, with an outfit of freighters, a firm that had ninety trains of wagons on the plains. Hay for the cattle cost eighty dollars a ton and flour in the mining camps of the West Coast as much as fifty dollars a sack. At Deadwood, Dakota, Mr. Armstrong remembers of flour selling at one hundred dollars a sack for a short time.

His manuscript is replete with incidents of the rough life of those early days. He tells of an old man, driving an outfit who was of a religious turn of mind. Drivers were scarce and he appealed to a man to help him out.

"Can you drive bulls?" he asked.

"Yes I can drive them to h—and back," was the answer.

The old man returned—

"I'm not freighting there this year, you can go on."

Mr. Armstrong tells of the terror of the mules and oxen when they "Scented Indians." The very slowest team would quickly get out of hand, start across the plains, their tails in the air, the heavy wagons "banging" in their wake. To scare them, the Indians would shake their blankets or robes and whoop, sending out "uncanny sounds."

The custom was to have eight teams of mules to a wagon of 7000 pounds and a trial wagon attached with 4500 pounds. Following might be six yokes of oxen hauling 8000 pounds.

The oxen were as slow as the proverbial animal and were called "dead-heads," as no amount of pounding made them move faster.

REFERENCE to small primitive customs permeate the manuscript, such as the method of tanning a rope. A rawhide rope was tied about the neck of a pony and loose ends allowed to trail along the ground. At night the rope would be greased to "take the glue out of it" and the dragging operation continued for days till it took the proper shape. It was at Fort Wallace that Mr. Armstrong tanned a rope for the late J. P. Morgan, who was visiting a friend at the Fort.

Leaving outposts of civilization, it was the custom to give drivers of bull-teams rifle, bayonet and rounds of ammunition, the latter, the old-fashioned paper cartridge and, before inserting it into the breach of the rifle, it was necessary to bite off the paper end.

The method of making camp with a "train" was described. The leading wagon of the team would halt at a chosen place and, as each wagon came up, they would stop with the front wheel of the first wagon and the pole pointing outwards, making the whole in

Continued on page 36

"May Echo," Prize Holstein, Establishes New Record in Butter Production.

(Francis Dickie)



THE most wonderful cow in the world, Agassiz Segis May Echo, registered number 41,302, had the most wonderful full public reception one night to ward the end of March, in her home town of Agassiz, British Columbia, to celebrate her record-breaking feat of milk and butter production during a period of 365 days. In that time she gave 30,886 pounds of milk, which yielded 1345 pounds of butter fat, which is equal to 1675 pounds of butter. This is 86 pounds more butter than the previous world champion produced. The new cow "Queen" is to-day the world's record butter producer for a year period, in all classes, in all breeds, and in all ages. She has earned absolutely the highest honors in cowdom. She has given sixteen times her own weight in milk, and almost her own weight in butter during the test. Yet at the same time she has added one hundred pounds to her own weight. She now weighs 1800 pounds. Agassiz May Echo, to give her part of her titles, showed her royal strain at a very early age. As a two-year-old she produced 19,302 pounds of milk, and 842 pounds of butter in a year, more than double the production of the average good cow. Her aunt was a famous Holstein also; in fact, the most famous Holstein in the world in the way of single day records, having given 151 pounds of milk in one day. But Agassiz Segis May Echo has outdistanced her aunt considerably as a butter producer.

During the year-long test the new champion was milked four times a day, by one man, Mr. G. C. Harper, who also attended to her feeding. The cow was never on pasture, but kept in a box stall except for a short time in the hot weather when she was allowed out in a paddock under the shade of trees. Her best day's production was 121½ pounds. May Echo has a truly royal appetite. On the day of her highest output she consumed 165 pounds of pulped mangles and 31 pounds of grain, also a small

quantity of corn silage and hay. Her best seven days butter production was 36.65 and for thirty days 140 pounds.

She is now in her fifth year, and will probably go on for many years to come transforming vast quantities of feed into butter fat.

After the great year-long test was over, and the figures made known, it was only natural that the citizens of Agassiz should desire to fittingly honor their most noted resident. And they did it in wonderful style. In the dim, long past, four thousand years ago the ancient Egyptians worshipped the bull; and magnificent were the processions, and many the sacrifices in its honor.

And toward the end of the month of March, 1923, witness a cow being highly honored in somewhat similar manner. In Agassiz and adjacent region a public holiday was declared by the men; the women cooked largely and with taste. The best citizens of the town lent their art treasures, their silver and their napery to deck the tables, the rafters, the benches and the walls of the great loft of the barn of the Dominion Experimental Farm which housed the world's "Queen of Cattle." Great banquetting tables were set in the loft to which sat down 300 people, some of the guests famous cattle men from all over the world.

When all the gathering was seated, the "Queen" was brought in to receive such a reception as never cow before was given. And May Echo proved equal to her name and fame. Calmly she walked down the long aisle between the tables. A banner was raised above her. The 300 guests drank her health in her own milk. They praised her to her face, just as courtiers of old did royalty. Then men made speeches in her honour.

The bull of the ancient Egyptians stands graven in stone, telling of past honors to the bovine race. Perhaps a monument may some day be raised to hits modern milk producer.



Did You Strive to Own Your Home?

YOU were glad to scrape and save to buy a good home of your own. How fresh and clean it looked on the day that it became yours. Has it paid interest on the money invested? Is your Capital still there?

Your home is your capital, its interest-earning capacity can be maintained with the free use of PAINT and VARNISH.

Those two imps of destruction, WEAR and TEAR, are constantly at work. They can-

not operate in the territory guarded by their two natural enemies, PAINT and VARNISH.

Make your home permanent. Make it pay interest on every penny invested. Make it beautiful. Look back to those evenings when the home of your own was a radiant dream. Is the reality as fresh and beautiful? It can be made so at a stroke—the stroke of the painter's brush.

110



SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
121 Bishop Street, Montreal
A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish
and Allied Interests.

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

The Service Station

ONE of the developments of modern industries is the service station. I don't know that the expression is as yet defined in the dictionary but according to the advertisements, a service station seems to be a place to which, when a machine of some kind breaks down, you take it, or some portion of it, for repairs or replacement.

That service, of course, is not free—indeed the charges are usually substantial enough—but there is a certain inward satisfaction perhaps in taking your troubles to a service station and having them ironed out satisfactorily.

I was in a farm-yard some time ago, with a retired farmer, watching his son at work with a tractor in a distant field. Suddenly the tractor stopped and the driver after a brief examination left the machine and came to the yard with a small rod and a ring in his hand. The ring, which should have gripped the rod tightly, had worked loose and the trouble was sufficient to stop the machine.

The young farmer explained that he would have to get out the automobile and take the part for repairs to a service station, some fourteen miles distant. Here was a prospect of a lost half-day. The old farmer took the piece and following a brief inspection said he thought he could "fix" it. He stepped to a rubbish heap a few yards away and found the copper bottom of an old washing boiler. With a pair of scissors he cut away a thin strip of the copper and with a little hammering and fitting he soon made a lining for the ring, which caused it to grip tightly once more. "I think that'll work," he said, and a few minutes later the tractor was busily puffing its way over the rolling land.

The name "service station" is very attractive. The station advertises many advantages, but it has two drawbacks—expense and loss of time. Our farmers cannot afford to lose the cunning of their hands; neither, for that matter, can the man of the city. Perhaps there is a lesson for all of us in those verses from Kings that read:

"And King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram out of Tyre.

"He was a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali and his father was a man of Tyre, a worker in brass; and he was filled with wisdom, and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass. And he came to King Solomon, and wrought all his work."

Just here, one is reminded of the firm that sent a letter to a customer who had bought a gasoline engine, and asked him if he would like a copy of their new book "What Makes the Gasoline Engine Go." Somewhat to their surprise they received a letter reading after the following:

Dear Sirs,

I received your letter saying that you have a book called "What Makes the Gasoline Engine Go." I don't worry very much when the engine is going. What I want to know is "What Makes the Gasoline Engine Stop." If you have got a book called that, please send me one.

Yours very truly,

For the Writer of Letters

THE Manual of Business Letter Writing is the title of one of the most recent publications of the well-known Ronald Press Company, 20 Vesey St., New York. The price is \$2.25, and the book is a substantially bound one of some 330 pages.

The author, Edward William Dolch, A.M., is instructor in English in the University of Illinois and his book represents the experience of actual business and of teaching.

The essentials of the subject of letter writing are presented in outline statements, each followed by short practical comments and suggestions. On the opposite page is a complete letter illustrating the point.

The book covers many types of letters required in modern business—orders, acknowledgments, inquiries, claims, adjustments, credits, collections, sales letters, form letters, and interdepartmental correspondence. It also shows in what respects writing a letter is like personal selling or conversation and in what respects it is entirely different. It treats good usage, correct punctuation and effectiveness of style.

The manual is intended to be kept on the desk and used constantly while dictating. If so used, the result will, it is asserted, be better letters in twenty-five per cent. less time.

Taking an Inventory

CHARLES G. REIGNER, in his book, Secretarial Training, has the following to say concerning the analysis of one's own temperament and while his remarks are intended for clerical workers, they seem to apply with force to almost any form of work in which young men are interested.

All business houses, he says, take an inventory at intervals to determine the value of the stock on hand. Have you ever thought about taking an inventory of yourself?

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselfs as ithers see us."

The attempt to analyze one's own temperament and characteristics is both fascinating and instructive. Sit down and with calm deliberation take stock of yourself in the light of the characteristics which distinguish a good secretary. Give yourself a mark of A (good), B (fair), or C (poor), on each of the qualities mentioned. Make an attempt to rid yourself of your natural prejudice in your own favor, for this represents a serious effort and self-analysis.

1. Health. Do you have many "off days"? Do you tire easily?

2. Dress. Are you careless in this respect? Do you prefer "flashy" or "sporty" clothes?

3. Initiative. Do you like to "start things"? Do you take hold of a new situation readily? Does your interest flag easily? If you decide that you have initiative, ask yourself if you are as good a "finisher" as a "starter."

4. Memory. Do you have a good memory for faces? for names? for incidents? Try to think of ten people whom you have met in a casual way recently. Can you remember their names?

5. Trustworthiness. Do you regard yourself as trustworthy? Have you made good in such responsibilities as may have been placed upon you in your life?

6. Co-operation. Do you think people generally enjoy your company? Do you work harmoniously with others? Are you quarrelsome or headstrong?

7. Tact. Do you have a feeling frequently that you have said the wrong thing? Do people talk to you easily and naturally, or does their manner seem constrained?

8. Concentration. Do you often make mistakes in tests because you fail to read a question carefully? Are you easily disturbed in your reading and studying by people entering or leaving the room?

9. Method. Do you think you are methodical? Have you ever kept a diary? Did you ever try to devise a "time schedule" to cover your day's activities?

10. Speech. What about your conversational abilities? Have you any speech defects? Is your grammar good? Are you "backward" in a group?

You may never have formulated in your mind just what are the strong points and the shortcomings in your temperament and character. An honest attempt at self-analysis will help to do just that. The first step in ridding yourself of a wrong attitude or a temperamental fault is to understand what your handicaps are. And remember, finally, that faults of temperament and wrong habits can be corrected.

The Division of Wealth

IT HAS been shown over and over again, says the National City Bank in its Monthly Letter, by calculations which cannot be disputed, that an equal distribution of the national income would not give every head of a family as much as the average skilled worker now receives.

There must be some premium for superior service, and when this principle is conceded, the theories for improving the common welfare by levelling individual possessions are all found to be illusory.

One is reminded here of the calculations of an economist who estimated that if the known wealth of the world was divided among all the people in the world, equally, the share would be about \$1.75 a head.

Under the existing competitive system, continues the Letter, property tends to increase in the hands of the people most competent to manage it and make it productive, and this is desirable from the standpoint of the less competent, as well as of the more competent, because it increases the general supply of consumable goods.

How to Use the Dictionary

MARTIN C. FLAHERTY has been writing recently to prove that the dictionary is an interesting and valuable book that ought to be used much more than it is.

He suggests that a dictionary has the following twelve uses:

1. The spelling.
2. The pronunciation.
3. The derivation.
4. The definition of words.
5. The capitalization of particular words.
6. Syllabication and word-division.
7. The use of the hyphen in compounds.
8. The forms of inflections of certain words when these forms are irregular or unusual.
9. The status of words borrowed from other languages.
10. The question of usage.
11. Idioms and idiomatic phrasing.
12. Proverbial expressions; allusions.

Grammar

CORRECTLY understood, grammar is nothing but a kind of good manners among people who use language, whether written or spoken. It is a collection and classification of those rules or habits of speech that are observed by the majority of persons who speak English or French or Spanish or any other language. Not to observe these rules is, very emphatically, a sign of bad manners in speech and in writing.

To be sure, language is constantly changing, because language is in its way alive; and consequently the rules and habits of language will be found to alter slowly in character—just as the customs of good society change from time to time. In general, however, most of the so-called "laws of language" are fairly stable.

It follows from what has been said that a breach of the good manners of language is as noticeable and disagreeable as any other breach of good manners. In your speech and in your writing observe the etiquette of language. A letter with flaws in its expression makes an exceedingly bad impression—as bad as a salesman makes, whose dress is slovenly, or whose manner is boorish when he addresses a customer. In other words, bad grammar is bad business because it repels trade.

—A. G. Belding.

The Benefits of Knowledge

TO AN intellectual being, in a cultivated state of society, a certain amount of knowledge may be considered a necessary of life. If he does not possess it, he is shut out from a vast source of enjoyment; is liable to become the dupe of the designing, and to sink into mere animal existence.

By learning how to read, he is enabled to acquire the whole knowledge which is contained within a language.

By writing, he can act where he cannot personally be present, and can also benefit others by the communication of his own thoughts.

By a knowledge of accounts, he is enabled to be just in his dealings with others, and to be assured that others are just in their dealings with him.

—Dr. Wayland.

Positives and Negatives

AS A little mental exercise, the following list of qualities is submitted for classification. Under the heading of positive qualities make a list of those terms which seem worth cultivating and under the heading of negative qualities, make a list of those remaining:

Optimism, harshness, ambition, confusion, decision, work, originality, extravagance, selfishness, courage, fear, reason, laziness, initiative, suspicion, confidence, sincerity, ignorance, diplomacy, impatience, tact, kindness, inaction, judgment, satisfaction, pessimism, thrift, vacillation.

On Having Something to Say

RADIO has been brought to such a degree of perfection that the sneezing of a man standing near the transmitter in New York was heard by the man in London with the receiving apparatus fitted to his ears. After the moment of elation that follows the thought of this triumph, we begin to wonder how many people in London are really interested in a New York sneeze. This reflection does not of course, constitute the faintest denial of the value of radio for the transmission of news and messages of importance, but it leads on to thinking of times when we have been required suddenly to say something, and have had nothing to say. Thorau mentions in one of his books the predicament of the man who desired earnestly to be introduced to a certain celebrity who was deaf, but when he was introduced and the end of the celebrity's ear trumpet was put in his hand found himself with nothing to utter into it. The most unfortunate thing of all is to be thrown upon yourself for companionship and to find that you have nothing to say to yourself. After all, one's own mind is one's only companion. And too many of us must, alas, confess that the most often tiresome person we meet is ourselves. It rests with oneself not to become thus tiresome and without interest. One should not let oneself get to this point where one has to confess that one's resources are exhausted. We should keep our interests fresh and our minds flexible and active. No one is educated whose education is not mainly self-education, or whose education ever stops. By being alive every day to the vital need of thinking and of ever carrying on the work of self-education we provide ourselves with resources of never-failing value in making our lives of worth to the world and we store up inner treasures and inner lights of happiness. And thus we are not likely to find ourselves in the predicament of having nothing to say either to other people or to ourselves. We shall always have something better to utter than a mere sneeze.



The Standard of Comparison.

The New Master of the Road

The "Master Six" Five Passenger 23-45 Special \$1725

Marked comforts, refinements and the most complete equipment characterize the McLaughlin-Buick Master Six five-passenger touring car and heighten those splendid qualities of appearance, riding ease and power that have made this model so often copied.

The long, graceful lines have been accentuated by lowering the body height appreciably and by the new full crown fenders, nickel plated double bar spring steel bumper and drum type head and cowl lamps. The sitting posture has been made perfect in its comfort; the top of genuine English Burbank with natural wood bows and nickel plated slat irons, has an exclusive tailored design with a distinctive type of windshield visor to match trimness; a rear vision mirror, new walnut instrument board, steering wheel and body trim, scuff plates of aluminum, dumb-bell radiator filler cap, combination tail and stop light, tonneau lamp, victoria side curtains, tool equipment carried in locked fitted case in fore door, cowl ventilator and transmission lock are among the many other fine touches of its craftsmanship.

The time-proven McLaughlin-Buick cantilever spring has been given an entirely new suspension that absolutely does away with any need for rear snubbers or shock absorbers. The famous McLaughlin-Buick Valve-in-Head engine, the clutch, the body construction—all evidence the painstaking care invested to make this car a Master.

This McLaughlin-Buick five-passenger touring is indeed the finest of the long line of motor cars of this type that have borne the name of McLaughlin-Buick and that have made McLaughlin-Buick the standard of Canada.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited

Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited

OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Ask about our plan of deferred payments.

Prices F.O.B. Oshawa— Government Tax Extra

Master Fours

23-35 Regular Touring....	\$1235
23-34 Special Roadster....	1275
23-35 Special Touring....	1295
23-36 Coupe.....	1645
23-37 Sedan 5 Passenger...	1950
23-38 Touring Sedan.....	1855

Master Sixes

23-41 Touring Sedan....	\$2725
23-44 Special Roadster....	1695
23-45 Special Touring....	1725
23-47 Sedan 5 Passenger...	2795
23-48 Coupe 4 Passenger...	2675
23-49 Special 7 Pass. Tour.	3095
23-50 Sedan 7 Passenger...	3095
23-54 Special Sport Roadster	2295
23-55 Special Sport Touring	2375

12 Factory Branches From Coast to Coast—Dealers Everywhere

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

1923 ROUND TRIP 1923 SUMMER EXCURSION FARES

ON SALE MAY 15th TO SEPTEMBER 30th

PACIFIC COAST

Through Canadian Rockies—Jasper National Park—Mount Robson Park—Choice of Routes on Land and Sea
Going or Returning.—Magnificent Ocean Voyage Between Prince Rupert and Vancouver.

ARRANGE TO STAY
A FEW DAYS AT

JASPER PARK LODGE

OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS JUNE 1 TO SEPT. 30

—ON LAC BEAUVERT
JASPER NATIONAL PARK

EASTERN CANADA

All Rail and Lake and Rail—Choice of Routes—See Toronto—Visit Niagara Peninsula—The 1000 Islands—Quaint
Old Quebec—Sail Down the St. Lawrence—The Maritime Provinces in Summer.

On your Trip East have your Travel Plans include a few days at "MINAKI INN," 115 miles east of Winnipeg

Get Suggestions and Full Information as to Fares, Reservations

Train Service Etc., from
any Agent, or write

W. J. QUINLAN, District Passenger Agent, WINNIPEG

Ask for Tourist Booklets.
They're FREE

SUPERIOR SERVICE
COAST TO COAST

W. STAPLETON, District Passenger Agent, SASKATOON

SUPERIOR SERVICE
COAST TO COAST

J. MADILL, District Passenger Agent, EDMONTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

MR. ROBERT ARMSTRONG—Continued from page 32

the formation of an egg with the inside area a corral, large enough to accommodate the stock, with chains across each opening. The animals were thus guarded, especially from Indians, as they would first endeavor to drive the animals away in an attack.

"Nothing pleased an Indian as much as to set a man afoot."

Life on the trails of these early days was only for those prepared to take great chances, and Mr. Armstrong's experiences have all the thrills of the Wild West stories.

"It was at Big Bend on the Arkansas River that I took my first scalp," he writes, and to add to the old-time picture, it was about this time that he met "Buffalo Bill" or "Bison Bill" as the boys called him, who was killing buffalo for meat for the railroad gangs.

Mr. Armstrong was associated with Buffalo Bill for some time and on one occasion, hostile Indians advanced on them. Buffalo Bill turned to Mr. Armstrong, then a young lad, and said, "Bud, what will we do?" "Fight," was the answer. "That's the way I like to hear you talk," retorted Bill. However, after a few shots they drove the Indians away.

As an independent buffalo runner on the plains in 1886, at the time the herds were travelling South in such large numbers, Mr. Armstrong used to ride out in the morning, kill sixty to one hundred animals and go home, leaving the "skinners" to take off the hides and haul them in. He has a record of killing 126 in five hours. At this time, the hides were worth from \$2.75 to \$3.00 a piece.

For his work, Mr. Armstrong had rifles made to order—single shot weapons, 45 calibre, the gun weighing from fourteen to sixteen pounds. Other rifles were of 40 calibre but these were not serviceable

as the shell contained 120 grains of powder to 550 grains of lead.

"We tried mixing a small quantity of tin with the lead but soon abandoned the practice, as we found that the ball was too hard and sometimes went right through a buffalo at four or five hundred yards range, often failing to cripple them."

Mr. Armstrong writes at length of his experiences with rifles and the system of operating them and adds—

"I think I can still fan my old single action gun about as fast as the automatics."

He continued, "We manufactured all our own ammunition in camp, the powder came in kegs, the lead in bars and the cook was mainly responsible for this work."

Mr. Armstrong writes of his experiences as guide to parties of tourists—one from England composed of naval officers, including Captain Sparks of the White Line and Lord Sanford.

"They had a large outfit consisting of every imaginable convenience, also a four-mule team wagon load of wines, spirits and smokes and a staff of servants. I was engaged to take charge of the outfit at \$35 per day. The trip was the best I ever had, gaining twenty pounds in six weeks, with high wines and good grub telling the tale."

"It was some amusing to see the crowd the day they killed their first buffalo, and they spent many hours around the old carcass, making speeches and drinking champagne."

"Lord Sanford asked me to take the position of head gamekeeper on his estate in England but I declined, as I figured that a gamekeeper's life in England would be dull and then, again, I might have to shoot the ears off some one and

that would be bad form over there even if it were permissible out West."

As is usual with the man of the great out-of-doors, Mr. Armstrong very often had some unique pet with him. On one trip into the wild country, he came upon a small animal almost dead from starvation, and finally discovered it was a panther which grew into a fine animal, measuring eleven feet from "tip to tip," with a black silky coat.

"She always slept close to me, her gentle, though at times rather loud purr indicating how contented she was," writes Mr. Armstrong, continuing, "As she grew older, she began to show signs of being cross and in the end I had to shoot her."

Another pet was a bald-headed eagle and, when the party travelled, she would perch herself on the top of the load, "sitting in solemn majesty, her beautiful wings outspread to give her balance as the heavy wagon went over the rough trail. Often I would spur my horse alongside and talk to her, and I'd swear she understood almost all I said for she would look at me with solemn eyes, seeming to say, 'Yes pard, I know all about our trials and troubles and there's a better time coming.'"

"If ever I had reason to scold her, she would hang her head like a child and refuse to obey anyone but me."

It was while travelling in the South Platte that Mr. Armstrong visited Greely, the happy colony founded by Horace Greely, who is remembered for his trite saying "Go West young man." It was truly a land flowing in milk and honey, a well-watered land that produced great crops. Eggs were five cents a dozen watermelon five cents each, butter five cents a pound and the people lived on the fat of the land.

Mr. Armstrong writes of his entrance into Canada, his first acquaintance with the Mounted Police and of striking Maple

Creek before the railroad had gone through. Moose Jaw, the end of the steel, was the point of interest, later Regina and then Qu'Appelle. It was at this point that he engaged to take charge of a stage station at Salt Plains for "Flatboat MacLean."

"It was a dismal place," writes Mr. Armstrong, "and being winter I had few visitors; the stage coach called every three weeks. I constructed a dug-out, fixing it up as comfortable as possible with burlap sacks and pictures from illustrated papers."

He speaks of visitors who enjoyed the hospitality of the dug-out. There were two catholic priests, travelling by dog train from Duck Lake to Qu'Appelle, who spent the night with him.

"There also I entertained Monsieur Forget, afterwards Lieut.-Governor of the North West Territories, and his wife. I had baked some pies and Madame congratulated me on their excellence. They agreed after much joking, to sleep in my bunk, the only bed in the dug-out, while I took the floor. In the morning they continued their journey to Regina, the new capital which the Government had moved from Battleford."

The next point of interest was Prince Albert, where Mr. Armstrong settled, and was very soon in the thick of the Rebellion.

Thus, the story of the early days of our continent typifies the stern and rugged experience of the pioneers, our empire builders. Adventure and romance are the magic watchwords that give glamor to the tale with the reflection of an age that has passed.

Yet Mr. Armstrong has retained not only the marvellous memory that enables him to distinguish voices heard fifty years ago, but the same quick movements, the same wonderful gift of sight, of being able to see for two miles across the prairie and excellent health of 75 years young.

He is very fond of picture shows but declares that these Wild West Shows make him "weary." There is a lack of speed, movement in the gunmen, there is not a true depiction of the real Wild West as he lived it.

The Lobster Industry

By H. L. Potter

WHILE many citizens of Western Canada are very fond of the crustacean known as the lobster, yet but comparatively few have the slightest idea of the vastness of this great Canadian industry, or of the labor entailed in procuring what is generally conceded to be one of the finest delicacies to be secured in the land.

The centre of the industry is in the province of Nova Scotia. Here large numbers of fishermen are engaged for several months of each year in this hard and dangerous, but lucrative business.

The lobsters are caught in small traps, made of laths, the traps being the length of the lath, and about a foot and a half square. Openings on the sides and ends enable the lobsters to enter the trap, which has been baited with herring or other fish; but these openings are so arranged by means of net work that once inside, the lobster is unable to get out again.

For several months the fisherman works to prepare from one hundred to one hundred and fifty traps. These have to be substantially made, as the under-ground swell on the bottom of the ocean often throws the trap about with great violence. A long piece of rope is attached to the trap, and a wooden buoy is fastened to the rope. The traps are then piled on the shore, to await the opening of the season.

The fishing season varies, but generally lasts from the middle of February until June. When the date for fishing opens, the fisherman puts the traps on his boat, and starts for the fishing grounds. In the olden days, not so long ago at that, the men went in small row boats, often rowing offshore for five or six miles. Today each fisherman has a high-powered motorboat, from thirty to forty feet long, with a good comfortable cabin, where he can keep warm and cosy on his long trips to the scene of his

The LOBSTER INDUSTRY

Continued from page 36

operations. Once on the grounds, he throws out his traps in a long line, one after another. Often several men fish in the same waters, but each man has his buoys marked with a distinctive mark, so that he may tell his own traps. These traps are hauled once a day, and the lobsters taken to the shore. The large lobsters are shipped to the United States markets, where they command a good price. The small lobsters are taken to the lobster factories. All small lobsters under a certain length must be thrown back again into the sea, and left to grow. On the islands from which the Nova Scotia fishermen conduct their work are found several large factories, where the lobsters are boiled and placed in cans for the world's markets.

The lobster in its natural state is sea green in color. These green lobsters are placed in large boilers of boiling water, from which they are taken out in about twenty minutes, thoroughly cooked, and red in color. Packers, usually women, pick the meat from the claws and tail. The bodies are thrown into large tubs, and taken away to be used by the farmers as fertilizer for turnips and other vegetables.

After the meat is picked out it is carefully placed in tins, these varying in size from a quarter of a pound to a pound. The tins are lined with paper, and the work is done in the most sanitary manner possible. The tins, after being weighed to see that exact weight is being given, are sent to the sealers. Men put the covers on, and carefully solder the tins. The tins are then put into a large vat, and the process of bathing takes place. The tins are boiled, and then a hole is punched in each, to allow the air to escape. This hole is quickly soldered, and in this way the tins are made airtight. They are then labelled and packed in cases, ready to be shipped to all parts of the world.

Nova Scotia has a large trade in lobsters, running into hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly. The lobster is not as plentiful now as in former years, but the higher price makes it a very lucrative business. The business is dangerous, for the fish are caught during the season of the year when storms abound. Men lose their lives every season, but others take up the work, induced by the possibility of making high wages.

In spite of the fact that the female lobster will lay many thousands of eggs every year, yet comparatively few in number reach maturity. The eggs are carried about by the mother for eleven months, until they hatch, in mid-summer. When hatched the young are very unlike the adult stage. For five or six weeks they grow rapidly, molting six times, and finally putting on the adult form, they sink to the bottom and crawl into a deep hole. During their youthful period they are subject to great danger, and only comparatively few survive the attacks of the larger fish, which devour them.

Curiously enough, the lobster crawls backward on the bottom of the ocean bed, going tail first. When attacked, they will bite severely with their sharp claws. When frightened, they often throw a claw completely from the body.

Owing to the difficulty of propagation, the governments of Canada and the United States have gone to considerable expense to bring about a system of artificial propagation. The most serious difficulty lies in the fact that the larger lobsters will devour the smaller ones on every possible occasion. By an ingenious method of bags this has been overcome, and the young lobster is kept for five or six weeks in these bags, until he is able to fend for himself.

It has been found that the lobster objects to the light, and speedily sinks to the bottom, to search for a shady spot. A hatch of young lobsters is therefore liberated in sunny weather. They hasten to hide themselves from the sunlight, and are thus protected from attack by predatory fish.

The business is an important one for Canada, and every encouragement should be given the men who brave the dangers of the deep, in order to provide this toothsome luxury for the tables of the world. Practically all grocery

SHOPPING GUIDES
from
EATON'S
THE BEST BUYING CENTRE

PURCHASES BY WHICH YOU PROFIT

It will pay you to shop from EATON'S, and to keep the EATON General and Grocery Catalogues in your house each season, to use as your Shopping Guides

Also, for those interested in such special lines, we publish the smaller catalogues, booklets and folders shown here. If you need any of these books, etc., write for them. They are sent Free on Request.

Please state plainly which book or books you require

T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

stores carry this line of goods. The delicacy, while a little expensive, is not prohibitive, and western people would be well advised to become better acquainted with one of the finest of all Canadian dishes.

The Passing

As I lay a-dying
There gathered round my bed
The souls of books I'd coveted
But busied, left unread.
And in their eyes Adventure shone
And on their brows Romance;
The growing dusk of Death around
Their beauty did enhance.
So when they led me by the hand
And spake their history
The Valley of the Shadow lost
Its grim severity.

S. J. Looker.

He Could Go Elsewhere

A drunken carter came into a Greenock train and sat opposite a clergyman who was reading his paper. Recognizing the profession of his fellow-passenger the carter leaned forward and in a maudlin way remarked: "I don't believe there's any Heaven."

The clergyman paid no heed.
"Do you hear me?" persisted the carter.
"I don't believe there's any Heaven."
Still the clergyman remained silent behind his newspaper.

The carter, shouting his confession this time loudly, said: "I tell ye to your face, and you're a minister, that I don't believe there's any Heaven."

"Very well," said the clergyman, "if you do not believe there is a Heaven go elsewhere; but please go quietly."

Reason for Pardon

The late Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, was called the Pardoning Governor. An old colored woman came to him while he was governor.

"Marse Goveneh, I want my son Sam pahnoded," she said.

"Where is he, auntie?"

"In de penitentiary."

"What for?"

"Stealin' a ham."

"Did he steal it?"

"Yes, sah; he suah did."

"Is he a good nigger, auntie?"

"Lawsey no, suh! He's a pow'ful wuthless nigger."

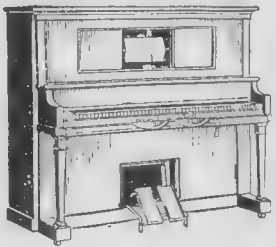
"Then, why 'do you want him pardon-

ed?"

"'Cause you' honoh, we's plumb out o' ham ag'in."

YE
OLDE
FIRME

Established 1850
—72 Years—



HEINTZMAN & CO. Ideal Player-Piano

The instrument for children and for the grownups — the piano that offers a host of desirable features. Its resonance is strong and pure, with plenty of volume.

Father, if not a trained musician, can find hours of delight with this player model, which plays all standard rolls.

Instruments of Finest
Quality Since 1850

HEINTZMAN & CO. Ltd.
Toronto Canada
Branches: Calgary, Edmonton,
Moose Jaw, Saskatoon,
Lethbridge, Prince Albert
and J. J. H. McLean Co.
Winnipeg and Brandon
Distributors for Manitoba,
Mention The Western Home
Monthly when writing

TO LATE TO CLASSIFY

ROSE COMB MOTTLED ANCONAS. hardy, beautiful, popular. Produce eggs at least cost per dozen. Lay more eggs, consume less feed than any other breed. Excel as winter layers. Lays very large white eggs. Highly fertile eggs, \$2.00 per 15. Mrs. Templeton, Baldur, Man. 5-23

R. C. ANCONA EGGS. \$2.50 per 15. 15 S. C. Anconas, \$2 per 15; \$6 hundred. S. C. W. Leghorns, \$6 hundred. Special pen, \$3 per 15. C. Broomfield, Govan, Sask.

Magazine Value as represented by the
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY at \$1.00
per year is unequalled - - -
Tell your friends about it.



Mends, Wraps Insulates

Tirro, the new water-proofed mending tape, mends nearly anything, from a broken vase to a cracked axe handle. Sticks to metal, china, glass. Insulates electric wires. Nothing just like it. Ask your druggist.

Mail This For Free Strip
And Booklet, "1001 Uses"
BAUER & BLACK, Ltd., 100 Spadina Ave.,
Toronto

Name.....
Address..... W.I.L.M. 5-23

AS USUAL



Du'Barry's Presents
the Unusual in
Fashion, Quality and
Price in this Two-
Piece Suit \$7.50
for

They are made from
Imported Ratine in
colors, Copenhagen,
Sand and Pink with
White Collar, Cuffs
and Girdle. Made
from same material.

Sizes 34 to 48.
You must see this
Smart Style Suit to
appreciate it.

The Coat is the
Popular Tuxedo
Style, while the Skirt
is neatly tailored; a
suit becoming to all
figures and ages.

When ordering be
sure to state your
Bust, Waist and
Skirt Measurements.

Money refunded if
not satisfactory.
Order by No. 206
Write for Advertising
matter re other
Special Suits, Coats
and Dresses.

DU'BARRY'S

Dept. W.H.M.

77-79 King Street, WINNIPEG.

UNCLE LOUIE RUSHKA GETS X-RAYED—Continued from page 6

"Have you any valuables?" she asked. "Lady," he replied, "if I had it some these here valuables, understand me, you would got to chloroform me before you'd take them from me away—it's so long since I seen it any valuables even. I'm a poor man, me. I failed it in business, an honest failure, lady, and my heart it ain't been the same since. I ain't long for this world—"

"If you're ready now?" the nurse broke in.

As he reappeared, the entire Fiegenbaum family waiting up the corridor advanced to meet him.

"Good-bye, Sarah. Take good care from yourself and the kids," said the invalid. "In a happier land we meet." He sighed profoundly.

Mrs. Fiegenbaum pressed a handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, Louie, keep it a stiff lip," she sobbed. "It's expensive but it don't hurt."

"Sarah, you shouldn't order a dozen cabinet size, understand me," her brother

"Oi! Hellup! Moider!" howled Uncle Louie, wriggling and writhing as though in extreme pain.

"Great stars and constellations!" exclaimed the specialist, who was quite a young man. He removed his eye from the hole and looked at the patient. "Look here! We'll have to rush you right up to the operating-room. You've got the worst-looking case of hobnail liver I ever saw! It's a wonder you're not dead!"

Uncle Louie groaned.

"Didn't I said it? And Sarah she wants we should order a dozen cabinet size!"

"Why, the man's in delirium!" said the doctor to his assistant, a still younger man.

They rang for the elevator and in less time than it takes to read about it Uncle Louie was shot up to the great operating-room. The news was broken to the waiting ones and a tense quarter-hour followed. At the end of that time Mrs. Fiegenbaum, unable to stand the strain any longer, rushed to the desk and demanded to know the worst.



"Look only!" said Mrs. Kriff to Mrs. Sam Himmelfeldt, "again the Feigenbaums get hard up!"

advised in a low, earnest tone, "on account it don't make a stylish-looking picture."

"I—I promised nine already," said the widow.

"Nu you should take back them promises, then, Oi! If you could see what I seen!"

"Come along, Mr. Rushka," called the orderly, and leaving a tearful group behind him, Uncle Louie pattered away to the room where he and his "insides" were to sit for their photograph.

As a matter of fact they didn't sit at all, Mr. Rushka was ordered to lie down flat on a stretcher-like contrivance over which was suspended a kind of water-filter half full of a cloudish, amber-colored substance. An air-cushion was then placed on his stomach and the doctor lowered a funnel-like article over this.

"For why is the spare tire?" groaned the patient.

"To ease the pressure of the funnel. Let out all your breath now," said the specialist.

"Does—does it hurt?"

"Well, does it?"

"Say! I'm asking you!"

"Two minutes does the trick, and if it hurts you can come on me for damages," answered the doctor. He peered through a hole in a small cabinet as he spoke, pressed a switch and the air was filled with a crackling sound.

"He's got an excrescence on the liver," said the nurse, who had just come downstairs. "The X-Ray shows a lump as big as your hand."

"Gottsolhvten," murmured the distracted widow and fainted on the spot.

When she came to, a great buzz and commotion was filling the corridor. Uncle Louie Rushka stood in his bath-robe in the centre of a group of nurses, internes and others, talking in a very emphatic way, swinging his arms and gesticulating while every separate hair of his head seemed to be standing on end in indignant protest at his recent indignity.

"Nu, it is his ghost already?" murmured the widow, her eyes nearly starting from her head. "Louie, speak at me!"

One of the internes held in his hand a large gold watch that Mrs. Fiegenbaum at once recognized as her brother's.

"This madam," he said, "was the 'excrescence' on his liver! We found it just in time. He had been asked repeatedly to remove all his clothing and to leave his valuables at the office but he retained his shirt and this watch was in the pocket. There isn't a thing the matter with either him or his liver."

Mrs. Fiegenbaum almost fainted again—but from relief this time.

The next morning Mrs. Kriff met Mrs. Himmelfeldt at the fish emporium.

Market Your Cream to the Best Advantage

Ship Direct to
© City Dairy Limited
Winnipeg, Man.

It means for you a permanent satisfactory market with the least trouble and most profit. We pay top prices, with a handsome premium for extra quality. Cheque mailed to you on the day your shipment is received.

Better Cream Marketing Pays

CITY DAIRY LIMITED
WINNIPEG - MANITOBA

James M. Carruthers, President and Manager.
James W. Hillhouse, Secretary-Treasurer.

UNCLE LOUIE RUSHKA

Continued from page 38

"Did you heard about Uncle Louie Rushka?" asked the former eagerly.

"The poor man! Did he die already?" murmured the sympathetic Mrs. Himmelfeldt.

"Die? Nix!" said Mrs. Kriff. "That man, Mrs. Himmelfeldt, he's got more lives as a cat! Foist they take a picture from his insides because they thought he'd croak, y'understand, and it would be nice for his friends to get a photo. Then they operated by him—four doctors, Mrs. Himmelfeldt—and from a sick man in fifteen minutes he's a well man like me and you!"

"An operation? Oi! Was it costable?"

"Sure. Poor Sarah she got to hock the fiddle and the Saturday candlesticks, I guess."

"But for what, Mrs. Kriff, did they operate by him?"

"I didn't heard right, maybe," replied Mrs. Kriff, carefully, "but that young Ferdie he said they operated by him for a watch and chain."

Music Everywhere

LAST evening as I listened through the radio and heard a choir sing at Denver, Colorado, and the strains of "Nearer My God to Thee," from Iowa, and sacred music from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, besides snatches of sermons from other parts of the continent, I realized fully, the truth of the expression "There's music in the air." There really is music everywhere if we could only catch it. Radio has caught the meaning of wave lengths and no one can prophesy what this will bring forth. But last evening was Sunday evening, and the broadcasting stations sent throughout the continent sermons full of inspiration and help. For example, here, in Winnipeg, I caught this part of a sermon from Denver: "Every one of us is building the cathedral of life. Each part of the structure must be built well. There are different kinds of work to do in the building of this cathedral. Any kind of work is a worthy work if it is done in a worthy way." On and on, the speaker urged us to put into our work, whatever the position may be, the very best of our talents. Then from another sermon at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, came a great message of love. The speaker cared not what church was represented if its great mission was founded on love and radiated love to humanity.

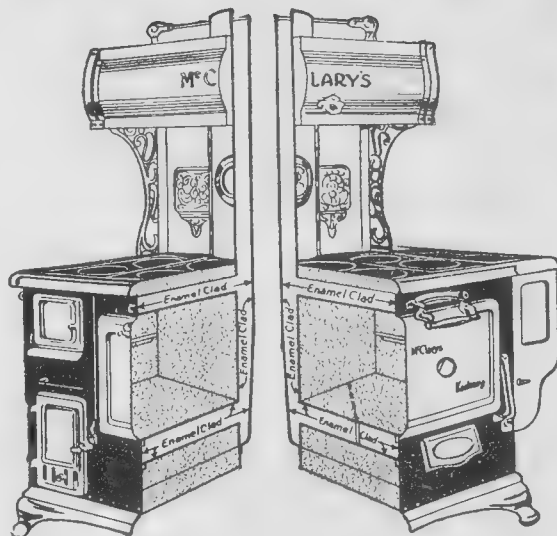
Another sermon that came over the waves from the south to the north gave an illustration of a man who tacked a beautiful picture on the outside of his house. Beside it he placed red and white crayons, with the request that every passer by who saw a good feature was to make a white mark on the picture, and every one who saw a fault in the picture was to make a red mark on it. The next day the picture was covered with red marks. He placed another picture on the following day with the same request—and it, too, was covered with red marks. How quickly do we see faults! I did feel disappointed that our broadcasting station in Winnipeg sent out giddy Victrola records on Sunday evening when we have such gifted ministers who could deliver great messages of truth that would reach throughout the continent. Is this not a reflection on our city?

The radio fans soon recognize a city from the programme broadcasted. I might add here for the benefit of the Calgary broadcasting station that the programmes are excellent—the kind that reflect credit on any city.

What opportunity for sharing and helping one another is suggested by radio!

As I listen and catch those strains of music, helpful lectures and sermons, stories of interest, travelogues from an automobile school, chimes of bells from a tower twelve hundred miles away, grand opera from Chicago, I feel the nearness of everybody and the kindness humanity gives—for somehow people speak so kindly over radio. And what a wonderful privilege it is to be alive in an age like this!

McClary's



Kootenay

The Range that
Resists Rust

This is how the Kootenay would look sawn in two. It shows the inside flues, which are enamel-clad, and the white nickelled Armco Oven.

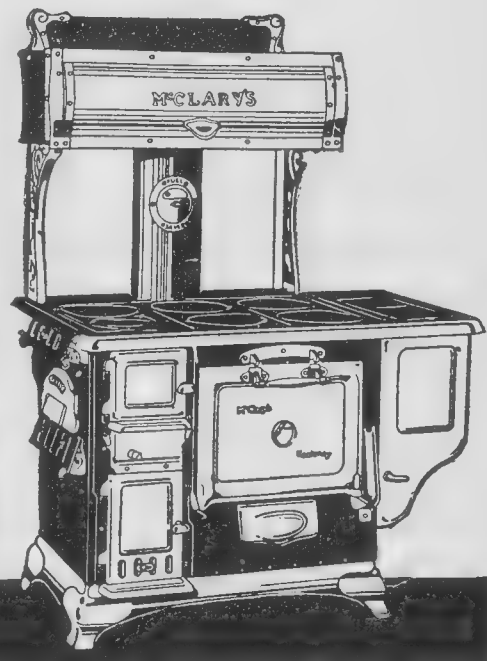
NO steel range lasts longer than its flues. The corroding coal gases and rust play havoc with these vital parts.

In a Kootenay Range the flues and smoke box are made of Armco Ingot rust-resisting iron, further protected by being "enamel-clad." Hard, tough enamel! Nothing better to resist rust and corrosion.

Under and around the oven, up through the smoke-box—the points usually attacked by rust are guarded by porcelain enamel. No other steel range possesses this McClary's protection. It adds years of service to the Kootenay Range.

The White Nickelled Kootenay Oven heats quickly and evenly and is easy to clean.

Burns hard coal, soft coal or wood equally well.



McClary's London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton. 135

Wholesome food
for healthy young appetites. 58

MCCORMICK'S
JERSEY CREAM
SODA BISCUITS

LORRAINE'S CAPITAL

By Nicholas Knight

METZ, a strategic point, a fortress of the first class, one of the most strongly fortified cities of Europe, the chief city and capital of Lorraine, is located at the junction of the Seille and Moselle Rivers, and occupies the space between the two streams. It is also built on islands in the Moselle.

The city is eleven miles from what was the French frontier before the world war and the Treaty of Versailles. It is about seventy-five miles in a straight line and ninety-nine miles by rail from the beautiful and interesting city, Strassburg, the Capital of Alsace.

Before the war it had a population of seventy thousand, including the twenty-five thousand soldiers in the garrison. This was the largest military force in proportion to the number of inhabitants of any city in the German Empire. Strassburg, which was also a strongly fortified city with a population of one hundred and seventy-five thousand, had between fifteen and twenty thousand soldiers in its garrison.

Metz and Lorraine have had an interesting and checkered history, and in an important sense they have been a battlefield of Europe for long centuries.

Metz was called Divodurum in the days of the ancient Romans. Julius Caesar describes it as one of the oldest and most important of the towns of Gaul.

The city came into the possession of Germany as early as 870. In the thirteenth century it had attained to the rank of a free city. It was ceded to France in 1552 by the Protestant Princes of Germany, and this act was confirmed almost a century later by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648.

At the time of the Holy Roman Empire, Charles IV proclaimed the Golden Bull, as it is known in history. The document defined the manner of elections, the voters, their privileges and the coronation ceremonies as these all related to the city of Metz. The name originated because the seal of the instrument was kept in a gold box.

Some of the great system of fortifications were constructed before 1870, during the French occupation of the city and province. Others that had been begun were completed by the Germans, who also greatly extended and strengthened the forts after the Franco-Prussian War. It was generally recognized that in the event of war with France a strenuous effort would be made to regain the "lost provinces" as Alsace and Lorraine were called by the French people.

Metz figured in the Napoleonic campaigns in 1814-15, and some important battles were fought in the vicinity. At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, Francois Achille Bazaine was in command of the French Third Army Corps, stationed near Metz, and he was soon promoted to the command of the Main French Army. In August, 1870, he engaged the Germans at three points, but he was nowhere successful, and after some of the most severe fighting of the war, he was forced to turn back, and he retreated into the city behind the powerful fortifications. Meanwhile, the town was invested by a strong German Army and after a siege of fifty-four days General Bazaine surrendered to the victorious Germans his entire army of one hundred and sixty-seven thousand men and six thousand officers. The Germans boasted that they came into possession of the land they had first gained a thousand years before. The graves of seventy-two thousand French soldiers who lost their lives in this campaign are in the Metz Cemetery. General Bazaine was tried at Versailles for treason, found guilty and condemned to death, but the sentence was not carried out.

When the world war began in 1914, in those early August days, France concluded that her hour had struck, and it was her long awaited opportunity to recover her "lost provinces," including the two important cities, Metz and Strassburg. The Germans had seen to it during their forty-two years of occupancy that the territory was well protected, and the French had only small success in the campaign.

In October, 1918, the American Army in Force under General Pershing was

concentrating in the environs of Metz, when the Armistice came on November 11, and put an end to the strife. It might have cost the lives of hundreds of thousands of soldiers early in the world war, to have taken Metz, when the German Army had attained the maximum of its efficiency; yet it was given up without a struggle, and the two "lost provinces" were restored to France by the treaty of

some wonderful cathedral glass of the period. The building was not completed until three centuries later, and its restoration was begun in 1875. On the cathedral the statue of former Emperor William II has been allowed to remain.

Other important and interesting public buildings are the Palace of Justice, or Law Courts, the Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, the Theatre, the Governor's House

sium, a real schule (a gymnasium where modern subjects are taught), a seminary for priests and teachers, schools of music, art and military science. These are now essentially German, but they will gradually be modified to meet the changed conditions that the war produced. The library of more than a hundred thousand volumes is especially rich in works relating to the history of Metz and Lorraine.

The city for the most part with its mediaeval features is a reminder of the past, and the streets are quaint and irregular, yet there is a modern portion with broad and regular streets, such as one finds in most European cities. Both Metz and Strassburg enjoyed substantial growth and prosperity during the years of German occupancy, and they will doubtless enter upon a new era of prosperity now that they are again an integral part of the Republic of France.

North to the Sea

Harold F. Cruikshank

Hushed is the angry storm; calm is the night,
Sweet scents of Springtime are wafted to me;
Swift thro' the azure sky—hastens the flight,
Which, led by gander—speeds North to the sea.

Floats on the softened breeze — symphony sweet,
Lute notes of ripples in babbling glee:
Freed now, the gladsome stream rushes to greet,
The tokens of Spring, as it flows to the sea.

Comes now the luring call—borne on the wind,
List to the chorus of bright ecstasy.
Gone is the winter drear, leaving behind—
The swift river path which speeds North to the sea.

Lit by the gleaming moon—silvery spray
Shows the night in a bright phantasy;
Cleft by my paddle blade; lighting my way,
Reflected—the moonbeams dance on to the sea.

Soon will the breakers' roar, deafen the night;
The grey gull, his welcome is shrieking to me.
Soon will the white caps absorb from my sight—
The Spring stream which carried me North to the sea.

The Swallow

Dudley H. Anderson,

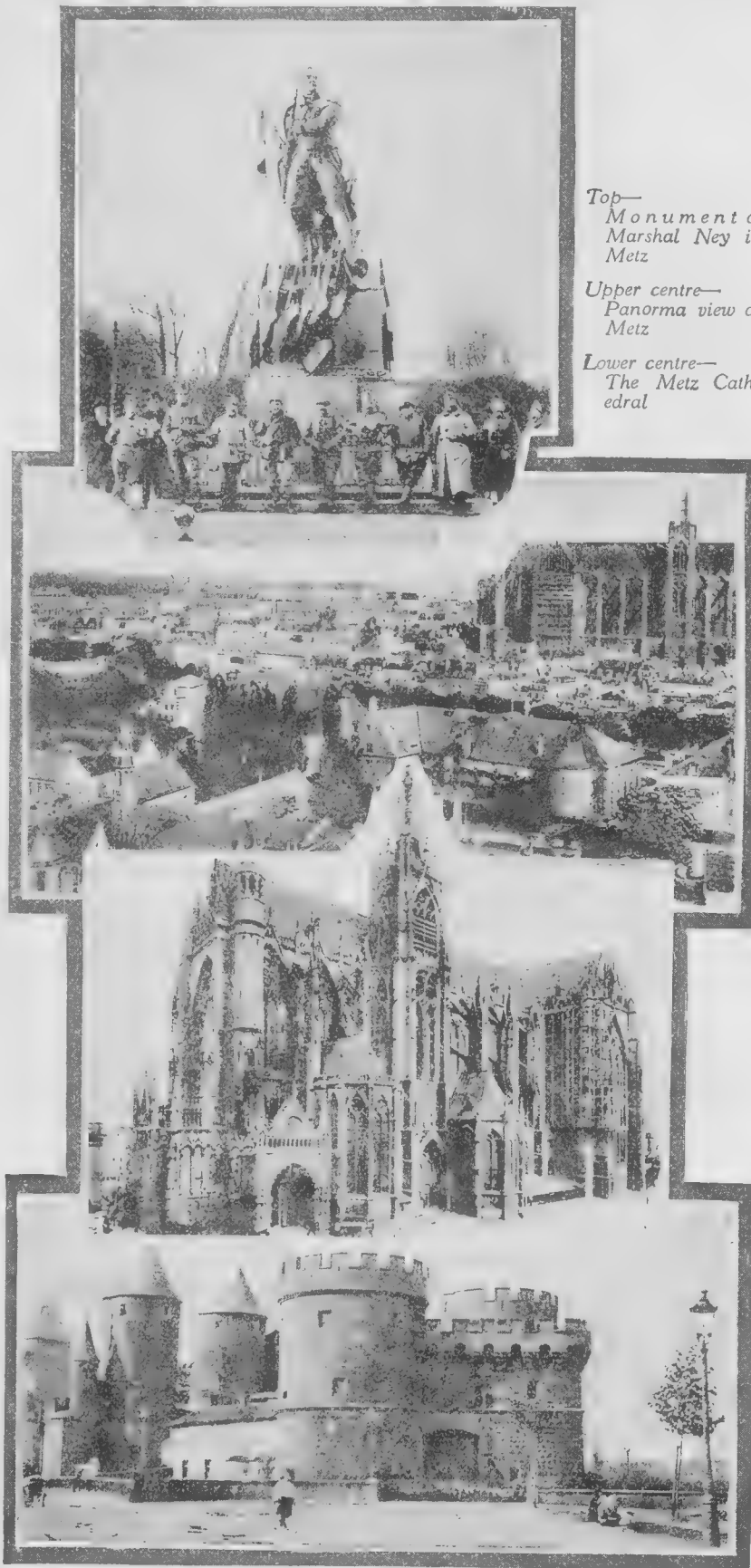
Sweet Spirit, wandering everywhere
With Loveliness and Mirth,
How thy blest coming kindles fair
The faded cheeks of Earth,
And parts her pale and trembling lips,
By frosty fingers bound,
Where thou hast kissed their tender tips
While skimming o'er the ground.

No spot on earth e'er felt thy touch
But it was filled with Heaven,
For Thou, O Bird, hast loved much,
And much to thee is given;
And happy we who hold as ours
Thy sweet philosophy
That knows no path but song and flowers,
No breath but ecstasy.

Till golden ways we follow too,
By kindred Muses taught,
And track the beautiful and true
'Neath nobler skies of thought;
And wintry souls in sweetness dress
With ceaseless summer days,
And o'er their spirit's heaviness
The garment spread of praise.

Conscience is a messenger from Him who in nature and in grace speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.



Top—
Monument of
Marshal Ney in
Metz

Upper centre—
Panorama view of
Metz

Lower centre—
The Metz Cath-
edral

Bottom—The German Gate—Metz

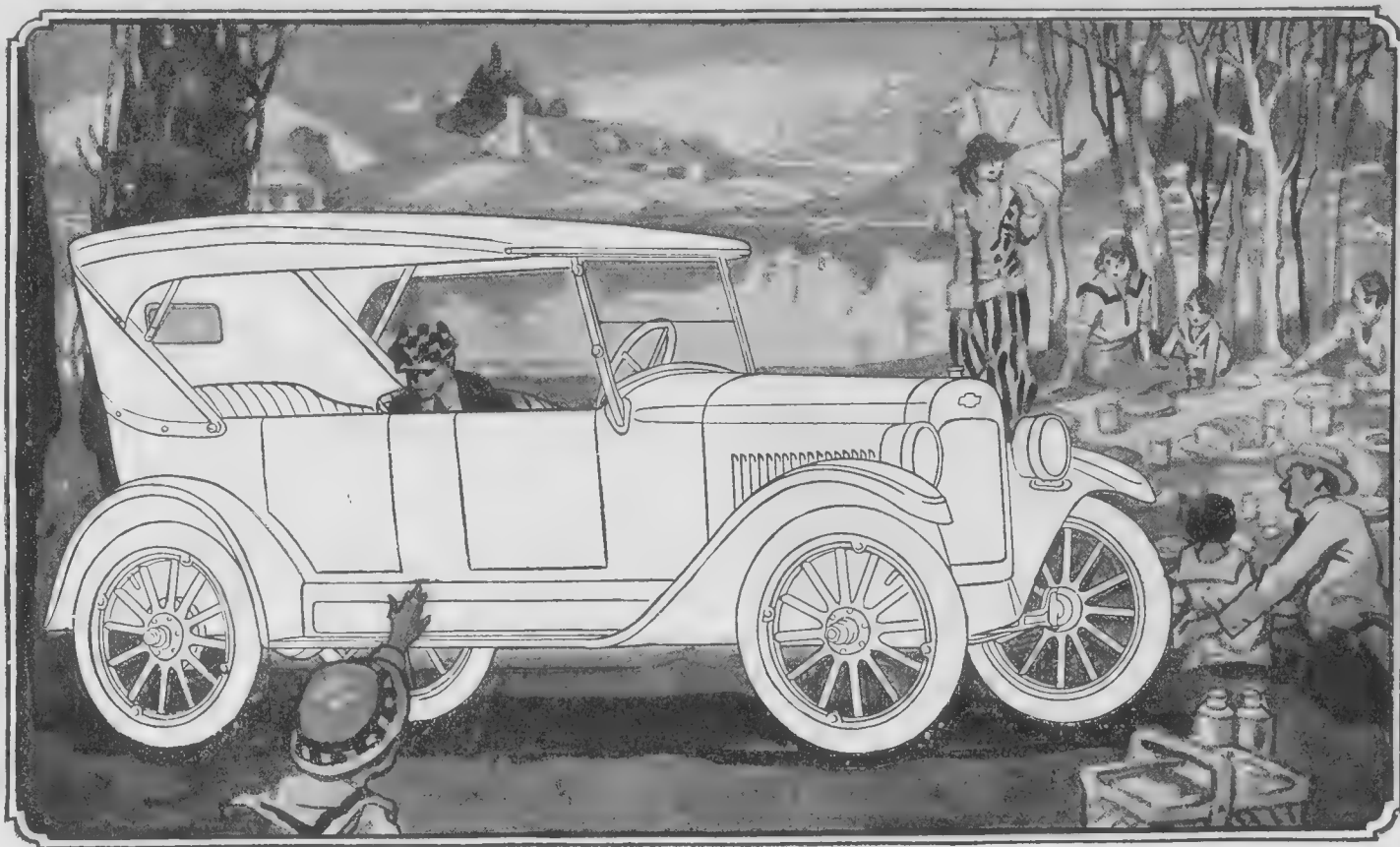
Versailles, amid the hearty acclaim of the populations. Who would be bold enough to prophecy that Germany after a period of rest and recuperation will not manufacture a pretext to begin another war for the purpose of getting back Alsace-Lorraine and other territory she lost in the world war, even though the statue of the German Emperor Frederick has been overturned and is now lying bottom side up.

The most interesting building in the city is the Gothic Cathedral, begun in the thirteenth century and containing

and the Soldiers' Barracks. In 1905 the Germans built the splendid railway station, one of the finest in Europe, and the magnificent Post Office, also fine boulevards and esplanades, especially along the Moselle. On account of the mixed character of the population the streets have both German and French names.

The chief manufactures before the war were leather and leather goods, glue, firearms, hats, artificial flowers and cotton goods.

The educational institutions are many and varied. They include a gymna-



The Call of the Outdoors

When the woods and fields and lakes call you out from the dust of the city—when you feel the urge to be out-of-doors, think how simple and pleasant it would be to pack a picnic-basket, seat the family comfortably in the Chevrolet and drive out through the fresh air to some inviting spot amid the beauties of nature. This is a pleasure that the Chevrolet owner would not exchange for the wealth of kings.

The Chevrolet Touring Car affords ample room for the carrying of a picnic-

basket, as well as accommodation for five passengers. It is the ideal car for pleasure trips—reliable, comfortable, economical and inexpensive. It makes you independent of stuffy trains and crowded street-cars. It takes you where you want to go, when you want to go. The new Chevrolet is a car you will be proud to drive—handsome in appearance, complete in its appointments. And the price is within easy reach of the average pocket-book.

Inspect the Chevrolet at your nearest showrooms to-day.

Ask your Chevrolet dealer for a demonstration and learn about the G. M. A. C. plan of deferred payments.

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO. of CANADA, LIMITED

Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited

OSHAWA

WINNIPEG

Dealers wanted in territories not adequately covered.



for Economical Transportation

C1523

Keystone French Ivory and Ebony

How Clean and Invigorated The Scalp Feels

How the hair shines with the lustre of health after a thorough brushing with a Keystone Brush! The stiff, glossy, pure white Russian bristles, set in in uneven lengths reach right through to the scalp and straighten every hair.

Keystone

Brushes and Mirrors are exquisitely designed and fashioned of solid French Ivory, genuine Ebony and Tortoise Shell. They are recognized everywhere as the finest in the world.

Ask to see them
STEVENS-HEPNER CO. LIMITED
Port Elgin, Ontario.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS LARGE AND SMALL

Have Music in Your Home On Easy Payment Terms

Whether it be a piano, player-piano, phonograph or any of the smaller musical instruments. Our immense volume of business enables us to quote lowest possible prices and easiest terms of payment. For full particulars and illustrated catalogues write us today.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

333 PORTAGE AVE.

GREATEST SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

PIANOS—Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Doherty, Lesage and Canada.
PHONOGRAPHS—Edison, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Starr, Pathe, McLagan, Euphonolian.

SUPPORT YOUR OWN COMPANY **CREAM** BY SHIPPING TO US AT WINNIPEG

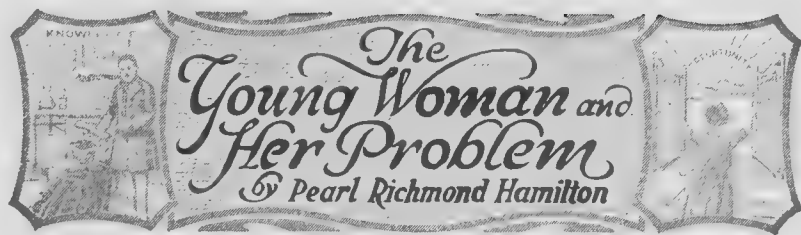
Manitoba
CO-OPERATIVE DAIRIES LTD.

SHIPPER PLEASE WEIGH YOUR CREAM
STATION
REMARKS

RIGHT WEIGHTS
RIGHT TESTS

WINNIPEG MANITOBA
BANK OF CANADA

PROMPT RETURNS



Too Old? Never

CORRESPONDENCE to this department is appreciated. Any girl with any problem is invited to write if she feels the need of assistance. Our ambition is to render service to our readers. Sometimes the problem requires private personal correspondence. We regard all problems of girls or young women with sincere interest, and whether the question is answered in private letter or discussed on this page we trust the suggestions or solutions offered shall be constructively useful.

In the history of this page, which now begins its fourteenth year, we have had expressions of gratitude from young women who claimed their success was inspired and assisted through the personal or printed appeal of this department. We trust in the future others will have occasion to respond in the same way. This is a service bureau for our girls and young women.

Two problems for discussion have come to my desk this month. The first is from a young woman who feels she is too old to go on with her education. Something urges her progress, but as she has been out of school several years she wonders if it would be possible to gain an education now. One is never too old to learn. If I were fifty and wanted an education nothing would prevent me. Today when there are such splendid educational journals, helpful books, night schools, and correspondence courses, there is no excuse for any one to be deprived of an education.

One time a young woman of perhaps thirty-five came to me deeply discouraged. She had lost her last position and felt she was too old to take up another line of work. *Too old? Never!* I exclaimed.

Today she is in a large city and has a splendid salary. She went into an office and made up her mind to learn all she could about that particular business—difficult in the extreme to her, as it was machinery. Furthermore she liked her work. In appearance she is ten years younger than when I first knew her. There are today mothers and grandmothers taking college courses.

There are girls and unmarried women who have worked at home till their parents have gone and are deprived of a home, such as indicated in the following extract from a letter: "I live on a farm with my mother and brother and I find now I am in the way as mother says she will give the farm to him. Where can I go and what can I do?"

This is pathetic, yet many similar letters have come to me. The experience, however, has made them capable. The very discipline of obedience, industry and sacrifice strengthens one. But I do believe we may mistake slavery to another's demands for duty. It is not one's duty to darken her whole life's future.

Success is often the result of cheerful, intelligent, industrious effort—not "good luck." Two girls may have the same opportunities—one will succeed, the other fail. The difference is expressed in their individualities. It is possible for every girl to build up personality.

By constant mental training and effort we may develop personality—by improving our disposition, habit of thought and even our appearance.

A great man once said that any one over forty is responsible for his face. We do create our facial expression.

The splendid work-filled future lies before every one of us with all its dreamed-of possibilities and high-reaching hopes. As each year unfolds we may make it more promising by regarding it as an opportunity for greater growth—not as an addition to age.

A positive character very soon surrounds herself with an atmosphere congenial.

Interest in something worth while is an important step in gaining an education. Walk with your imagination in the sunshine or the starlight or the wind—it is all full of beauty, and instructive lessons if

we understand. No place is so isolated that has not its opportunity. This week in Winnipeg's Art School a large collection of birds and animal pictures makes me wonder why more of us do not take up the study of natural history here in Canada. There are a few public-spirited citizens who are trying to interest others in the wonderful study of life about us everywhere. This is a door of opportunity.

Let every girl begin a library of her own. One book a month is a good start—but be sure that book is the right one. A girl sat near me on the street car reading a paper novel the other day. I curiously read the title—The Multi-Millionaire School Boy. Every hour wasted on such trashy stuff decreases the girl's efficiency and will no doubt cost her the position she holds.

Select the books carefully. First of course, the Bible, then classics in English Literature—poetry and prose, a book on natural history (I know when you have read one you will buy more), a book on the care of the body, history and biography—these form a good foundation of education and they are possible for any girl who can read to study. Growth, progress, development, are not attained in any cheap and easy "get-rich-quick" manner.

The sure-working laws of nature are slow. The power of daily conscious effort is of more value than we realize.

Let us each day listen to the music of nature, and read aloud a beautiful poem—words musically arranged are among the most lovely harmonies there are. And let us do something kind each day.

Then shall we see in our particular kind of life work a position that is useful, constructive, bringing benefit not only to ourselves but to others, and adding to the general human welfare.

It is possible for any girl anywhere to gain an education. It is possible for her to increase her efficiency 100%.

The daily determination to do well results in a greater ease of accomplishment—we feel our powers growing and our abilities strengthening—we look ahead to attainment of richer and more complete living. Let me emphasize this to our young women—you will never find real success in the pay envelope. It is not there.

Real success is in the mind made rich in beautiful thoughts—resourceful ambition and constructive accomplishment—*Too Old? Never!*

Spiritual Algebra

SINCERITY + truth = beauty. No human face, however comely, has obtained loveliness without the transfiguring spirit of Divine grace.

Leave room on your dressing table for the cosmetics of the soul. Constant use of them will give you those fine beauty lines of the spirit, without which the face, however fine, is only an unlit lamp.

I know a girl who places on her dresser every evening a verse from the Bible, and a gem from English literature. The next morning she learns them while dressing. In that house it is the custom for every member of the family to repeat a quotation at the breakfast table. At the evening meal each member tells a funny story. Perhaps the story has happened during the day or it may have been found in a newspaper.

Cosmetics that beautify the mind so they shine through, produce on the countenance itself magnetic fascination.

I see you before the mirror. You are looking at yourself.

Are your eyes deep as well as bright? Is the mouth not only shapely but tender? In the fine curve of the nostril is there any trace of scorn?

Is the brow the brow of one who thinks and feels profoundly?

What does your mirror reflect?

God's revelation to us is limited only by our capacity to apprehend that revelation. Phillips Brooks says: "There is no one so ignorant, so careless, so indifferent about what God is and what God is doing,

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER

PROBLEM—Continued from page 42

that God is not all the time pressing upon that man's life and crowding into it all the knowledge of Himself that it will take. As the air crowds upon everything, upon the solidest and hardest stone, and upon the softest and most porous earth, and into each presses what measure of itself each will receive, so God limits the revelation of Himself by nothing but by the capacity of everyone to take and hold. His revelation remember, God is teaching you always just as much truth as you can learn. Be capable of more knowledge and it shall be given to you. What hinders you from knowing God perfectly is not God's unwillingness but your imperfectness. Grow better and purer, and divine wisdom shall come to you, not given as wages, as reward, but simply admitted into a nature grown more capable of receiving it."

Vision

CAN you see heaven in a little flower? If not read Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley. One time while Hamilton W. Mabie was talking to one of the foremost

It must speak to you. The prairie speaks space, air, height." Last month I mentioned the reading of Bliss Carman's poem "Vestigia" over radio by Dr. W. T. Allison.

I shall quote it here with the request that every girl and young woman who reads this page will learn a verse of it every morning for five mornings.

Vestigia

"I took a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush—
I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marvelled how
God gives us Heaven here and now,
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The poplar leaves beside the brook—
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last when evening as I turned
Homeward, and thought what I had
learned
And all that there was still to probe—
I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longed for any part
In making saving beauty be—
And from that kindling ecstasy
I knew God dwelt within my heart."

The Other Problem

A YOUNG girl writes me that she is ostracized by both her girl and young men acquaintances because she would not dance with an intoxicated man. He was a friend of the other young people and they regarded this as an insult.

I admire this young girl for her strength of character and the value she places on girlhood dignity. The other girls are to blame for the social dissipation of this particular village. If they only realized it, the young men would admire them more if they boycotted all the young men who are intoxicated at social affairs. It is when our girls wake up to the fact that they are responsible for the kind of social atmosphere that exists in their community that conditions will change.

Their attitude determines their future. Will these young men in question make husbands that will provide good and comfortable homes?

Not one girl, but many girls, have recently written me on this same problem. Home brew and bootlegging are spreading a social cancer among many communities of young people.

The girl whose intellect is clear enough to retaliate from such dissipating influence, I would urge to waste no energy worrying about exclusion from their company.

Conserve that energy for the future. When the other girls are suffering the pangs of wrecked and poverty-stricken womanhood, these wholesome apparently neglected girls of today will be enjoying popularity and the other pleasures that come to beautiful womanhood.

Your life ten years hence—what shall it be? Not the present but the future—our clean new Canadian land is calling for clean womanhood. My girl, your king and country need you. Are you fit?

Never allow yourself to yield to any demand that robs you of purity and dignity. The very young men or girls who tempt you are the first who will desert you and expose you. I have letters from girls whose broken-hearted lives prove the truth of this statement.

Springtime in Southern Alberta

Come down with me this sunny day
And see our coulees in the May,
The pasque-flower fair, in purple sheen,
The trees all newly clothed in green,
The wild clematis' tangled flower
That makes the undergrowth a bower,
The butterflies with wings of gauze
That o'er each new-blown blossom pause,
The white bloom of the cherry tree,
The river flowing silently,
And hear the birds that sweetly sing,
As each one tells you "This is Spring."
—Lettice Bentley.

Keep your silken garments
colourful and lovely this way

Dainty garments cannot stand the wear and tear of ordinary washing.

For such delicate fabrics as silk, crepe, georgette and lace, Lux is ideal.

The thin, satin-like Lux flakes, made by our own exclusive process, dissolve instantly in hot water, leaving no particle of solid soap to stick to the delicate fibres.

Washed in the gentle Lux suds, your daintiest garments will remain as soft and lustrous as when new.



LEVER
BROTHERS
LIMITED
Toronto

LUX



L307



MOTHERHOOD

By Carber Dunn

Through the bitter, storm-tossed sea,
A little soul sails straight to me.

A little body, soft and warm,
Is cuddling in my aching arm.
A little head, so smooth and strong,
Lies on this heart, which throbb'd so long.

And all the wild waves ceased to roar,
And all the wind dies on the shore,
And all the rocks my feet have trod
Now turn into the softest sod,
While all the wicked thoughts in me
Have turned to strangest melody.

Ah! Baby mine, who braved the world
And little shining sails unfurled,
To help me battle through the deep,
And o'er my life thy watch to keep,
God grant that I may faithful be
To all this love and purity.

Scotch writers he asked: "Is there not a great deal of poetry among the commonest and most uneducated people in Scotland?"

"They are saturated with it" was the reply. One day when he was walking in the early spring along the side of a mountain in Skye he came to a hut in which lived an old man. He saw the old man with his head bowed and the bonnet in his hand.

After a few moments he explained: "I did not speak to you, Sandy, because I thought you might be at your prayers." "Well, not exactly that," said the old man, "but I tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world."

When Bliss Carman, our Canadian Poet, visited the west, J. W. Dafoe said we need poets to open our blind eyes to the beauty about us. Bliss Carman declared that Canada is teeming with atmosphere for romance and poetry. There is the romance of the great west and the romance of trade by the sea. He added this: "But you must live in a place long enough to get fond of it before you can hear what it says. You cannot tell at first glance.

DEVILINS

The Great Fur and Specialty Shop
of Eastern Canada

FUR REMODELLING & REPAIRS

The rush fur season is over. Now is the time when remodeling and repairs will cost least.

Original French Models are the inspiration for our experts who are capable of transforming an old style fur into something smart and lovely.

SEND WORK NOW

Sketches and estimates will be gladly given and without obligation by return mail. Your furs will be ready for the first flurry of snow. Work may be paid for when furs are required.

EXPERT FURRIERS SINCE 1896.



76 Sparks St.,

The R.J. Devlin Co. Limited

Ottawa, Can.



A Whole Year For \$1.00

The Western Home Monthly at its present subscription price represents very remarkable value indeed. By sending us an order on behalf of one of your friends, you will give tangible evidence that our editorial efforts are appreciated.

The Western Home Monthly, Wpg.

Plan To Plant Another Tree

Ontario Soft Maple seedlings \$3.00 per 100 postpaid.

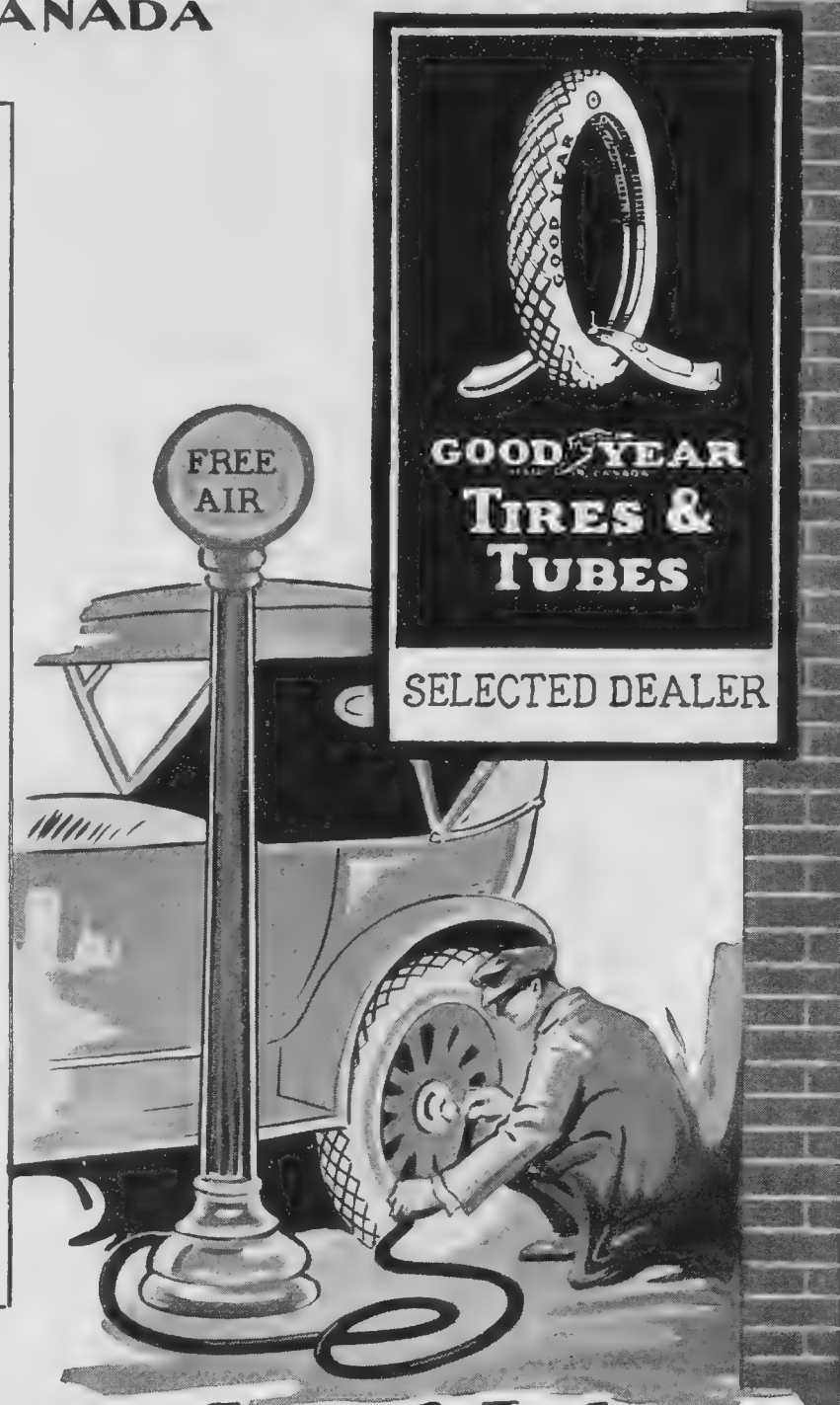
Caragana 12-18" per 100 \$3.00

Patmore Nursery Co. Brandon Man.

GOOD YEAR

MADE IN CANADA

IF all dealers sold a few Goodyear Tires, not one of them could afford to study your tire needs, give tire service, or carry a complete stock of sizes and types. Goodyear Selected Dealers are only those dealers who will maintain Goodyear standards of service—and who, as a consequence, have a volume of business which enables them to give good, prompt service. This sign will guide you to the nearest Goodyear Selected Dealer.



Goodyear means Good Wear

LONG BILL'S BABY - BY BARBARA VILLY

BETTER stay awhile, Bill," said Mrs. Hodgson. "It's no night for man or beast. For the land's sake, Jim, I ain't a-going to stay in this darned country another winter. What with the snow everlastingly a-coming down and cattle dying all over the place!"

"Lost any yet, Bill?" inquired Jim Hodgson, with a twinkle in his light blue eyes, as he tipped back his chair lazily, and rolled another cigarette. "You're out of the fashion in this here spot if there ain't a couple or so of dead critters round yer place."

Long Bill smiled. "Guess I will have yet," he said slowly. He put down the fiddle he had been playing, reluctantly, and made his way towards the door. "Good night everybody."

Mrs. Hodgson took the lamp out into the kitchen to light the way to the door, and in a few minutes they were alone again.

"Hope the boy don't freeze," said Jim, as he settled down again with the paper, "Gosh but he sure can git some notes out of that there squeaker o' mine."

"Take it from me, Jim Hodgson, that lad's been something different from what we know," returned his wife. "Patty was sayin' some wonderful stories as he was a-tellin' them, and they sure don't sound like most o' them cow puncher yarns they tell about here. Oh well, it's no matter. Maybe there's others as good as what we are, and the boy likes to come here of an evening once in a while."

Out in the snow, Bill McIntyre's black Lone Star was plodding his way through the drifts on the hill trail which led to his little tumble down bachelor shanty. Bill was thinking hard that night, of all the different things that had happened since that eventful June day, ten years before, when the "old man" had assisted him out of the house with the aid of the paternal boot, and had told him in no uncertain terms that his services would be no longer required. He thought of the mother whom he had always loved, and who, like himself, had kicked over the shackles, and had run away to gain her freedom; of his

wanderings in the heart of a great city, where he had tried so hard, and had so many high ambitions to make a man of himself. Then came the memories of the school to which he had gone—he the unknown, unbefriended stranger in the vast crowd of city lads and lassies. Later the memories of baseball fame, and other great successes. But it had never been quite the same as he had planned; he had never done all the things which he had wished to do, and he had never become quite the man of his dreams. And then the hills called him back again, and, with a pang of disappointment, and yet with a thrill of pleasure at coming back to the old place once more, he had gone back to the old life with a kind of bitter determination that he could make a success of nothing.

Now, as he thought of the lonely old house waiting for him over the hill, Bill looked down between Lone Star's ears lovingly.

"Got one friend in the world, anyhow," he said slowly as he patted Star's neck, "But I guess you're about the only one

I have, Star, old boy." Then he spurred him on faster, and before long gained the top of the hill. What was his surprise to see a light burning in his so-called home.

"Company?" he wondered. "Don't have much of that often. Come on, Star, we'll have to see what's the matter. Somebody must want something if they come to see me I reckon."

In a few minutes he was in front of the door, and out of the saddle.

A strange sort of company indeed! There stretched out on his bed lay a thin, poorly dressed woman of about thirty years, her threadbare coat wrapped closely around her, and her head resting on her arms. In the kitchen Tom Gibbons, Bill's nearest neighbor, was stirring something in the one available sauce-pan, while from beneath a pile of wraps on a chair by the stove, peeped a small, black-haired, black-eyed baby. Bill strode over to Tom's side, his steely-grey eyes burning with questions.

"A deuce of a mess, pardner," muttered Tom. "Know how to make gruel?"

LONG BILL'S BABY—Continued from page 44

"Who's here, and why?" broke in Bill, tersely.

"Tell you in a minute, soon's I get this made. Mind the babby, boy. He'll roll off there in a minute!"

Bill picked the small bundle of rags up gingerly, and set it down somewhat ungraciously upon his knee.

Hurry up and tell a fellow what it's about," he said. "I'm no baby nurser."

AT that very moment, though, a miracle was wrought. The baby suddenly began to laugh and crow in his face, and, waving its little fists excitedly in the air, gurgled with delight. Even Bill's stony Scottish heart was not quite invulnerable to all this baby ambition, and a broad smile began to spread over his face. Presently his grey eyes softened:

"Who are they, Tom, for God's sake? Is it a cash in?"

"Found them in the snow, about half a mile from here," remarked Tom removing the sauce pan. "Woman told me as how they'd come from the south country—old man gone to happy huntin' grounds—ranch sold. Best go get a doctor, hadn't we?"

"I'll go. Stay till I get back, will you Tom?" And Bill strode away to the door, his face regaining his customary hard, bitter expression.

"Warm yourself first, man. You're a fool I tell you," shouted Tom.

"And leave the woman to die, I suppose," said Bill coldly, as he banged the door after him, and turned out once more into the cold snow.

In a few minutes he was making his way along the same trail—the trail to town. Bill usually reckoned that his horse and his own thoughts were his best companions, and, tonight, at least, he had plenty to think about. What if his own mother had run into something like that? What if his own little brother whom she had carried with her in her flight, had been in the place of that small bundle of patches in his kitchen? At the thought he spurred Lone Star on faster, and his face became harder than ever. What was it that made things go wrong like that? What was it that had killed his boyish pride and ambitions, and spent them all in vain? Didn't good intentions count for anything? What was it that made the stranger woman suffer like that, and, probably, leave the little, laughing baby a small helpless little orphan? There was something wrong somewhere, and Bill, in the bitterness of his soul, closed his heart to everybody, and cursed all alike.

After a long weary ride he reached the doctor, who set out at once for the spot. It was, as he feared, however, too late. The woman lay on the bed, more peaceful than she had been for many a year, while the baby was sleeping quietly in an old wash boiler padded out with blankets. Tom offered to show the doctor the trail home, and Bill was left alone.

He built up the fire, rolled a pile of cigarettes, and prepared to camp near the stove for a few hours. Just as the smoke was beginning to curl in rings above his head, however, sounds arose from the wash boiler, and soon the whole room was filled with most unaccustomed shrieks and howls. Bill got up impatiently, laid down his cigarette carefully and managed to extract the wailing bundle from the boiler.

For what seemed to him endless ages, he paced the boards, with the baby slung somewhat clumsily on his shoulder. Up and down he went, sing and whistling, trying in vain to remember some of the lullabies which his mother, in those twilight hours of happiness, when her husband was outside, used to croon to his little brother; and all this with his most stony and melancholy expression.

The sun must surely have smiled when he peeped through the shack window that morning, and saw this grim-mouthed Scotchman, his high forehead wrinkled in perplexity, dandling on his knees this small, weary orphan child, and trying to make him drink some milk out of the old tin dipper.

But it was not only the sun that was smiling. Tom Gibbons had gone home with such a pathetic account of the night's adventures, that his cousin Margaret, the "city dude" of the district, had resolved to get up with the sun next morning, and, whether proper or improper, ride over to see what she could do to help.

And here she was right at the window, seeing her beliefs amply fulfilled, that there would be plenty of work for a woman's hand to do. The sight that she saw was so ridiculous that Margaret forgot where she was and chuckled merrily. At the sound Bill looked up, crossly.

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. McIntyre," began Margaret, somewhat abashed at the sternness of the man before her; "but," the smile breaking out again, "you—you know—that really isn't the way to hold a baby!"

BILL put down his bundle with a half smile, and turned to open the door. There seemed to be a steely, icy cloak covering him, and for the moment Margaret would have given almost anything she possessed to be back in her uncle's house. Then, however, her eyes fell on the baby, moaning and whimpering in its make-shift bed, and she resolved to bluff it out before all dragons even the stony-hearted Long Bill.

"I hope I didn't surprise you, coming so early, Mr. McIntyre," she said, her eyes twinkling with fun at her adventure, "but, you see, I thought I'd be able to do something."

"Thanks," remarked Bill shortly, "It was very good of you, but really I don't need any help."

"Oh, but you *do*!" contradicted Margaret, "I can just see things to do all around me. You know a bachelor never does understand children, and though I may not be extremely wise about it, I'm at least a woman—and that's something. Besides, I've been a school teacher for half a year, and, oh yes, I know all kinds of things about children." Her tongue was running on rather faster than she had intended, but while she spoke, she had picked up the baby, and was rocking him gently in her arms.

"Besides," she went on, rather more softly, "You're tired, you know you are. I know something about babies, and I know that this one hasn't let you go to sleep all night. You just sit down and watch me mind the baby."

Bill was somewhat taken aback at all this, and his mouth shut like a steel trap. He was tired, though, and as he watched his early morning visitor whisking things into their places and straightening matters up generally, he looked down upon her half scornfully, and yet half admiringly.

"Shall I get breakfast?" said Margaret suddenly, "And let's—"

"No thanks," answered Bill immediately, and then, as if fearful of seeming impolite, he added, "I'm afraid they will be missing you over at the ranch, Miss Millicent."

Margaret took the hint, and got ready to go. "Would—er—you—shall I take the baby with me, Mr. McIntyre? I don't think aunt would mind."

Bill hesitated. Then, with a glance at the little helpless creature, sleeping so peacefully by the fire, he shook his head decidedly. "No, thank you. I'll try and see what I can do. Good-bye—and—thank you."

When she had gone, Bill stood looking at the child oddly. "Well," he remarked, "I wasn't going to have any girl interfering with me, and then, the little brat was left here, and it seems as though I really ought—" he turned on his heel abruptly, and began to think about breakfast.

Long Bill's baby soon became, of course, the chief topic of interest in the district, and many were the visitors to the little cottage. Many too were the offers to take the little one off Bill's hands, but to all of them he made the same answer, since he was always possessed of that strange feeling of his own duty towards the child. It was, perhaps, his Scottish obstinacy that at first prompted his answer, but later it was something more than this, for, after many sleepless nights, and many anxious watchings over the little one when he was ailing, Bill began to find out that the baby was an absolutely vital part of his existence. The neighbors said, too, that he was changing himself. He smiled oftener, and his answers did not seem so short as they had done formerly.

Margaret Millicent, nothing daunted by her first cold reception, came many times again, for she loved children dearly, and was anxious to see how the little waif was faring. The next time she came,

continued on page 47



"A grace beyond the rules of art"

AN air of indefinable charm and grace may often be traced to the beauty of a clear, radiant complexion, the sign of perfect health.

Loveliness itself becomes more fair when the skin is clear and healthy.

Winsome

is a toilet soap of infinite purity, specially created for Canadians. Its smooth creamy lather and splendid cleansing qualities make it most effective for keeping the skin clear and healthy.

The daily use of Winsome will soon give "a grace beyond the rules of art."

Winsome is sold by all good drug and departmental stores.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED
Soapmakers to H.M. The King & H.R.H.
The Prince of Wales

LONDON - PARIS - TORONTO

W39

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

The Farmer's Business

Total Assets
in Excess of
\$600,000,000

Head Office: Montreal



NO matter in what part of Canada you live, you are not far from a Branch of the Bank of Montreal. A farmer's business is benefited by a sound banking connection just as is the business of a merchant or manufacturer.

Branches in all Important Centres in Canada
Savings Departments in all Branches

Bank of Montreal

Established Over 100 Years



An Investment in Family Happiness

Ford

BUY NOW AND
MAKE CERTAIN
YOU GET A CAR
AT THESE PRICES

Runabout \$405

Touring \$445

Coupe \$695

Sedan \$785

Chassis \$345

Truck Chassis \$495

FOR FORD, ONT. GOVT TAXES (L.P.T.)
STARTING AND ELECTRIC LIGHTING
STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON
SEDAN AND COUPE

THE WINNER

Continued from page 25

For a long time the play went on with no apparent advantage to either side, but at last Hunter found a weak point in his adversary's defence, and began to press him hard. As the clock was chiming midnight, Hunter looked up with a gleam in his eyes as he said, "Checkmate!"

Linden rose. "We have two more games," he said quietly.

Promptly at eight the next evening the two men were again in the chess-room of the Winniwarmet Club. Without wasting any time in preliminaries, they at once chose a table, and began to arrange the pieces.

Linden played better this evening. He made a good opening, and followed it up by brilliant and daring play. Hunter was secretly surprised at the marked improvement he was showing. In less than an hour Linden leaned back in his chair and called, "checkmate."

"The next game will decide," Hunter said. "Shall we play it now, or shall we leave it till tomorrow evening as we had intended?"

"As you please," Carl answered. "But I should prefer to play it now."

Without further words the decisive game was begun.

Both played more warily this time, each considering his moves carefully. The game was somewhat protracted, and by half past eleven the players at the other tables had departed, and Hunter and Linden again had the room to themselves.

Then, presently, Ned Brainerd came in, bringing with him a whiff of the outside atmosphere. He watched the game a few moments in silence, and then walked about the room, poking the fire noisily, and whistling a few bars of the latest opera. At last Hunter looked up. "I wish you wouldn't, Brainerd," he protested. "This is chess, and we are playing for a high stake."

Brainerd came over to the table with a beaming smile.

"I beg your pardon, old fellow," he said, "but I'm so happy I can't keep quiet. Let me tell you my news—I must tell somebody. I'm engaged! Just settled it tonight. To Miss Ethel Reed. Congratulate me!"

Linden started up, and brushed the few remaining pieces from the board.

"You might have finished the game, at least," Hunter protested.

"Chess—"

"Hang chess!" said Linden.

LONG BILL'S BABY

Continued from page 45

Bill met her at the door with the baby in his arms, and waited, smiling, for her approval. "You see, I am becoming quite proficient in the nursing business," he said at length and Margaret laughed heartily.

That winter Bill worked harder than ever to care for his Nick as he called him. Every day found him loving his little foundling more and he was anxious to be able to display his excellent baby training to Margaret when she should come back to the ranch next summer. And so it was that he slyly and stealthily sent for some books on the question of baby raising—ordered all kinds of baby foods they mentioned, and turned the pages of his Eaton's Catalogue over and over, to select the best possible baby clothes. The little Nicholas thrived with all this treatment, and smiled a little wider every day.

And with the spring came Margaret. When she saw the baby, she positively crowed with delight, and could hardly speak her admiration.

"Between the two of us, we didn't make such a bad job of raising young Nick, did we?" asked Bill, as he put his hand on the black hair. Margaret smiled happily, and Bill looked off into the distance.

"Suppose we go on taking care of him, you and I," he said, suddenly, and Margaret smiled again, and covered the baby with kisses, while the little Nicholas waved his arms delightedly, and beat her on the head with his tin spoon.

HOW COLORS ARE HEARD
COLOR hearing or chromaesthesia, the constant association of colors with words, letters, musical notes and noises, is inherent, the New Orleans Times-Picayune says, in one of every eight persons.

A few years ago a noted physician told his audience that the day was not far distant when sound would be seen and color heard, and time has confirmed his statement. It seems incredible that a beam of light can produce sound, yet it has been accomplished by throwing a ray of sunlight through a lens on a glass vessel containing lampblack, or colored silk or worsted, or any similar substance. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in the beam of light so as to "cut it up" into alternate flashes of light and shadow. When the ear is placed to the glass vessel the sensitive ear can distinguish strange, faint sounds as long as the flashing beam falls upon the vessel.

A still more extraordinary effect is produced when the beam of sunlight is first made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is known as the solar spectrum. The disk is turned so that the color light of the rainbow passes through it and is alternately interrupted and transmitted by it. Now, if the ear be placed to the glass vessel containing the silk, or other material, it will be noticed that the colored lights of certain parts of the spectrum will make sounds, and those

of other parts will not. For example, if the glass vessel contains red worsted and the green light is flashed upon it, there will be comparatively loud sounds, and when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel there will be faint sounds; but other colors will produce no sounds at all.

Self-Saved

"I kept my head when I fell into the water," observed the young man. "How fortunate," replied the caustic maid; "it must have helped you so nicely to float."—Baltimore American.

Why he was a Socialist

Upton Sinclair tells this story about a school address he once made.

"It was a school of little boys," said Mr. Sinclair, "and I opened my address by laying a five dollar bill upon the table."

"I am going to talk to you boys about Socialism," I said, "and when I finish the boy who gives me the best reason for turning Socialist will get this five-dollar bill."

"Then I spoke for some twenty minutes. The boys were all converted at the end. I began to question them."

"You are a Socialist?" I said to the boy nearest me.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"And why are you a Socialist?" I asked.

"He pointed to the five dollar bill. 'Because I need the money,' he said."

How do you hold your pen?

Fit your natural writing habit with

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

"The Daddy of Them All"

THE way you hold your pen calls for a certain type of nib that you should use if you wish the utmost in pen satisfaction. The illustrations show five of many hundreds that you can get in Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens. Your dealer will help you make the selection that fits your handwriting best.

\$2.50 and up

Selection and Service at best stores everywhere

Waterman Company Limited.

179 St. James Street, Montreal

New York San Francisco Boston London Chicago Paris

Left-handers will find pen perfection in this Turn-Up Point. Cannot catch or splutter. Obtainable in fine, coarse or medium stroke.

Held this way—you should use a Manifold Point. It is a great favorite with "backhanders" and high-speed writers.



A Gift for Baby

This offers a free test of two important aids to baby's health and happiness. A trial can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc and cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap - scientific comfort creators which embody new principles in infants' skin care. They overcome the cause of rash and irritations. Less crying, more laughing - new comfort for your baby. Results are amazing. Simply send your name and address. Trial packages will come postpaid. Or, you can obtain a supply at your druggist.

100 Spadina Ave Toronto.

Bauer & Black

Baby Talc and Baby Soap

for all delicate skins © B & B 1923

Baby's hidden enemies

How carefully you guard baby against accidents, how warmly you wrap him up against the cold. But there are other enemies—germs of disease, which you cannot see. Protect him or her against these, too.

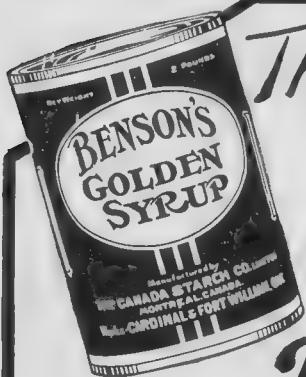
A simple and effective way is to give *Viol*, the food which has been scientifically shown to increase the power of resistance to infection. *Viol* has, for instance, been proved to multiply three times the powers of bodily resistance to the germs of Tuberculosis.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., 2725, Park Avenue, Montreal.



Here is a child aged 13 years who has been fed on Virol since five months old and "never had even a cold."



IN 2-5
AND
10 LB. TINS

The "Kiddies" know
the smacking
goodness and the
wonderful
flavour
of
**Benson's
Golden Syrup**

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED

101

ANOTHER HARVEY CREATION

You find grace of style and quality of texture in Harvey Silk Hose with Pointed Heel.

This pointed heel reinforcement tapers to a well-defined point and makes for added durability, and shapeliness of ankles.

Made of finest Japanese silks in all shades.

At the stores catering to the best trade everywhere.

Made Only By **HOSIERS LIMITED, Woodstock, Ont.**



Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE



Lady's Knitted Blouse

Lustre Wool, 5 Balls White, 2 Balls Color 1 Pr. M.M. No. 4 Needles. Can also be made of Shetland Floss. Size 36 to 38.

Back. Cast on 100 sts., *K. 2 ribs white, change to color, K. 1 rib, repeat from * for 6 inches, ending 1 rib color, with right side toward you and white yarn, start pattern of K. 1 row, P. 1 row, continue until work measures 16 inches from start, with right side toward you, K. 2, K. 2 together, K. to within 4 sts. of end K. 2 together, K. 2, next row P. across, repeat last 2 rows until 80 sts. remain, continue on these 80 sts. until work measures 7 inches from first decreasing, on next row work first 15 sts. off on st.



The very latest knitted sports blouse in black and white or colors

holder, bind off next 50 sts. for neck, and on remaining 15 start front.

Front. Work 20 rows, then work 20 rows on first 15 sts., now work across one front, cast on 50 sts., work across remaining 15 sts., and finish front to correspond with back, increasing in place of decreasing.

Sleeves. With color pick up 120 sts., from first decrease on back to last increase on front, K. in stripe effect until there are 3 colored stripes, change to white and K. 1 row, P. 1 row, for 6 inches, on next row decrease down to 108 sts., then K. 6 inches of stripe effect, ending 2 ribs white, bind off.

Neck Band. With color pick up the sts. on one shoulder and front, K. 5 ribs, bind off, pick up the sts. on second shoulder and back, K. 5 ribs, bind off, sew neatly together at corners.

Belt. With color cast on 8 sts., K. 1 1/4 yds. plain, bind off, finish ends with small tassels.

Directions for Crocheted Bag

6 spools Glossilla Crochet Art. 4600, Ombree No. 1910, 1 spool No. 1921. 2 spools No. 1922, 10 skeins Bucilla Gold Thread No. 4211, 28 skeins Bucilla Antique Silver Thread No. 4213; 1 purple ring 1 3/8 of an inch in diameter.

First Round; with gold ch 4, 1 d c in 1st ch, 1 green d c in same ch, 3 gold, 1 green, 3 gold, 1 green, 3 gold, 1 green, 1 gold in same ch and join with a sl st.

Second Round: ch 4 (for 1 tr c), 2 gold tr c in same st of joining, * 1 gold d c in next gold, 1 green d c in green, 1 gold d c, 5 gold tr c in next d c, repeat from * around working 3 gold tr c in st of joining. Join each round with 1 s c.

Third Round: 3 gold tr c in s c of joining, 1 gold d c in each of next 4 gold tss, 1 green d c in green, 1 gold d c in

each of next 3 gold, 5 gold tr c in next tr c, 1 gold d c in each of 3 gold st, 1 green d c in green, 1 gold d c in each of 3 gold *, 5 gold tr c in next tr c and reverse from *.

Fourth Round: with green work 2 s c in s c of joining, 1 s c in each of 11 sts, 3 s c in next st, and reverse from *.

Fifth Round: 3 tr c in s c of joining 13 d c, 3 tr c in next st, 16 d c *, 3 d c in next st and reverse from *.

Sixth Round: with gold 1 s c in s c of joining, 16 s c, 3 s c in next st, 19 s c *, 3 s c in next st and reverse from *.

Seventh Round: with silver 3 tr c in s c of joining, 17 d c *, 3 tr c in next s c, 22 d c *, 3 d c in next s c and reverse from *.

Eighth Round: 3 tr c in s c of joining, 20 d c, 3 tr c in next st, 25 d c *, 3 d c in next d c and reverse from *.

Ninth Round: with light purple No. 1921 1 s c in s c of joining, 23 s c, 3 s c in next s c, 28 s c *, 3 s c in next st and reverse from *.

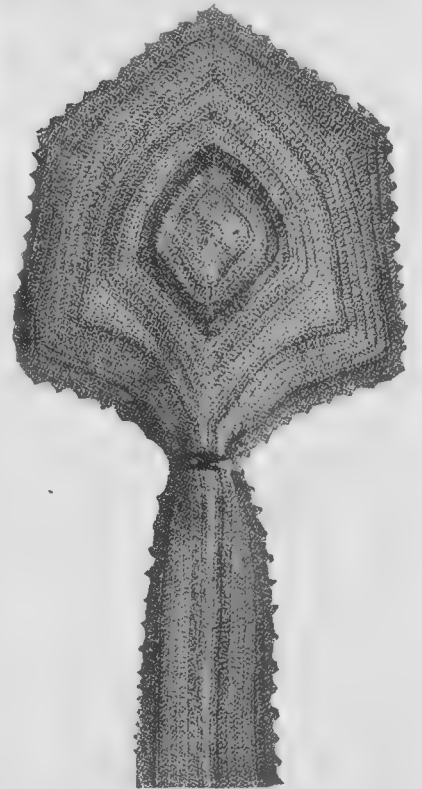
Tenth Round: with gold 1 s c in s c of joining, 24 s c, 3 s c in next st, 31 s c *, 3 s c in next st and reverse from *.

Eleventh Round: with green, 3 tr c in s c of joining, 25 d c, 3 tr c in next st, 34 d c *, 3 d c in next st and reverse from *.

Twelfth Round: 3 tr c in s c of joining, 28 d c, 3 tr c in next st, 37 d c *, 3 d c in next st and reverse from *.

Thirteenth Round: 3 tr c in s c of joining, 31 d c, 3 tr c in next st, 40 d c *, 3 d c in next st reverse from * and break silk. Work another piece like the first one*.

Fourteenth Round: with gold * 1 s c in s c of joining, 36 s c, ch 2, turn, skip 1 st s c, 6 s. s. c., 1 sl st in each of 2 s c, ch 1, turn, skip 1 sl st, 2 sl sts, 15 s c, ch 2, turn skip 1 st s c, 1 s c in each of 10 s c, 2 sl sts.



A colorful silken bag to brighten the dark suit. Original model made in light and dark purple, green, gold and silver

ch 1, turn, skip 1 sl st, 1 sl st in next st, 10 s c, ch 2, turn, skip 1 st s c, 3 s c, 2 sl sts, ch 1, turn, skip 1 sl st, 1 sl st in next st, 3 s c, 3 s c in ch at corner, 48 s c, 3 s c in d c at point, 42 s c, 3 s c in tr c at point, 15 s c, 2 sl sts, ch 1, turn, skip 1 sl st, 2 sl sts, ch 1, turn, skip 1 st st, 2 sl sts, 15 s c, ch 2 turn, skip 1 st s c, 10 s c, 2 sl sts, ch 1, turn, skip 1 st sl st, 1 sl st in next st, 10 s c, ch 2, turn, skip 1 st s c, 3 s c, 2 sl sts, ch 1, turn, skip 1 st st, 1 sl st in next st, 3 s c, ch 2, turn, 36 s c, 1 s c in s c of joining *, ch 160 (about 15 inches) and repeat from 1st to 2nd * on second piece.



More Food Value in Dishes

MAKE your dishes delicious and richer in food value by using Carnation Milk in salad dressings, cream sauces, desserts, etc. Twice as rich as ordinary milk. Carnation will add a wonderful new flavor. For Carnation Milk is just pure cows' milk with about 60% of the water removed by evaporation then sealed and sterilized — nothing else. Takes the place of cream and at less cost. Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans from your grocer. Write for Recipe Book.

Made in Canada by

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO., LTD.
512 JOHN STREET, AYLMEER, ONT.
Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"



The Label is red and white

No Egg Mayonnaise Dressing— $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons Carnation Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar. Put salt and paprika in a bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar. This recipe makes $\frac{2}{3}$ cup salad dressing.

Date and Nut Salad—1 cup dates, 1 cup celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup nuts, 1 head lettuce. Remove stones from dates, fill cavity with $\frac{1}{4}$ of an English walnut. Place on a lettuce leaf, put chopped celery in center and add salad dressing. This recipe serves six people.

Delightful summer dishes are described in the Carnation Cook Book—salads and frozen desserts. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy. 14

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Continued from page 48

Fifteenth Round: * 160 s c on ch, draw a loop through each of 2 s c, silk over and through 3 loops, 34 s c, 3 s c in 2nd s c at point, 51 s c, 3 s c in 2nd s c at point, 51 s c, 3 s c in 2nd s c at point, 34 s c, crochet next 2 sts together as before and repeat from *.

Sixteenth Round: with light purple No. 1921 work 1 s c in each st, 3 s c in 2nd s c at point and decrease 1 s c between handle and bag as before.

Seventeenth Round: with silver repeat 16th round.

Directions for Yoke

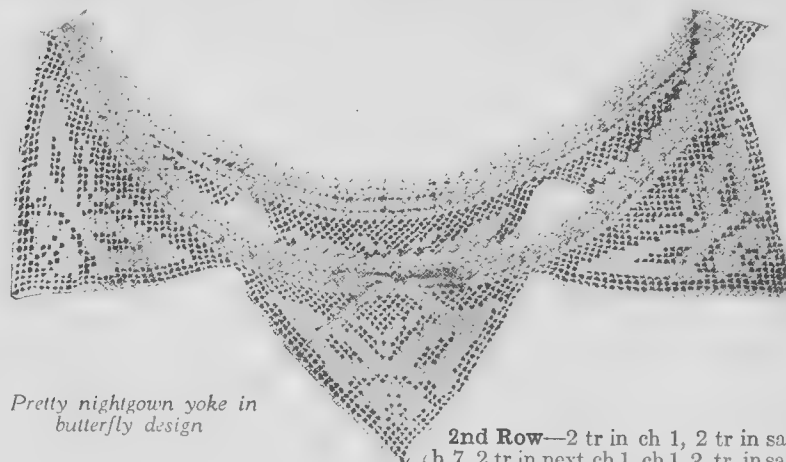
Materials—Mercer-Crochet No. 50. No. 10 Hook.

7 meshes to the inch.

Start at one side of point, working up and down.

Ch 118.

1st Row—34 sp, 1 tr in same st of ch, ch 1, 2 tr in, next st, ch 4, 1 sl st in 3d st of ch, ch 4, 2 tr in 3d st of ch, ch 1, 2 tr in same st, ch 3, turn.



Pretty nightgown yoke in butterfly design

Eighteenth Round: using dark purple No. 1922 work 1 d c in each st, decrease 1 d c between handle and bag (to decrease 1 d c keep 2 loops of last d c on hook, silk over, draw a loop through next d c, silk over and through 2, silk over and through 3 loops), 3 d c in 2nd d c at point and increase 1 d c between points.

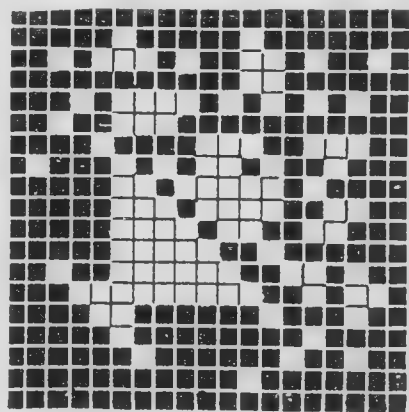
Nineteenth Round: with green repeat last round.

Twentieth and Twenty-first Rounds 1 d c in each d c, decrease 1 d c between handle and bag, work 5 d c in 2nd d c at 1st point, increase 3 d c to next point, * crochet 3 d c in 2nd d c at lower point, reverse from * and then repeat from beginning.

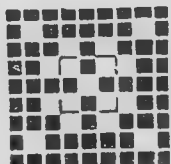
Twenty-second Round: with silver 1 s c in each st, decrease 1 st between handle and bag, work 3 s c in 3rd d c at 1st point, 26 s c, 5 d c, 1 tr c in same st as last d c, 1 tr c in each of 6 d c, 3 d tr in next d c, 7 tr c, 1 d c in same d c as last tr c, 1 d c in each of 4 d c, 24 s c *, 3 s c in 2nd d c at lower point (center st), reverse from * and then repeat from beginning.

Twenty-third Round: 1 d c in each st, decrease 5 sts between handle and point, work 3 d c in 2nd st at point, 1 d c in each st, 3 d c in 2nd d tr, 1 d c in each st, 3 d c in 2nd d tr, 1 d c in each st, * 3 d c in 2nd st at lower point (center st), reverse from * and then repeat from beginning.

Twenty-fourth Round: repeat 23rd round working 3 d c in 2nd d c at points and fasten thread.



Block patterns for working pillow-slip ends

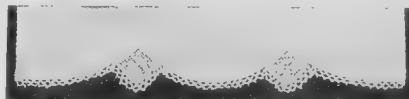


Final Round: from 1st to last point crochet the lower edges together with * 4 s c, 1 p and repeat from * working 1 s c, 1 p, 1 s c in 2nd d c at points; skip 1 d c after each p between handle and bag and work 4 s c and p across handle without skipping any sts. Line with silk and slip ring over handle.

Edge Around Neck

Start between scallops.

* 3 tr in 1st scallop, 1 p, 3 tr in same place, 1 sl st between next 2 scallops. Repeat from *.



Two dainty pillow-slip ends that will delight the June bride



Directions for Pillow Case (Scallops)

Materials—Mercer-Crochet No. 100.

No. 14 Hook.

Medallions—Ch 36.

1st Row—11 bl.

2nd Row—1 bl, 9 sp, 1 bl.

3rd Row—1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 5 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl. Continue to follow design.

Cut end of towel in scallops, turn up $\frac{1}{4}$ inch for hem, crochet s st all around over hem. Sew medallions in the space between scallops.

Edge All Around

1st Row—Start at end, * ch 7, 1 sl st in 5th s st. Repeat from *.

2nd Row—7 s st in ch 7. Repeat.

3rd Row—Ch 7, 1 sl st in center of 7 s st. Repeat.

4th Row—* 4 s st in ch 7, ch 5 for p, 4 s st in same ch, 1 sl st over sl st. Repeat from *.

Directions for Pillow Slip Edge (Basket)

Materials—Mercer-Crochet No. 100.

No. 14 Hook.

Start at one end, working cross-wise. Ch 63.

1st Row—3 tr in 1st st, 1 tr in next st, 19 sp.

2nd Row—5 sp, 1 bl, 10 sp, 1 bl, 2 sp, 1 tr in each next 3 tr, 3 tr in last st.

Continue to follow design, adding 2 extra tr in each row on the upper edge until the design is finished, then repeat from 1st row.

Edge on Bottom

Start in 1st sp, 3 s st in same sp, 3 s st in next sp, * ch 5, 1 s st in next sp, ch 5, 1 s st in same sp, ch 5, 3 s st in next sp, 3 s st in next sp. Repeat from

Be better nourished

Bovril

prevents that Sinking Feeling

The Body-Building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific experiments to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Prophy-lactic Tooth Brush



THE tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth. The long, tufted bristles reach crevices that ordinary brushes cannot touch. The curved handle helps to reach the hard-to-clean places.

Always sold in the sanitary yellow box in three sizes — adults', youths' and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness — hard, medium and soft. For sale by all dealers in Canada.

EVANS & CO., Limited
247 St. Paul St. West, Montreal
Sole Distributors

A Canadian Benefactor of Humanity

A FINE TRIBUTE is paid by the Boston Transcript to the late Dr. William Saunders, of the Dominion Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and his sons Charles E. Saunders and A. P. Saunders, for their great work in developing Marquis wheat, which Charles Saunders brought to consummation as a fixed variety of wheat, and without any attempt whatever to seek either glory or material advantage from it, added to the resources of Canada. It has meant many millions of dollars of added wealth to this country, and as the Boston Transcript adds, to the adjoining Western States as well. "It is no wonder," says the Boston paper, "that Canadians are asking themselves what honor they can pay to the name of the Saunders who is gone, and to the personality of those who remain, which will be commensurate with the service rendered. The Dominion Government made Charles E. Saunders its Cerealist. Mother England ought at least to make him a Marquis! And the United States ought to join in honoring him—it cannot give him any other title than possibly that of 'Colonel'—for the Marquis wheat is as available for production in the United States as it is in Canada, and now covers vast areas in the Dakotas and Minnesota." The development of Marquis wheat ranks as the greatest achievement of human thought and work for the increasing of the supply of human food. Every year adds enormously to the huge totals of additional millions of bushels of wheat produced because of that great achievement of Dr. William Saunders and his sons. Such men are true benefactors of humanity. The only recognition given to Dr. Charles E. Saunders by the Dominion Government is a retiring pension of \$900 a year. The suggestion has been made that Dr. Saunders be appointed to the Senate. Why not? A senator is paid \$4,000 a year from the Dominion treasury. And the average senator has not given Canada service worth one-fourthousandth part of what Dr. Saunders has done for her.

How Old is the World?

IT IS SAFE to say that when Madame Curie, the famous Frenchwoman whose achievements have placed her in the front rank of modern scientists, discovered radium twenty-five years ago, she did not realize that one of the many and far-reaching results of that discovery would be a new method of estimating the age of the world. Fifty years ago the geologists had figured out that animal life must have existed on this planet some 60,000,000 years ago, at the lowest estimate, and that it must have taken some 300,000,000 years for the formation of the sedimentary rocks. But the astronomers and physicists were at a loss to reconcile those figures with Lord Kelvin's computation of the age of the sun. At that time no other origin of heat in the universe was surmised than the contraction of the sun by gravitation. Lord Kelvin figured out that if all the particles of matter that make up the sun had fallen together from an infinite distance, the heat produced by their impact upon one another and by the mass of them contracting gradually would be sufficient to keep the sun radiating heat at its present rate for not more than 20,000,000 years. From which it would follow that the time when this planet was a molten mass must have been within 20,000,000 years ago, and how, then, could animal life have existed on this planet 60,000,000 years ago? But after asking this question, the astronomers and physicists admitted that if it could be shown that there was some other and more abundant source of heat in the solar system than the original impact of the particles composing the sun and the shrinkage of that fiery ball which is the center of our planetary system, then the geologists' figures would not be so hard to accept. Well, Madame Curie did discover a previously unknown source of heat, abundant enough to help the geologists and the astronomers out of their dilemma. Radium is continually giving off heat from a secret source within its atoms, and scientists know that there is thus a source of heat in the universe large enough to have kept the sun and stars going as long as they can imagine and to continue doing so as long as they can imagine.

The Dislike of Innovations

EVEN THOSE of us who like to pride ourselves upon being exceptionally progressive-minded do not escape from having some of our thinking influenced by a deep-seated human characteristic which, while it has many times served a good purpose, has often retarded and at times altogether prevented the progress of mankind. That characteristic finds its expression, often more or less unconsciously, in aversion from what is new and in hostility to the unaccustomed. The Philosopher came across the record of a striking manifestation of that characteristic a few days ago in reading the memoirs of Thomas Creevey, who was Clerk of the Privy Council in London a hundred years ago. In March, 1825, he records with satisfaction the defeat of the first proposal for the construction of the first railroad. "I have come to the conclusion," he writes, "that Ferguson is insane. He was quite enraged at the Committee, in his advocacy of his infernal nuisance of a locomotive monster to carry eighty tons of goods, no less (conceive it, if you can!) and navigated by a tail of snake and sulphur coming across every man's grounds between Manchester and Liverpool. Today we had a clear majority against it, and Ferguson and other promoters of the Bill withdrew it and took their leave of us." Which recalls the fact that a good many years later Sir Charles Napier and other naval authorities opposed with might and main the introduction of steam-power in the Navy. Sir Charles said in the

The Philosopher

House of Commons that it would mean the end of all seamanship. The same protests were made by United States admirals against the introduction of steam. A long list might be made of similar opposition to new proposals. When the first bananas were shipped to London they could not be sold at any price, or even given away. Nobody would eat them. Potatoes were denounced as poisonous when they were first introduced into England, and tomatoes were likewise denounced; the prejudice against tomatoes continued until quite recently. All this is history now, and is merely amusing. But history has a way of repeating itself in new forms.

To Make Knowledge Serve Mankind

NOTHING is written and said more frequently nowadays than that this age has a greater accumulation of knowledge than any age that went before. And it is true. But all this knowledge is contained in a relatively few small and perishable packages. That is to say, it is contained not in books, which are many, but in a relatively few brains. "Knowledge is power," but the knowledge that lies in books has no more power than unmined coal. Can that be called knowledge which nobody knows? If all the books in the world were suddenly destroyed, how much learning would be left? And in how many heads would it be held? Professor J. Arthur Thomson, of the University of Aberdeen, states the case with striking effectiveness in his book, "The Control of Life": "When we think of the more effective and less wasteful exploration of the earth, or of gathering the harvest of the sea, or of making occupations more wholesome, or beautifying human surroundings, or exterminating diseases, or improving the physique of the race, or of recognizing the physiological side of education, we are amazed at the non-utilization of valuable—though confessedly incomplete—scientific knowledge. Part of the reason is that we have not become accustomed, except in some directions, as in medical treatment, to believe in science; but a great part of the reason is a deficiency of character. We do not care enough, we lack resolution." Science, which is to say, knowledge, may be discovered by the few, but it has to be applied by the many, in order to be serviceable to humanity. When it is not applied, it is wasted. Waste of energy, waste of natural resources, waste of life, waste of time, all forms of waste go back to the waste of ideas. There is already ample knowledge in the world by which the human race might be made more comfortable, healthy and prosperous. But there is need creating the ways by which it can be applied, just as in new countries communications have to be provided, roads and bridges, railways, telegraphs and telephones. The knowledge there is in the world needs to be spread to a vastly greater number of brains than hold it now.

The Drug Evil

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, the authorities of all countries are concerned with the drug evil, which constitutes a serious problem for civilized society in general. Local and general laws are made to deal with it. The various Provinces of this country have laws designed for this purpose, as the various States of the country to the south have, and there is Canadian federal legislation, as there is federal legislation in the United States. The cocaine evil presents a formidable problem in Montreal. (And in this connection it is worthy of note that a writer in the New Statesman, of London, describes that city, after visiting it recently, as "the chief alcoholic centre of North America," and remarks that it furnishes a refutation of the familiar assertion that prohibition leads to extension of drug habits; and he adds that "the thoroughly alcoholic cities of London, Paris and Nice now have a great and growing cocaine problem to face.") An estimate of the number of drug addicts in Canada was given recently in the House of Commons at Ottawa by Hon. Dr. Beland, speaking in his capacity as Minister of Health, the figures, as he explained, being based on information received from officials concerned in carrying out the Opium and Narcotic Drugs Act and from all other available sources. There are estimated to be 9,500 drug addicts in the Dominion, of whom 3,800 are in the Province of Quebec (practically all of them in Montreal), and 2,500 in British Columbia, where there is a large Oriental population. The number in Ontario is placed at 1,800, in Manitoba, 500, in Saskatchewan, 250, in Alberta, 350, in New Brunswick, 250, in Nova Scotia, 300, and in Prince Edward Island, none. Cocaine, one of the most widely used habit-forming drugs, has its legitimate uses mainly in dentistry, in eye and nose surgery and in other surgical operations. The Committee on the Use of Cocaine, which was appointed by the British Parliament last year states in its report that science has now provided substitutes for cocaine, notably novocain and butyn, which have all the useful properties of cocaine for legitimate use by surgeon and the dentist, (novocain,

as Sir William Bayliss states in an appendix to that report, being highly preferable to cocaine), but which possesses no property which leads to the formation of a drug habit. It is pointed out that the League of Nations should deal with the drug evil in all its forms. As for cocaine, Germany is almost its sole producer. Its production is a highly complicated process. There is one factory in Switzerland which produces it, but nearly all the cocaine in the world comes from one German factory; and very nearly the whole of the output is used illegally, improperly and disastrously by addicts who will pay anything, or do anything, to get it. As for opium, Orientals are mainly responsible for smuggling it in. The problems presented by the drug evil in its various forms are many and formidable; and they are forcing themselves more and more on public attention.

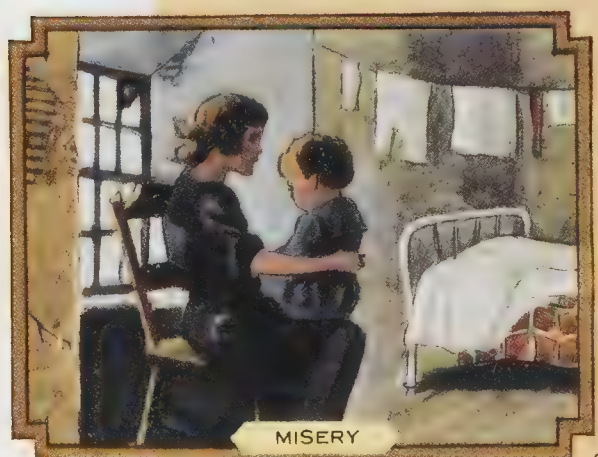
The Increasing Span of Human Life

BABBAGE, the famous English mathematician and inventor, who devised the first calculating machine wrote that "there are few things less subject to fluctuation than the average duration of life of a multitude of individuals." He made that declaration a hundred years ago, and for decades it was a universally believed rule of statisticians. But before his own death in his eighty-first year, in 1871, the beginning had been made in advances in human knowledge and human control over disease which have disposed of that rule of the average duration of human life. Babbage's declaration has been made absolutely erroneous and false. In an address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting in Cambridge, Mass., last month, Dr. Livingston Farrand, president of Cornell University, gave out some interesting statistics, which show that the average duration of life in Canada and the United States is now 56 years, whereas in 1910 it was 52½ years, and in 1870 it was about 41 years. This extraordinary addition of fifteen years to the average life is due largely to the researches of the great Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, his successors and those inspired by him. It is interesting to note that the longest-lived people in the world are the New Zealanders, whose average length of life is 60 years; in India, on the other hand, the average length of life is only 24 years. In the past half-century the death-rate from infant diseases, tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, smallpox, and many other diseases has been reduced very greatly; but there are some diseases over which like victories have yet to be gained. The increase of knowledge is constant, and the problem of spreading health and lengthening the average duration of life is simply the problem of spreading that knowledge broadcast, until every individual governs himself, or herself, in accordance with the principles of individual and community hygiene.

Great Britain Will Pay, to the Last Shilling

THE ARRANGEMENTS completed recently for the payment by Great Britain of the enormous war debt to the United States will take sixty-two years to work out to the end, when the whole amount, principal and interest, will be paid off to the last shilling. British bonds amounting to the principal, \$4,604,128,085.74, have been issued and given to the United States Government. They will be taken up, as they mature, by yearly payments, the first year's payment being \$23,000,000 and the sixty-second year's \$175,000,000. The total British national debt, as given in an official statement of the British Government at the beginning of the present year, was then £7,742,526,147, or, in United States money, more than \$37,000,000,000; so that the debt to the United States is a little less than one-eighth of the whole. That indebtedness of Great Britain to the United States was almost wholly incurred on behalf of Great Britain's allies in the war, who were in 1917-18 also the allies of the United States in the same war. But Great Britain did the borrowing, and will pay, whether others do or not, and whether the nations for whom she borrowed repay her or not. That is the British way. In view of this, it is not to be wondered at that some of the London papers have been recalling that less than fifty years ago eight states of the United States repudiated large debts contracted in Great Britain. After the civil war, when the authority of the United States Government had been re-established over all the States, and there were no longer any states in revolt, eight states, namely Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina and Mississippi, issued bonds amounting to a total of some \$60,000,000, which were bought by investors in Great Britain. On the ground that a great deal of the money realized from those bonds was used dishonestly by officials in the eight states mentioned, later governments in those states cancelled those bonds. The British investors who gave their good money in good faith for those State bonds were left in the position of dupes who buy bogus oil shares, or other engraved sheets of paper prepared by confidence men for the swindling of the unwary. It has been calculated that the total sum of those repudiated state debts, at 5 per cent. per annum compounded would now amount to nearly \$1,000,000,000. Those repudiated state debts were not mentioned on either side when Mr. Stanley Baldwin, chancellor of the exchequer, and other representatives of the British Government met the representatives of the United States Government in Washington to arrange for the payment by Great Britain of \$4,604,128,085.74 to the United States.

WHICH?



There are two roads your family may travel—the road of privation and the road of plenty.

While you live, you are the traffic officer who guides them down the right road.

If you were suddenly withdrawn, which road would they then travel?

An adequate insurance policy acts as a silent officer in your place, so that when you are at last "off duty" for all time, your loved ones will still be able to travel the road you always chose for them.

Which road? That's for you to decide.

Any London Life agent is experienced in cases like yours. Consult him for sound insurance advice.

The
London Life
Insurance Company
Policies "Good as Gold"

HEAD OFFICES

LONDON CANADA

Agencies in all principal cities

OUR FASHION PAGE



FASHION BOOK NOTICE

Send 20 cents in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring and Summer, 1923, Book of Fashions, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, Also Some Points for the Needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Child's Romper, 4031.—Cut in 3 Sizes: 6 mos., 1 year, and 2 years. A 1 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. Price 15c.

Boys' "Overalls", 3982.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 27 inch material. Price 15c.

Girls' Dress, 4140.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material. Price 15c.

Child's Play Garment, 4094.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 2 yards of 32 inch material. Price 15c.

Child's Romper, 3693.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 2 inch material. Price 15c.

Boys' Play Suit, 3549.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for the Overalls and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the Blouse. Price 15c.

Girls' Play Suit, 4120.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the Rompers, and 2 yards for the Smock of 32 inch material. Price 15c.

Child's Play Suit, 3675.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 4 year size will require $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard for the bloomers, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the waist, of 27 inch material. Price 15c.

Child's Play Set, 4090.—Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 3 year size requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 32 inch material. For hat alone 1 yard is required. Price 15c.



Cleans by Air-Alone!*Cleans by Air-Alone!*

★67,678 New Brides in Canada will Start Housekeeping This Year

★Average based on Government statistics for last 10 years.

And may the steps thus taken be along the royal road to happiness. Fortunately the bride of today does not face the drudgery and heavy tasks of housecleaning that her grandmother did. Labor-saving devices on every hand are hers to lighten her home duties. Of them all the **Royal Electric Cleaner** will perhaps be found the greatest boon. For the **Royal** cleans by **air alone**. With the **Royal Electric Cleaner** the young housekeeper avoids the fatigue and "nerves" of housecleaning days.

A Clean, Bright Home

The use of the Royal means a thoroughly clean, bright home, free from the menace of germ-laden dirt. The Royal cleans all kinds of rugs—Axminsters, Brussels, Chenilles, Velvets, Orientals, Wiltons—quickly and thoroughly. It sweeps up "with air alone" threads, paper, lint, hairs and other surface litter. It removes "with air alone" the embedded dirt that even washing often fails to get, and leaves the nap straightened, cleansed and unharmed. The Royal has no revolving brushes, belts or gears to get out of order.

The Royal is a Complete Housecleaning Outfit

It is more than a rug cleaner. It will clean the living room, the sleeping rooms, the attic, the cellar—easily, quickly and thoroughly. It is the only cleaner that will efficiently clean hardwood or concrete floors and stairways.

With its convenient attachments, you can easily clean upholstered furniture, mattresses and hangings as thoroughly as your floors. You can also in a few minutes clean clothes, fireplaces, registers, dresser drawers, and under heavy furniture and radiators. You can even renovate feather pillows.

The Royal is so light that you can carry it upstairs and down almost as easily as a broom. It weighs barely 11 pounds.

The Royal makes a most desirable wedding gift, and if not included in your list of wedding presents, it certainly should be "the gift from the groom to the bride."—*The first step along the ROYAL road to happiness.*

Demonstration Free in Your Own Home

We will be very glad to arrange a free demonstration in your own home. Write us today for free booklet about the Royal Electric Cleaner and the name of the Royal representative in your district.

Ten of the many points of ROYAL Superiority:

*Its light weight—only 11 pounds
Its extra wide nozzle—14 inches
Adjusts to any surface
Its dust tight bag
Has handiest switch
Large rubberoid wheels
Requires oil only 4 times a year
Has adequate attachments
Cleans by air alone—saves carpets
It is fully guaranteed.*

Let the Royal Man Demonstrate

In practically every community there is a Royal Man connected with a reliable retail store handling electrical appliances, who will be glad to explain the superiority of this new cleaning method. Without obligation on your part, he will be glad to clean a rug for you and let you judge for yourself the worth of the Royal. Write us and we will see that you are put in touch with the nearest Royal Man in your district.

*Made
in
Canada*



DEALERS: The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information.

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES: There are numerous desirable opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.

Manufactured in Canada by **Continental Electric Co., Limited., - Toronto**
In U.S.A., the P. A. Geier Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

ROYAL Electric Cleaner

Cleans By Air Alone!



A Sauce for Every Occasion

MANY plain foods may be made attractive by the addition of suitable sauces. Sometimes the sauce is needed to bring out the flavor of a bland food. Again, a leftover of meat, fish, vegetables, etc., not quite enough for another meal, may be extended with a sauce to make a very satisfactory dish. It makes a satisfactory method of reheating some food which is better served hot than cold. But, care should be taken not to smother everything with sauce till the family is weary of it.

White Sauce

1 c. Milk 2 tb. Flour
2 tb. Fat Seasonings

There are several methods of combining the ingredients. One is to melt the butter when it bubbles stir in the flour, continuing to stir till perfectly blended and smooth and glossy. The hot milk is added a little at a time, the stirring being continued, or the flour and butter cooled and the cold milk added. The sauce is stirred constantly till it boils. Add the seasoning.

Bacon fat may be used in place of butter. Bay leaf, pepper corns, chopped onion or celery may be heated with the milk to give flavor.

Variations of White Sauce

Cheese Sauce—

To white sauce, add grated or chopped cheese, three tablespoonfuls or more, according to the strength of the cheese, and the amount desired.

Celery Sauce—

Use half milk and half celery stick (the water in which celery is cooked) as the liquid, and add to it 1 c. of cooked celery rubbed through a sieve.

Curry Sauce—

Cook one slice of onion with the butter when making white sauce and to the flour, add ½ teaspoon curry powder, and proceed as in making white sauce. If a stronger flavor is desired, more curry powder may be used.

Mornay Sauce—

To white sauce, add ¼ c. grated cheese, and the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Cook for 1 minute, stirring constantly, to cook the egg yolks.

Horse radish sauce—

Add 2 tablespoons grated horse radish to white sauce.

Brown Sauce

In making Brown Sauces, the butter is heated till well browned, then the flour added and stirred till the mixture is quite brown before adding the liquid, but care must be taken not to burn them. A slightly larger quantity of flour must be used, as the browning lessens its thickening property. Usually 3 tablespoons are used to one cup of liquid, which is usually brown stock, or boiling water flamed with 1 teaspoon of beef extract, or an oxa cube. Frequently a slice of onion is cooked with the butter.

Variations of Brown Sauce

Orange Sauce—

To Brown Sauce, add ½ cup of Orange juice and the rind of one orange, cut in fancy shapes, or shredded.

Sauce Piquante—

To Brown sauce, add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar, ½ teaspoon chopped chives or onion, 1 tablespoon each of chopped pickles and capers, and a few grains of cayenne.

Mushroom Sauce—

Add ¼ can mushrooms, drained and cut in slices or quarters, or if using fresh mushrooms, peel them, slice and saute in 2 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes.

Tomato Sauce

Substitute tomato juice for milk in white sauce. It may be either canned or stewed fresh tomatoes. The tomato may be simmered with a slice of onion, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley or a few pepper corns (6 to 8). Before straining and using it in the sauce.

Creole Sauce

Make Tomato Sauce, using bacon fat instead of butter and add 2 slices of cooked diced bacon, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 chopped green pepper 1 chopped pimiento.

Bechamel Sauce

Make the same as white sauce, using as ½ the liquid, white stock, preferably chicken, highly seasoned with vegetables, such as onion, carrot, bay leaf, parsley (then strained) with scalded milk as the other half of the liquid.

Yellow Bechamel Sauce

To Bechamel Sauce, add the yolks of 2 eggs, slightly beaten, pouring a small quantity of the hot sauce on the egg yolk, then gradually adding to the remaining sauce, to prevent curdled appearance.



Asparagus Tips with Cheese Sauce.

Cucumber Sauce

Grate the required number of cucumbers, drain, season with salt, pepper and vinegar.

Maitre d'Hotel Butter

Butter, 4 tbsp. Chopped Parsley, 2 ts.
Salt, ½ tsp Lemon juice, 2 tsp
Pepper, ¼ tsp.

Cream the butter, work in the salt, pepper and parsley, then add the lemon juice a few drops at a time.

Mousseline Sauce

Add 2 well beaten egg yolks and one teaspoon of lemon juice to Bechamel Sauce just before serving.

Hollandaise Sauce

Butter, ½ cup Salt, ¼ tsp.
Egg Yolks, 2 Cayenne, few grains
Lemon Juice, 1 tb. Boiling Water, ½ cup

Wash the butter by putting in a bowl, covering with cold water, and working with a spoon. Divide it into three parts. Put 1 part of butter, the egg yolks, and lemon juice in a sauce pan in a large pan of boiling water, and stir constantly till the butter melts. Then add the second piece of butter and when it begins to thicken, the third piece, then the water,

salt and cayenne. Cook one minute, continuing to stir to prevent curdling.

Drawn Butter Sauce

Butter, 4 tbs. Hot water, 1 cup
Flour, 2 tbs. Salt, ½ ts.
Pepper, ⅛ ts.

Melt half the butter, stir in the flour and seasonings, and gradually pour on it the hot water. Boil 5 minutes, gradually adding the remaining butter in small bits.

Caper Sauce

To Drawn Butter Sauce, add ⅓ cup of capers, drained from their liquor.

Egg Sauce

To Drawn Butter Sauce, add 2 hard boiled eggs thinly sliced, or cut in small pieces.

Mint Sauce

Chopped mint leaves, ¼ cup
Vinegar, ½ cup
Powdered Sugar, 1 tablespoon

Dissolve the sugar in the vinegar, pour over the mint leaves. Let stand in a warm place for half an hour, to infuse.

Bread Sauce

Milk 1 c. Onions, ½
Fine Stale Crumbs of bread, ¼ c.
Cloves, 3 Cayenne few grains
Butter, 1½ tb. Salt, ¼ t.
Coarse Crumbs, ¼ c.

Creole Sauce with oysters, macaroni, rice.

Bechamel Sauce with chicken, sweet breads, cutlets, vegetables such as carrots, mushrooms, asparagus.

Cucumber Sauce with fish.

Maitre d'Hotel butter with steak, fish, vegetables.

Mousseline Sauce with vegetables.

Hollandaise Sauce with fish, steak or vegetables.

Drawn Butter Sauce with fish and vegetables.

Caper Sauce with lamb and mutton.

Egg Sauce with fish.

Mint Sauce with lamb and mutton.

Bread Sauce with game and poultry, especially partridge.

To Accompany the Pudding

Hard Sauce

Butter, ½ cup Powdered Sugar, 1 c
Lemon Extract, ⅓ teaspoon.
Vanilla, ⅓ ts Hot water, ½ ts

To the butter add the hot water, cream it, add the sugar and flavoring gradually.

Sterling Sauce

Butter, ½ c. Vanilla, 1 ts
Brown Sugar, 1 c. Cream or Milk, 4 tbs.
Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the vanilla and milk or cream, drop by drop, to prevent separating.

Foamy Sauce

Butter, ½ c. Egg, 1
Powdered Sugar, 1 c Vanilla, 1 ts.
Milk, 2 tbs.

Cream the butter, add the sugar, gradually the egg, well beaten, vanilla and milk. Beat while heating over hot water.

Strawberry Sauce

Butter, ½ c. Powdered Sugar, 1 c
Ripe Strawberries, ⅓ c. Egg White, 1
Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, the stiffly beaten egg whites and the crushed strawberries. Canned berries may be used, decreasing the amount of sugar.

Grape Sauce

Grapes, rubbed through a sieve may be substituted for strawberries, in the recipe for Strawberry Sauce.

Creamy Sauce

Butter, ¼ c. Milk, 3 tbs.
Vanilla 1 ts. Powdered Sugar, ¾ c.
Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the milk and vanilla drop by drop to prevent curdling. Warm over hot water, stirring continually.

Lemon Sauce

Sugar, ½ c. Butter, 2 tbs.
Boiling Water, 1 c Lemon Juice, 1½ tbs.
Cornstarch, 1tb. Salt, a few grains
Mix the sugar and cornstarch, gradually add the hot water, place on the stove, and boil at least 5 minutes. Remove from the fire, add butter, lemon juice and salt.

Vanilla Sauce

Substitute 1 teaspoon of vanilla for the lemon juice in the recipe for Lemon Sauce.

Custard Sauce

Scalded Milk, 2 c. Sugar, ¼ c.
Yolks of 4 eggs Salt, a few grains
or 2 yolks and 1 whole egg
Vanilla, 1 ts.
Beat the eggs, add the sugar and salt and scalded milk. Return to double boiler and cook while stirring constantly till the spoon is coated. Chill and flavor.

When to Serve Them

White Sauce with vegetables, fish, eggs, or meat.

Cheese Sauce with vegetables, macaroni, eggs, fish or toast.

Celery Sauce with chicken or turkey.

Curry Sauce with rice, chicken or eggs.

Mornay Sauce with fish, chicken, rice or starchy vegetables, especially potatoes.

Horse radish Sauce with boiled tongue or beef.

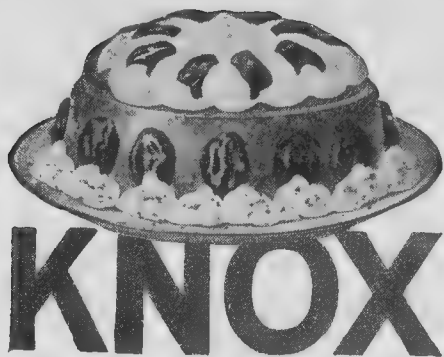
Brown Sauce with meat.

Orange Sauce with roast duck or lamb.

Sauce Piquante with left over meats, especially lamb or mutton.

Mushroom Sauce with entrees.

Tomato Sauce with cereal dishes such as rice, macaroni, barley, meat dishes and eggs.



KNOX

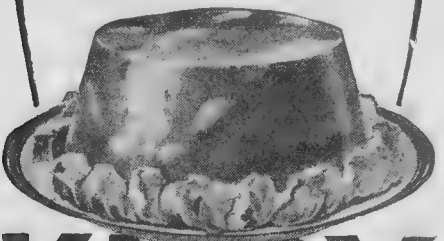
Something Interesting About Prunes!

MOST people grow tired of the things that are good for them. Take prunes or canned fruit, for instance. Just serve them in either a delicious dessert or a salad, and the children, as well as the grown-ups, will look upon them as real treats.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water 1/2 cup scalded milk
1 cup sugar Whites of two eggs
1 pt. heavy cream or evaporated milk
2 1/2 cup cooked prunes or apricots, cut in pieces 1/4 cup milk
1/4 cup chopped figs, if desired Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water 10 minutes, dissolve in scalded milk; add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan of ice water, stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; add egg whites, beaten stiff, heavy cream, (diluted with milk and beaten until stiff), prunes and figs. Turn into wet mold, garnishing bottom and sides with halves of cooked prunes, and chill.

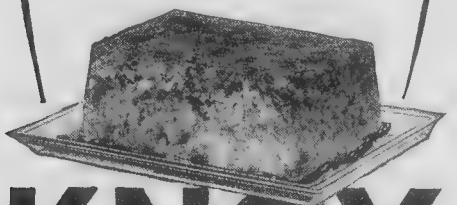


KNOX

PEAR SALAD

1 envelope Knox Acidulated Gelatine
(or one envelope of Sparkling Gelatine and 1/2 cup Lemon Juice)
1/2 cup cold water 1 can pears
1/4 cup sugar 1 pint tomato cheese
Few grains salt 1/4 cup nuts, chopped
1/2 envelope Lemon Flavoring

Soften gelatine in cold water 10 minutes. Drain pears and allow enough hot water in addition to pear syrup to make 3 cups in all. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add pear syrup, 1/2 the lemon flavoring found in separate envelope, or 1/2 cup lemon juice, sugar and salt. Make cheese balls of tomato cheese and chopped nuts. Pour a little of the jelly into wet cups or individual molds and when it has started to congeal, place a cheese ball in center of pear halves. Fill molds with pears and jelly. When firm, turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with whole nut meats and mayonnaise. Other fruits may be used instead of pears.



KNOX

Sparkling Gelatine



Send for Mrs. Knox's free recipe book, "Dainty Desserts" enclosing 4c. postage and mention your grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St., W., Montreal

BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 54

In the Spring when everyone seems to be affected by a certain lassitude, the use of vitamins in the diet has much to do with energizing and preparing the system for the summer's activities. Vitamins are found in fruits, fresh vegetables, milk and cheese, and these should be included in every meal.

The following cheese dishes will help meet your needs, and are very appetizing:

Cheese Croquettes

3 tbs. butter 1 cup mild cheese
1/4 cup flour cut in small pieces
2/3 cup milk 1/2 c. grated Swiss
Yolks of 2 eggs Cheese

Few grains cayenne Salt and pepper
Make a thick white sauce, using butter, flour, and milk. Add yolks of eggs without first beating, and stir until well mixed; then add grated cheese. As soon as cheese melts, remove from fire, fold in cheese cubes, and season with salt, pepper, and cayenne. Spread in a shallow pan, and cool. Turn on a board, cut in small squares or strips, dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. Serve for a cheese course, or as a luncheon dish.

Cheese Fondue

1 cup scalded milk 1 tbs. butter
1 cup soft stale 1/2 teaspoon salt
bread crumbs Yolks of 2 eggs
1/4 lb. milk cheese White of 2 eggs
cut in small pieces

Mix first five ingredients, add yolks of eggs beaten until lemon-colored. Cut and fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Pour in a buttered baking-dish, and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Cheese Souffle

2 tbs. butter Few grains cayenne
3 tbs. flour 1/4 cup grated
1/2 cup scalded milk Canadian cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt Yolks of 3 eggs
Whites of 3 eggs

Melt butter, add flour, and when well-mixed add gradually scalded milk. Then add salt, cayenne and cheese. Remove from fire; add yolks of eggs beaten until lemon-colored. Cool mixture and cut and fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Pour into a buttered baking-dish, and bake twenty minutes in a slow oven. Serve at once.

Cheese Balls (1)

1 1/2 cups grated Few grains
mild cheese cayenne
1 tbs. flour Whites of 3 eggs
1/4 tsp. salt Cracker dust
Mix cheese with flour and seasonings. Beat whites of eggs until stiff, and add to first mixture. Shape in small balls, roll in cracker dust, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. Serve with salad course.

Cheese Balls (2)

1 small cream 1 tb. chopped
cheese fresh parsley
Mix thoroughly and roll into balls.

Rice with Cheese

Steam one cup rice, allowing one tablespoon salt; cover bottom of buttered pudding-dish with rice, dot over with three-fourths tablespoon butter, sprinkle with thin shavings mild cheese and a few grains cayenne; repeat until rice and one-fourth pound cheese are used. Add milk to half the depth of contents of dish, cover with buttered cracker crumbs, and bake until cheese melts. This is a pleasant variation from macaroni and cheese.

Curried Vegetables

Cook one cup each potatoes and carrots, and one-half cup turnips, cut in fancy shapes, in boiling salted water until soft. Drain, add one-half cup canned peas, and pour over a sauce made by cooking two tablespoons butter with two slices onion five minutes, removing onion, adding two tablespoons flour, three-fourths teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon curry powder, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, few grains celery salt, and pouring on gradually one cup scalded milk. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

French Fried Potatoes

Wash and pare small potatoes, cut in eighths, lengthwise, and soak one hour in cold water. Take from water, dry between towels, and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

Continued on page 56

Have You Enjoyed the Delicious Flavor of "SALADA" TEA

If NOT, you have missed a treat.
Vacuum packed and scientifically
sealed, "SALADA" is 100% PURE.

SO CLEAN and DELICIOUS!
JUST TRY IT.

H 337



Canada's Household Name

FOR

Real Good Coffee

CHASE & SANBORN'S



SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Sold only in 1/2, 1 and 2 lb. airtight tins.

Whole, ground or fine ground for Tricolator or Percolator use.

CHASE & SANBORN, - MONTREAL.

40

TEA

Do you like
real, good
tea? That's
the kind an
SMP Enam-
eled Ware
Tea Pot makes.
Try it. There is
no discoloration or
tainting with SMP
Enamelled Ware. No loss of flavor.
And it is so simple to clean. Ask for



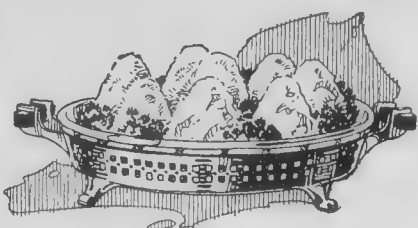
SMP Enamelled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging

The Sheet Metal Products Co. of Canada
Montreal TORONTO Winnipeg
Edmonton Vancouver Calgary

152

Magazine Value as represented by The Western
Home Monthly at \$1.00 per year is unequalled.
Tell your friends about it.



Potato Puff with Cheese

By Miss Ada Wells.
(From the Ingersoll Recipe Book)

2 cups hot mashed potato
4 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup milk
1 egg well beaten [Cheese
1/2 cup Ingersoll Cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Beat all together until thoroughly mixed and very light. Form into small pyramids and drop onto a buttered tin or pyrex plate, and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown.

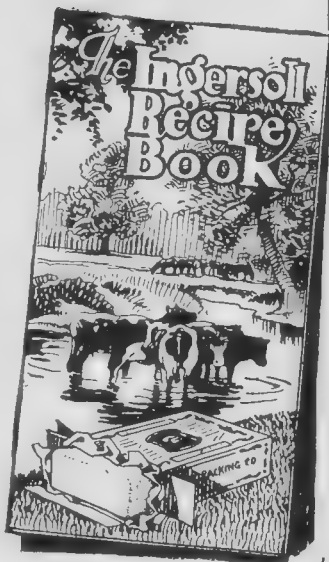
Dainty Dishes with Cream Cheese

Why don't you try some of the cheese recipes contained in the Ingersoll Recipe Book? You've no idea what delicious dishes can be prepared based on Ingersoll Cream Cheese.

We'll gladly send you our new book of prize recipes if you write us.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese is mild, mellow, soft and creamy. It spreads like butter. It keeps well and stays fresh. Sold in a sanitary waxed carton—easily opened and easily closed.

Made in the County of Oxford, Ontario, Home of Canada's Finest Cream, by The Ingersoll Packing Company, Limited, Ingersoll, Canada.



Ingersoll Cream Cheese

"Spreads Like Butter"

207

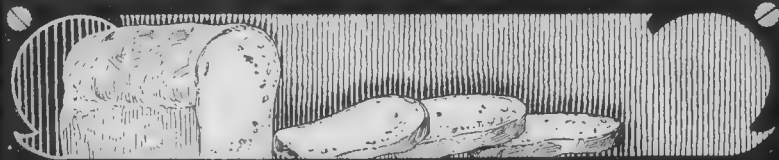
Sold on merit alone.

Gold Standard Tea

The Godville Company, Limited.



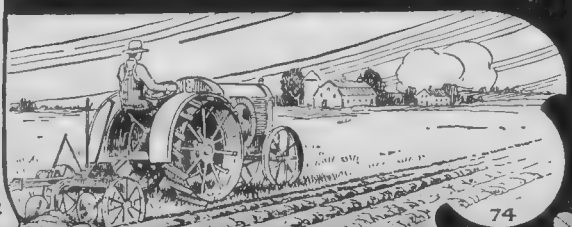
38



PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread" and Better Pastry too

USE IT IN ALL YOUR BAKING



74

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 56

Care must be taken that fat is not too hot as potatoes must be cooked as well as browned.

Potato Marbles

Wash and pare potatoes, shape in balls, using a French vegetable cutter. Soak fifteen minutes in cold water; take from water and dry between towels. Fry in deep fat, drain and sprinkle with salt.

Potato Croquettes

2 cups hot riced potatoes Few grains cayenne
2 tbsp. butter Few drops onion juice
1/2 tsp. salt Yolk 1 egg
1/8 tsp. pepper 1 tsp. finely chopped parsley
1/4 tsp. celery salt
Mix ingredients in order given, and beat thoroughly. Shape, dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again, fry one minute in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Croquettes are shaped in a variety of forms. The most common way is to first form a smooth ball by rolling one rounding table spoon of mixture between hands. Then roll on a board until of desired length, and flatten ends.

Potato Fritters

2 cups hot riced potatoes Few gratings nutmeg
4 tbsps. cream Few grains cayenne
1 tsp. salt 3 eggs
1/2 cup flour Yolk 2 eggs.
Add cream and seasonings to potatoes; then add eggs well beaten, having bowl containing mixture in pan of ice-water, and beat until cold. Add flour and when well mixed, drop by spoonfuls in deep fat, fry until delicately browned, and drain on brown paper.

Devil's Food Cake (2)

4 squares unsweetened chocolate 1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup sugar 1/4 cup sour milk
1/2 cup sweet milk 1 egg
Yolk of 1 egg 1 1/2 cups flour
1/4 cup butter 1/2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. vanilla

Melt chocolate over hot water, add one-half cup sugar, and gradually sweet milk; then add yolk of egg, and cook until mixture thickens. Set aside to cool. Cream the butter, add gradually one-half cup sugar, egg well beaten, sour milk, and flour mixed and sifted with soda. Combine mixtures and add vanilla. Bake in shallow cake pans, and put between and on top boiled frosting. Add to filling one-fourth cup raisins seeded and cut in pieces, if desired.

Walnut Cake

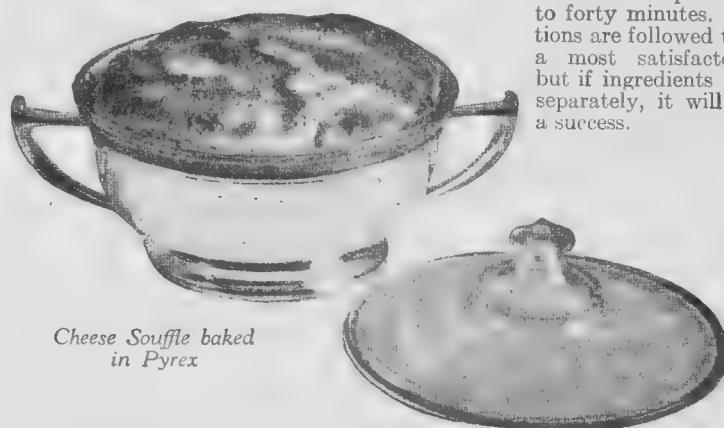
1/2 cup butter 1 1/4 cups flour
1 cup sugar 2 3/4 tps. baking powder
Yolks of 3 eggs 1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 cup milk Whites of 2 eggs
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup walnut meats, broken in pieces.

Mix ingredients in order given. Bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with White Mountain Cream, crease in squares, and put one-half walnut on each square.

Quick Cake

1/3 cup soft butter 1 1/4 cups flour
1 1/2 c. brown sugar 3 tps. baking powder
2 eggs 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 cup milk 1/2 lb. dates, stoned and cut in pieces
1/2 tps. grated nutmeg

Put ingredients in a bowl and beat all together for three minutes, using a wooden cake spoon. Bake in a buttered and floured cake pan thirty-five to forty minutes. If directions are followed this makes a most satisfactory cake; but if ingredients are added separately, it will not prove a success.



Cheese Souffle baked in Pyrex

Dependable Cake Recipes

White Mountain Cream Frosting

1 cup sugar 1/2 tsp. vanilla or
1/3 cup cold water 1/2 tbs. lemon juice
White of 1 egg

Put sugar and water in saucepan, and stir to prevent sugar from adhering to saucepan; heat gradually to boiling point, and boil without stirring until syrup will thread when dropped from tip of spoon or tines of silver fork. Pour syrup gradually on beaten white of egg, beating mixture constantly, and continue beating until of right consistency to spread; then add flavoring and pour over cake, spreading evenly with back of spoon. Crease as soon as firm. If not beaten long enough, frosting will run; if beaten too long, it will not be smooth. Frosting beaten too long may be improved by adding a few drops of lemon juice or boiling water. This frosting is soft inside, and has a glossy surface. If frosting is to be ornamented with nuts or candied cherries, place them on frosting as soon as spread.

Devil's Food Cake (1)

1/2 cup butter 5 tps. baking powder
2 cups sugar 1/2 tsp. salt
Yolks of 4 eggs Whites of 4 eggs
1 cup milk 4 squares chocolate
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cream the butter, and add gradually one-half the sugar. Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon-colored, and add gradually remaining sugar. Combine mixtures, and add alternately milk and flour mixed and sifted with baking powder and salt. Then add whites of eggs beaten stiff, chocolate melted, and vanilla. Bake forty-five to fifty minutes in an angel cake pan. Cover with White Mountain Cream.

The Use of Milk

There is one article of diet which all persons may take under all conditions, and that is milk.

There are those who say they cannot take milk; that it makes them bilious, etc.; but that is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains, in a form easy of assimilation, all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly. New milk, I do not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in any and every condition. Perhaps it will require the addition of lime-water, if marked acidity of the stomach is present; and perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach somewhat; and it may be necessary to give it in small quantities and repeat it often; but ice cold milk can be put into a veritable stomach if given in small quantities and at short intervals, with the happiest effects. We have now come to believe, contrary to the teachings of our fathers, that cold water, even ice-cold water, is a beneficial drink, and therefore permit our patients to have it as often as they wish, provided too much is not taken at one time.

Now tea, which is a wholesome beverage, and withal contributes somewhat to scandal, is very comforting, especially to a sick woman, and may be given without harm, if it is sufficiently diluted with milk. When made very weak—just strong enough to give a flavor—well supplied with milk, and perhaps a little sugar, it gives the patient a trifle of nourishment in a very palatable form.—Dr. Crosby.

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 56

Fruit Salad that is especially good



WITH Cox's Gelatine in the house, it is easy to prepare a dainty, delicious salad out of left-over fruits. This recipe will serve five to six persons.



- 1 envelope Cox's Gelatine
- 1 cup (½ pint) water
- 2 tablespoons sugar or honey
- 2 cups (1 pint) ginger ale
- 1½ cups (¾ pint) mixed fruit

Pour water into saucepan, add Gelatine, sugar or honey and dissolve. Take from fire and add ginger ale. Cut fruits into neat pieces, place in a glass dish, and cover with the strained Gelatine mixture. Chill and serve with or without salad dressing.

Grape juice or other fruit juice may be used in place of ginger ale. Left-over fruits may be used in this way, and, if desired, the mixture may be divided into individual molds.

For making jellies and desserts of all kinds, for salads, soups and savories, you will find Cox's Gelatine a very real help. And also a valuable and healthful food because of its rich protein content. It enables you to use up odds and ends of meat, vegetables and fruit, in many delightful ways. Cox's Gelatine is absolutely pure, unflavored and unsweetened.

We shall be glad to send you a copy of our little booklet, "Cox's Gelatine Recipes." It is free, upon request.

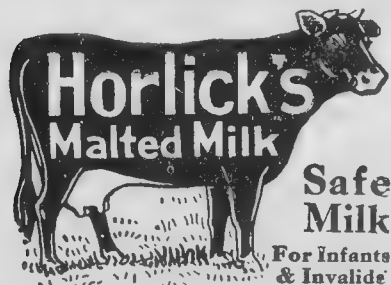
Cox's Gelatine is made in Scotland.

Cut out and save this recipe.

THE COX GELATINE CO., LTD.
Dept. 5-K, P. O. Box 3009, Montreal, Que.

Cox's

Instant Powdered
GELATINE



Horlick's Malted Milk
Safe Milk
For Infants & Invalids
A Nutritious Diet for All Ages.
Keep Horlick's Always on Hand
Quick Lunch; Home or Office.

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

TEA AND COFFEE

TEA is used by more than one-half of the human race. All tea is grown from one species of shrub, "Thea," the leaves of which constitute the tea of commerce. Climate, elevation, soil, cultivation, and care in picking and curing all go to make up the differences. First-quality tea is made from young, whole leaves. Two kinds of tea are considered:-

Black tea, made from leaves which have been allowed to ferment before curing.

Green tea, made from unfermented leaves artificially colored.

From analysis, it has been found that tea is rich in proteid, but taken as an infusion acts as a stimulant rather than as a nutrient. The nutriment is gained from sugar, and milk served with it. The stimulating property of tea is due to the alkaloid, "theine," together with an essential oil; it contains an astringent, tannin. Black tea contains less theine, essential oil, and tannin than green tea. The tannic acid, developed from the tannin by infusion, injures the coating of the stomach.

Although tea is not a substitute for food, it appears so for a considerable period of time, as its stimulating effect is immediate. It is certain that less food is required where much tea is taken, for by its use there is less wear of the tissues, consequently need of repair. When taken to excess, it so acts on the nervous system as to produce sleeplessness or insomnia, and finally makes a complete wreck of its victim. Taken in moderation, it acts as a mild stimulant, and ingests a considerable amount of water into the system; it heats the body in winter, and cools the body in summer. Children should never be allowed to drink tea, and it had better be avoided by the young, while it may be indulged in by the aged, as it proves a valuable stimulant as the functional activities of the stomach become weakened.

Freshly boiled water should be used for making tea. Boiled, because below the boiling-point the stimulating property, theine, would not be extracted. Freshly boiled, because long cooking renders it flat and insipid to taste on account of the escape of its atmospheric gases. Tea should always be infused, never boiled. Long steeping destroys the delicate flavor by developing a larger amount of tannic acid.

To Make Tea

3 tsp tea 2 cups boiling water
Scald an earthen or china teapot. Put in tea, and pour on boiling water. Let stand on back of range or in a warm place five minutes. Strain and serve immediately, with or without sugar and milk. Avoid a second steeping of leaves with addition of a few fresh ones. If this is done, so large an amount of tannin is extracted that various ills are apt to follow.

The coffee-tree is grown in all tropical countries. In their natural state coffee-berries are almost tasteless; therefore color, shape and size determine value. Formerly, coffee was cured by exposure to the sun; but on account of warm climate and sudden rainfalls, coffee was often injured. By the new method, coffee is washed, and then dried by steam heat.

Tea comes to us ready for use; coffee needs roasting. In process of roasting the seeds increase in size, but lose fifteen per cent in weight. Roasting is necessary to develop the delightful aroma and flavor. Java coffee is considered the finest. Mocha commands a higher price, owing to certain acidity and sparkle, which alone is not desirable; but when combined with Java, in proportion of two parts Java to one part Mocha, the coffee best suited to average taste is made. Strange as it may seem to the consumer, all coffee sold as Java does not come from the island of Java. Any coffee, wherever grown, having same characteristics and flavor, is sold as Java. The same is true of other kinds of coffee.

The stimulating property of coffee is due to the alkaloid "caffeine," together with an essential oil. Like tea, it contains an astringent. Coffee is more stimulating than tea, although weight for weight, tea contains about twice as much theine as coffee contains caffeine. The smaller proportion of tea used accounts for the difference. A cup of coffee with breakfast, and a cup of tea with sugar, serve as a milk stimulant for an adult, and form a valuable food adjunct, but should never be found in the dietary of a child or dyspeptic. Coffee taken in moderation quickens action of the heart, acts directly upon the nervous system, and assists gastric digestion. Fatigue of body and mind are much lessened by moderate use of coffee; severe exposure to cold can be better endured by the coffee drinker. In times of war, coffee has proved more valuable than alcoholic stimulants to keep up the enduring power of soldiers. Coffee acts as an antidote for opium and alcoholic poisoning. Tea and coffee are much more readily absorbed when taken on an empty stomach; therefore this should be avoided except when used for medicinal purposes. Coffee must be taken in moderation; its excessive use means palpitation of the heart, tremor, insomnia, and nervous prostration.

Coffee is often adulterated with chicory, beans, peas, and various cereals, which are colored, roasted and ground. By many, a small amount of chicory is considered an improvement, owing to the bitter principle and volatile oil which it contains. Chicory is void of caffeine. The addition of chicory may be detected by adding cold water to supposed coffee; if chicory is present, the liquid will be quickly discolored, and chicory will sink; pure coffee will float.

Coffee should be bought for family use in small quantities, freshly roasted and ground; or, if one has a coffee-mill, it may be ground at home as needed. After being ground, unless kept air tight, it quickly deteriorates. If not bought in air-tight cans, with tight-fitting cover, or glass jar, it should be emptied into canister as soon as brought from grocer's. In sealed tins is the most safe and satisfactory way of buying coffee.

Boiled Coffee.

- 1 cup coffee 1 cup cold water
- 1 egg 6 cups boiling water

Scald granite-ware coffee-pot. Wash egg, break, and beat slightly. Dilute with one-half the cold water, add crushed shell, and mix with coffee. Turn into coffee-pot, pour on boiling water, and stir thoroughly. Place on front of range, and boil three minutes. If not boiled, coffee is cloudy; if boiled too long, too much tannic acid is developed. The spout of pot should be covered or stuffed with soft paper to prevent escape of fragrant aroma. Stir and pour some in a cup to be sure that spout is free from grounds. Return to coffee-pot and repeat. Add remaining cold water, which perfects clearing. Cold water being heavier than hot water, sinks to the bottom, carrying grounds with it. Place on back of range for ten minutes, where coffee will not boil. Serve at once. If any is left over, drain from grounds, and reserve for making of jelly or other dessert.

Tin is an undesirable material for a coffee-pot, as tannic acid acts on such metal and is apt to form a poisonous compound.

Coffee made in a percolator is very good, and does not need the addition of egg or cold water to clear as the grounds are kept quite separate from the liquid. Cream and sugar should be put into the cup before coffee, as quite a perceptible difference will be noticed if put in afterwards. If cream is not available, scalded milk will be found very satisfactory.

YOU may flood your plate with cheap sauce, but even then you do not secure the results obtained from a few drops of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce



That's why it is wasteful to accept substitutes for Lea & Perrins'. Not only is the duplication of Lea and Perrins' unattainable — but this fine old British Sauce lasts longest because it can be used sparingly.

12

The ORIGINAL Worcestershire

DURO ALUMINUM KITCHEN UTENSILS



The Duro Percolator
8 cup size

Makes delicious coffee. Adds
a new zest to breakfast.

The
DEPENDABLE
Line
99% PURE



At your dealers
Made in Canada
DURO ALUMINUM, Limited
Hamilton, Ontario

Cuticura Talcum
is Fragrant and
Very Healthful

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. each. Sold everywhere.
Can. Depot: Lyman's, Limited, 81, Paul St., Montreal.

Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

Experience my teacher

I invented my scientific hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair which was prematurely gray. Since, millions have used it and so will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Now I have something new to offer and almost as important, in the shape of a new preparatory powder which puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration. This powder is a recent discovery of my laboratories and its action is that of tonic and antiseptic. A package now comes with each full sized bottle and a trial sized package is included in my special patented free trial outfit. I urge you to send for this patented outfit today and prove how easily, surely and beneficially you can restore your own gray hair to its natural color.

Mail coupon today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer, and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

FREE TRIAL COUPON Please print your name and address—
MARY T. GOLDMAN,
 79E Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
 Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black... dark brown... medium brown... auburn (dark red)... light brown... light auburn (light red)... blonde....
 Name.....
 Street..... City.....

Borden's EAGLE BRAND

Condensed Milk

—is the natural food for baby when Mother's milk fails. It is just pure milk and pure sugar.

Doctors endorse it.

Send for free Baby Books
The Borden Co. Limited
 MONTREAL



When writing advertisers please mention
 The Western Home Monthly

MOTHER'S SECTION

WHY DON'T WE GO TO CHURCH?

By Rose Paynter

W have heard a good deal in the last twelve months about "The Forward Movement." Why was it necessary for the Church to make this special effort? When religion was hard to obtain look how the convenancers fought for it! It does not seem to me you can ever conjoin people into church. You can not force the religion onto the people any more than you can keep them from it if they want it. Why don't they want it? Is not every man, woman, and child on this sad old earth craving contentment and happiness today with just the same ardour and longings of a hundred years ago? Is anybody more satisfied today with wealth, excitement, luxury than they ever were?

No, a thousand times no. It is the church—her own fault that we spurn her. Just look at all the new sects. Why are they started? It is because of the vagueness of religion nowadays. We do not need to make our services more attractive. We need to make them real. If people want amusement, they go to the picture hall, not to church. The Salvation Army goes deeper into the hearts of people than most of our Churches. Why? Because it means something. Christ never had "special singing" nor comfortable seats for His congregation. He did not mean to make a spectacle for what He did. He simply talked from His heart to the human heart. And, unless our men, our clergy, who stand to show us Christ, do the same, we feel naturally when we go to church that we are being given stones instead of bread. "Come to me," said Christ, "all who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Where would we not go if we believed this message? Are not souls all over seeking for just Christ's rest. Our men do not go to the heart of things, it seems to me they are all too much taken up with doctrines. We are not all made with great minds—arguments are for St. Paul and his following. Christ gave us the truth, God's love. "A little child" was the symbol of the Kingdom of Heaven's inhabitants.

We hear a lot these days about the new clergy. I read that many soldiers who have returned from the war are now eager to enter the church. This, it seems to me, is a wonderful opportunity. Surely those men will teach us better than the "boys" who enter the ministry without any struggle in life.

No one can really impart what he has not grasped. We cannot grasp the pathos of life until we have lived it at least in part. Christ, himself, divine as He was, never entered the ministry until He was thirty years old, and yet we do.

No man should be allowed to enter God's service until he has lived. How can a sheltered boy ever talk convincingly to men. It is not education that teaches life. It is living. Surely the training of our clergy is inefficient. Why must it be so long. Theology should never be dry. The dry bones of the Church is not what Christ asks. Let those who thirst and hunger come to church, mentally, physically. Body and soul are so near related—we can not really separate them and their needs while we are on earth. I have heard so few men, in the pulpit or out of it, who really try to win souls for Christ. The Church cannot get men to work for her by merely paying them. "The hiring careth nothing for the sheep." Consider this, Oh, you Bishops and Leaders. Put a real heart-searching examination to those men who come into our churches. It is not education they need, it is not manners—a Christian has always good manners—he cannot help it, he lives his manners for they are a real part of him. The people themselves who go to church are the real judges of the clergy. They will come and listen if the man is in earnest. We all long for Christ, most of us do not realize what it is we want, we seek

pleasure, when we want happiness. This earth would be a million times happier if we only knew the way of Life and walked therein.

Look what joy it gives one to do a kind action. Why? Not for the thanks, that does not signify. Virtue is surely its own reward, no other is necessary. Going to church can be the greatest rest. I myself have felt it so many times. When men preach Christ's love and His teaching from their hearts, we cannot help listening. Our churches would soon fill if we could only get the right kind of workers; and as for the money part, people, especially Western people, are quite ready and eager to pay for what they need. They feel the need of opportunity to come themselves and bring their children to God's house. I know many, many families who feel their responsibilities in this matter toward their children, but, who simply have no opportunity, no church, no Sunday school, or organization of any kind to which to take their families. This generation, this community of live thinking, men and women have some idea too of what it is they need. It is no use sending these new educated "boys" or machines to teach them religion. No. They know what they want, and they will pay for it. Send us men—real men. Those who have lived and want to live for Christ. Wake up, Church of England. If you would only wake up. Call back these children of yours. If Christ will not call His own, why the Devil will do his best. He is doing it—and it often seems with all his weapons there is no alternative for the young Harvest, yes, abundance of good clean souls, but where are the laborers? We wait and wait but they come not. I often think if only women were allowed to enter the ministry they would often bring real feeling into it. Christ did not forbid women to preach for Him. There again we have St. Paul. A strange apostle surely—"Threatening and Slaughter," yes, but Christ's teaching was "Peace."

Why do we all love children? Is it not a great deal because of the purity of soul we see in them? So surely we love a good man and woman and we would try to follow their lines. It is living Christianity as well as we know how that brings others to Christ.

What is Good Preaching?

WHAT is good preaching?

It is noticeable that congregations vastly disagree.

Some intensely proud of the poetical sermons their ministers give them—gorgeous figures of speech, glittering cataracts of musical phraseology, stars, and flowers and meadows and mountains and purling brooks and lordly rivers and sounding seas.

Others ask strangers to admire the wealth of literary and historical allusion with which their pulpits overflow. "Did you ever hear anything like that man? He has read everything."

There are still other congregations whose pride is in the depth and profundity of their ministers. They draw attention to sermons of astonishing logic, handling big questions of philosophy without missing a single link of argument. "A brain like a lawyer," people say.

And as everybody realizes, thousands of congregations are deliriously enthusiastic over the "popular preaching" of their pastors—which signifies sometimes a gift for telling anecdotes, sometimes a propensity for "making the audience cry," sometimes a fondness for rude language in the pulpit, and often nothing but noise.

Is there some stable standard of judgment to which all sermons ought to be brought??

It goes without saying that nobody would expect or desire to make all sermons sound alike. Each preacher ought to voice his gospel in the tones and manners of his own personality. But it is rational to hope for a time when the



Prize Babies

Convincing evidence as to the best baby food to substitute Nature's milk, has been given at many Baby Shows, where the prize winners have proved to be babies fed since earliest infancy on

Robinson's
 "Patent" Barley

combined with cow's milk.

After nine months, a valuable addition to the diet is Robinson's "Patent" Groats.

Send for our free Baby Record Book.

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada)
 Limited
 Dept. M. TORONTO 202

FREE! ENLARGEMENT
 of Your Best Picture

Clip this advertisement, enclose with your next roll film sent to us to develop and print and we will give you FREE one 8 1/2 in. enlargement of the best picture of the lot. This special offer is to introduce our superior workmanship. Only one Free enlargement to each customer. Mail your film to-day.

Alex J. McLean
 Professional Developing, Printing and Enlargements for Amateur Photographers.
 435 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Fast Mail Service—We Pay Return Postage

PRICE LIST (Cash with Order)
 Developing and Printing—Roll Films
 Vest Pocket 8 Expos. 34c
 Up to 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 6 " 28c
 2 1/2 x 4 1/4, 3 1/4 x 3 1/4, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 6 " 34c
 2 3/4 x 4 3/4, 3 1/4 x 5 1/4, 4 x 5 6 " 40c
 10 60c
 4 1/4 x 6 1/2, 5 x 7 6 " 70c
 Be Sure and Put Your Name and Address on the Roll

Break the Grip of that Cold!

Rub the chest and throat with

MINARD'S
 "KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

MOTHER'S SECTION—Continued from page 58

ideal of all preaching in the church is one ideal.

That would unify the proclamation of the gospel not in method but in purpose; not in style, but in spirit.

What, then, is that ideal sermon desirable in every pulpit?

The ideal sermon is a plea.

It is forgetting this in both pew and pulpit which leaves the making of sermons so recklessly individual, and the hearing of sermons so whimsical.

The sole way by which you can prove that the minister of your congregation is a good preacher is by showing that he has made his people believe and do the things he has preached.

It is a heart wrought up to white heat of desire for the noblest things, both for himself and his people, which alone can empower a preacher for great preaching.

What he does not himself burn with, no preacher can kindle in those who hear him.

The worst enemy of good preaching therefore is by no means the narrow education or the unpleasing pulpit delivery or the lack of imagination by which critics commonly explain pulpit failures.

The worst enemy of good preaching is the super-delicacy that holds so many ministers in leash and keeps them from laying hold with a man's big grip on the job of enticing other people to live. Shilly-shallying with the turns of

a resonant phrase; hunting for an exquisite quotation from the poet; searching the newspapers for a sensational illustration; spinning out in a darkened study cobwebby philosophical essays—no minister in these petty styles can make sermons to stand the test.

But sermons prepared and preached in the passion of a will that men must be won to Christ, are bound to be great sermons.

Such good sermons the church ought to enjoy no less and no more from its great city pulpits than from the steadfast village and country pulpits all over the nation.

Who stands up to plead for Jesus Christ? He is a good preacher. Let him go on with his sermon.

Where They Were Alike

A doctor who had a custom of cultivating the lawn and walk in front of his home every spring engaged O'Brien to do the job. He went away for three days and when he returned found O'Brien waiting for his money. The doctor was not satisfied with his work and said: "O'Brien, the walk is covered with gravel and dirt, and in my estimation it's a bad job."

O'Brien looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied: "Shure, Doc., there's many a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."

THE AVERAGE FIGURE
IS IT YOURS?

By Jane Hill

THOSE of us who have average figures are truly blessed, for our problem is much less complicated. But don't let's consider the class dismissed!

What are we doing with those figures? Do we always stand just as correctly as we did just now when we were being measured? Or do we betray our tailor by having him fit an upright-downright customer who promptly slouches just as soon as she gets home, and breaks the beautiful line of her suit over the bust, and makes her collar stick out in the back?

Do we stand with one hip up and one hip down, like a weary dray horse? Even Helen of Troy couldn't look lovely in that position—or the equally bad one we assume when we poke our necks out like so many humpbacked turtles. We all know how to stand. But—do we do it? Let's practice for even a single week and see the difference it makes.

But first, let's be sure our fall from grace hasn't been due to the wrong corset. For slouching often comes from sheer weariness, and, oh, what weariness creeps into our very bones under the maddening pressure of a corset that chooses our favorite nerve on which to fit too soon! Did we get the correct size in the first place? The comfortable length? The right weight? Did we have the corset laced correctly? Are the garters adjusted as they should be?

Very few of us are ideal average. There is always a bit of coaxing to be done—a little erasing, a subtly straightening line, a comfortable support. With remarkably few bones and no undue constraint, the proper corset is designed for the average figure brings it gently but surely to its ideal perfection and eternally guards you from the injustice of looking older than you are.

Madam, How Do You Move?

LITHESOMENESS and grace of movement are intimately tied up with this matter of standing correctly and wearing the right corset. No woman can be truly beautiful or even charming unless she's lovely when she walks, when she bends her head and listens to you, and when she plays the piano, when she dances, or sits on the floor with her kiddies, or sews a seam. Nerve tension expresses itself in jerks. And, just here, let us say that irritability prevents many an otherwise good looking woman from ever being classed as such.

And the wrong corset may have almost as much to do with irritability as the wrong creed!

Stand correctly. Move rhythmically. So far, so good. That advice applies to the whole group, and to all the groups, too. But what shall we wear when we do it?

The Fashion Parade Chez Moi

LET each of us "average figures" go offstage and get her favorite afternoon dress and come back wearing it. Maybe it wasn't made this year. Perhaps it's a three-year-old gown we liked so much we just can't bear to give it up.

Why did we like it?

Gertrude says, "I like mine because the blue is just a bit deeper than my eyes. It makes them look wonderful. Ted said so."

Jane says, "I like mine because that drapery over the hips conceals the inch that oughtn't to be there—nobody knows whether it's hip or frock!"

Marion says, "I like mine because that neckline hides those mean little collar bones and yet shows my neck to advantage—and it's a nice neck, if I do say it myself."

Cynthia says, "I like mine because it's so clever in the line it takes over the bust. I need to be careful just there, even if I did reduce twenty pounds to get back into the 'average' group."

Norma says, "I like mine because it's so simple. I don't believe I have a single real figure-defect, and this dress follows every line I have and doesn't muss up the effect with trimming."

And yet, how many of us will remember these little personal reasons when we go to get the next dress? Wouldn't we have been much better dressed in the past if we'd paid a little less attention to changing modes, new colors, and the desire to have something different at all costs, and more attention to reproducing, in some way or other, the point that had made last year's frock a success? Surely we can be up-to-date and yet remember the especially becoming way of presenting ourselves.

Try on all your old dresses and criticize them before you get a new one. Form the habit of mentally trying on the clothes you see in fashion magazines, on the streets in the shops. Put them on your friends—they won't know!—and tell yourself what you think of the result. You'll be surprised to see how much you'll learn.

If you have any corset problem, write to Miss Jane Hill, in care of this paper, and your letter (unopened) will be forwarded direct to her for answer.

Brighten Up Your Home



Ideal Polish for Furniture

Johnson's *Liquid Wax* is the perfect furniture polish. It imparts a hard, dry oil-less polish which will not show finger prints or collect dust and lint. It takes the drudgery from dusting.



A Preserver of Linoleum

Johnson's Polishing Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out the pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear, reduces deterioration, and makes cleaning easy.



Rejuvenates Floors & Trim

You can easily keep your floors and woodwork in perfect condition by polishing them occasionally with Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax. The Wax cleans and forms a thin, protecting finish coat.

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX
Paste - Liquid - Powdered

Insist on Johnson's Polishing Wax—For Sale at all Good Stores.

Our Book Tells 100 Ways to Brighten Up Your Home. Use the coupon below.

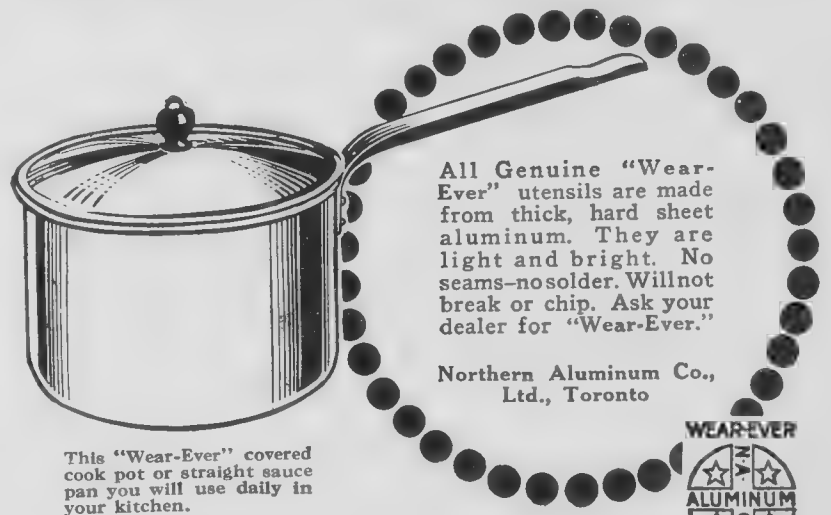


Book on Home Beautifying FREE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Ltd., Dept. W.H.M. 5, Brantford, Canada.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me free and postpaid your book telling how to make my home artistic, cheery and inviting. I understand that it explains just what materials to use and how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

My Dealer is
My Name
My Address
City and Province



All Genuine "Wear-Ever" utensils are made from thick, hard sheet aluminum. They are light and bright. No seams—no solder. Will not break or chip. Ask your dealer for "Wear-Ever."

Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto

This "Wear-Ever" covered cook pot or straight sauce pan you will use daily in your kitchen.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"



"Wear-Ever"

Don't Throw Away Your Combings!

Send them to us and we will make them up in a switch for you for \$3.00.

We carry a full line of hair goods.

Write for Prices.

Parisian Hairdressing & Beauty Parlors

319 Garry St. Winnipeg, Man.

Magazine Value as represented by The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 per year is unequalled. Tell your friends about it.

BLUE RIBBON TEA

If a vote were taken in Western Canada as to which is the best tea, BLUE RIBBON would win in a walk.

The BLUE RIBBON family comprises half the entire population of Western Canada. It is an enthusiastic family and adds many to its membership every day.

76



Do your children drink enough Milk

Children will gladly take all the milk they need if you give it to them with Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

There is an enticing, irresistible flavour about these puffed dainties, which makes the children eager for "puff time" to come.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains made delicious by being exploded to 8 times normal size. With milk, they provide *ideal* nourishment, because they supply the food elements which milk lacks.

PUFFED WHEAT—PUFFED RICE

Whole Grains—Made *Delicious*

The Quaker Oats Company, Saskatoon and Peterborough

w 403

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

To Bee or Not to Bee

By Queenie Thompson

As busy as a bee! If we humans were half as busy as a bee there would be no excuse to resort to bolshevik methods of distributing the wealth of the world. The honey-bee works from sun-up to sundown sometimes going miles for honey. In point of fact Mr. Storey's bees of Virden are known to travel five miles there and back from a field of sweet clover on the McDonald farm. Mr. Storey, who is an enthusiast when talking or working among bees has five hives. During the summer of nineteen twenty-one he took over eight hundred pounds of honey from them not counting the forty pounds left in each for winter food.

This honey is delicious in taste and a creamy white in appearance. The sweet clover gives the white honey but the clearness is accomplished by placing a wire screen between the brood frames in the lower section and the honey frames above. The meshes of this screen are just large enough to admit the working bees thus excluding the drones and queen and keeping the honey free from larvae and young bees at extracting time.

Mr. Storey is a firm believer in artificial swarming. In days gone by when he was engaged in farming he found it a great saving in his time and a preventative against loss of swarms.

Mrs. Storey tells a very amusing anecdote or how she and the Curate looked after a swarm—she in the absence of her husband and he for observation purposes. The bees swarmed and she called her Helper who, after covering his head and hat with mosquito netting tying his trowser legs tight about his ankles and donning gloves was ready for work. They hived the bees in what they thought to be record time. Mr. Storey returned and she took him proudly forth to see the new hive only to find it empty. They had failed to hive the queen and of course all her followers had gone in search of her.

Now he swarms artificially. This is done by clipping the wings of the queen in the spring. Great care must be taken. After smoking to stupefy the bees take the queen by the legs. Hold that way and nip a tiny piece from each wing with a sharp pair of scissors. Later, at swarming time remove the queen to a new hive with a few of her followers. Place three or four brood frames from a strong hive with her and when they hatch out they will all go to work. Be sure to leave a new queen on the point of hatching in the old hive otherwise the bees will follow their queen. If a hive is weak and swarming is not desired kill all the new queens about to be hatched. Bees are very human so it is impossible for two queens to live peacefully in the same house. Unlike humans they make it more than uncomfortable for each other since the survivor rules. One hive, one queen, is their motto.

These busy bees are very methodical. They seem to work in squad formation. One collects honey, another water, another the pollen and another wax. The first honey in the spring is made from the pussy willows and the pollen from the maple trees. Bees can be taken from the cellar as soon as the snow is all gone. The first few days are house cleaning time and anything left on the line will soon be spotted. Some Apiarists clean house for the bees as being quicker although not more efficient. In Manitoba the bees must be housed for the winter about the middle of November or according to the season.

The drones toil not neither do they spin consequently after their day of usefulness is past their name is denis. The workers begin to kill them. All this killing takes time so Mr. Storey has manufactured a drone catcher fitting across the front of the hive. The drones enter this from the hive through a fairly wide slit but the outside screening is the same as that used between the brood frames and the honey. The drones cannot get out and in buzzing around go up through a hole into the trap from whence he kills them.

Mr. Storey usually exhibits at the local fair taking the prizes and incidentally proving to the public that we have a real live Bee Man in town. Last year however the honey was not capped in time.

The bees never cap until the honey is ripe. When extracting the caps are sheared off with a sharp knife. After the honey is extracted the cone is sent to a firm in the city who remodel it into starter to be placed in the frames next season. The bees building on this starter build geometrically instead of hit-or-miss, making it easier to extract.

It is now understood that bees can be kept anywhere in the West. The only requisite being a fairly warm cellar to house them during the winter: cool enough to keep them quiet, otherwise mere man could not enter his own cellar.

Several years ago when farming north of Battleford Mr. Storey had excellent success with his bees. Fire-weed was plentiful in that district and they collected quantities of white honey.

To Bee or not to Bee is the question. Should any person answer in the affirmative let me say there are several things needed by a keeper of this most uncertain of insects. The first is hives. Mr. Storey makes his own but a beginner had better secure the services of a good carpenter to put his first together. There is the extractor. This is a galvanized tank containing the machinery to extract the honey. a rather expensive implement but quite indispensable unless intending to strain the honey, a very slow process. The combs are hung over the stove. The heat melts the honey and causes it to run dripping into a pan placed below.

Then there is the smoker, a villainous looking implement that burns cotton rags—so villainous looking in fact that if a burglar saw one pointed at him in the middle of the night he would depart immediately.

There is one thing more necessary to the Apiarist and that is a calm temperament. Yes, if you have hives to no end and honey to fill buckets it will profit you less than little if you can't remove it from the hive. Bees never hesitate. At the first frightened or nervous movement they sting.

For those who have the temperament there is money in bees, even more money in bees than in farming as Mr. J. Henderson at Minatonas near Dauphin has been known to declare. Two years ago he had forty hives—today one might say his future is in honey.

Compared to that five hives sound small but it must be remembered Mr. Storey is just taking the bee business up in earnest. He has bought his home and intends to settle down here while his ambition looks forward to the day when he can count his hives by the dozens. Let us wish him luck. Let us wish anyone luck be they man, woman or child who has the required nerve to be a Keeper of Bees.

Maypole Soap Returns to Canadian Market

The many former users of the product will be greatly pleased by the announcement that the famous Maypole Soap, the original soap dye, has once more been placed on the Canadian market. Before war-time conditions prohibited the manufacture of this soap, it enjoyed a wide popularity amongst Canadian housewives, who found it an economical and efficient home dye. It was made in clean and practical cake form—no powder to spill or blow about. The British climatic conditions under which Maypole was manufactured were peculiarly favorable to the production of dyes, and rendered its colours fast and clear, and entirely free from the "streaky" effect so often produced in home dyeing. Since its removal from the Canadian market, its many users have been trying in vain to find some satisfactory substitute, and it will be welcome news indeed to them to know that they can once more procure their old favorite at all dealers.

"Enjoy Life," is a good motto. Every rightly lived life is full of joy. But each deep joy must have foundations of duty and faith.

There are men and women who have never spoken a word of comfort to the distressed because they are still awaiting a better chance.

THE UKRANIAN PLAY IN CALGARY, ALBERTA

By Charlotte Gordon

It is said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and such is true in our country in a local, provincial and national way, especially as to general knowledge of the life of our foreign colonies.

A recent event in the city of Calgary, Alberta, an Ukranian concert, impressed the fact that we know little of the processes by which these people are being absorbed into Canada's great melting pot, yet keeping, to a large extent, the customs and traditions of their country.

The setting of the concert was a vacant store. About were displays of needlework, silk and wool embroidery and knitting of all colors, for the Ukranian women are expert needle workers as well as adepts with knitting needles. On the stage was draped Ukranian flags, the blue and yellow striking an outstanding note against fir and pine boughs.

The society "Boan of Calgary," put on an Ukranian play with the performers, men and women, dressed in Ukranian costume, worn for the past three hundred years in Ukrania. The tuneful music, the Ukranian songs, legends, stories, given away out on our Western plains, carried them back to their homeland. Yet there was about all of these

salute the visitor, which they did with ease and much smiling.

A high place among Slavic languages is allotted to Ukranian, which is the most melodious of Slavic tongues, and next to Italian for singing. Of greatest importance, however, is the richness of the language through its development of a thousand years. It is capable of giving expression to the loftiest products of human feeling and human intellect.

Paul Crath in the introduction to "Songs of Ukrania," by Florence Randall Livesay, writes, "Ukranian song . . . but do you know what Ukraine is?"

"Where in spring the warm wind breathes, bearing on its wings from 'Earey,' the myriads of grouse and other birds, and into the hearts of the people the psalm of love; where the woods are carpeted with blue 'prolosk,' and red 'raist,' where 'Venianka,' the Lada, of spring, with the assistance of vovkoolaks and spirits of the woods, is running through the forest scattering bloom . . . there is Ukraine." "Italian songs are glorious, but the singing of the Ukranian is also a precious pearl in the common treasury of mankind. It was born out of the beauty of



The Ukranian Children's School at Calgary, with Professor and "Komitat" meaning trustees of the school. The Professor, Mr. Dan Dabroski, is in the centre.

performers an evidence of smart Canadian manhood and womanhood—they spoke good English, they thoroughly understood and have adapted our ways and customs in ordinary life. One young man was a graduate of the University of Alberta. It brought the realization that these people, rich in interest, were making a distinct contribution to Canadian life, in their industry, their idealism, their moulding possibilities, their readiness to become Canadianized.

Another of the performers was an Ukranian grocer who had resided in Calgary continuously for twenty-three years, coming as a young man with his parents, and his ability to compete with the men of his adopted country and fine knowledge of English makes him of very general service to the Ukranian colony.

The Ukranian colony in Calgary has about a thousand members. The children attend the public schools and several have gone through the University of Alberta. Yet these people are determined that their children shall know of the land of their ancestors, and Ukranian schools are carried on to preserve their language, their traditions, their music and know their national heroes.

The night schools are open from six-thirty to eight-thirty certain nights of the week and the first school had about 65 pupils. The teacher Mr. Dan Dabroski, was a professor in Eastern Galicia and is of broad education. A visit to the school was of exceptional interest. The scholars were a sturdy lot of children with evidence of good care. The teacher called upon them to rise and

Ukraine and it is beautiful; it was born on the Steppes, it is wide; it was born in battles, and it is free; it was born of the tears of a lonesome girl, and it rends the heart; it was born of the thoughts of the Kobzars, and its harmonies are pregnant with thoughts."

Mrs. Livesay obtained old ballads and folk songs, set to minor airs, from immigrants, self-exiled, who lived in Winnipeg. Many of them still sing, putting trivial incidents or dreadful affrays happening in their old villages into legend and song.

The Ukranian National anthem has a war-like rhythm—it reads:

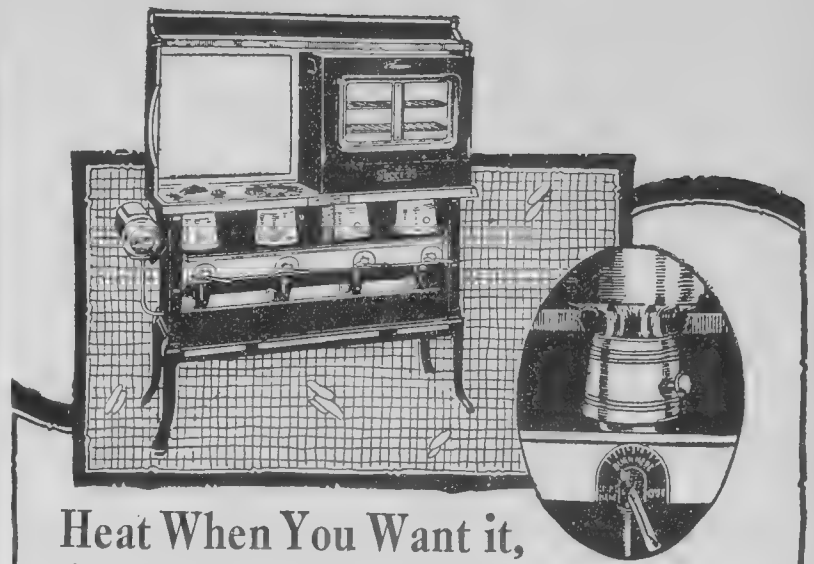
"She lives on, our Ukrania!
Her freedom and glory—
Let us hope that once more fortune
May illumine Her story.

Like the dew before the sunshine
Our foes disappearing.
We shall rule, oh youthful brethren,
Our land, nothing fearing.

Soul and body sacrificing
For our freedom cherished.
We shall show we are sons of
Mighty Cossacks perished.

Nalivaiko and Zalizniak
And Trasilo—falling—
Urges us to our sacred duty,
From the grave-hills calling.

Let us keep in our remembrance
Deaths of Cossacks knightly,
For our youth, our splendid manhood,
We would not spend lightly.



Heat When You Want it, And Where You Want it

REGULATED to any desired heat directly under the cooking—boils, fries, or bakes perfectly.

Keeps the kitchen cool. No valves to leak—no wicks to trim—easy to light. Improves the appearance of the kitchen—not expensive, either.

Enjoy a *Florence* this summer.

McClary's Success Oven

Baking is always in view. This wonderful, practical oven has glass paneled drop door. Bakes perfectly, easy to lift on and off.

The Burner

The heat of the burner is close under the utensil. No waste. No waits—no delay. Medium, hot or simmering heat is obtained by a regulating lever under each burner.

Leveler

Each leg of the *Florence* has a simple, practical leveling device. The leg may be lengthened or shortened so that no matter how uneven the kitchen floor, the *Florence* always stands firm and perfectly level.

118

McClary's London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton.

THE INTERNATIONAL FLORENCE OIL COOK STOVE

for Teething Babies

Mrs. Winslow's Syrup is gratifyingly effective during the trying time of teething. It keeps Baby's digestion healthy, the bowels open naturally. Made of purely vegetable ingredients, and contains no narcotics, opiates, alcohol, nor anything harmful. Milk teeth will never cause trouble for you, nor discomfort for Baby, if you give

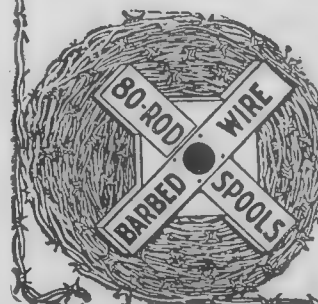
MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

At All Druggists

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, 215-217 Fulton Street, New York
Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & COMPANY, LTD.
10 McCaul Street, Toronto; also at Montreal and New York

Standard Wgt. Galv. Barb Wire



Best 2-Point Heavy Galvanized Barb Wire, 80 rods, per spool. . . . \$4.05
Best 4-Point Heavy Galvanized Barb Wire, 80 rods, per spool. . . . \$4.20

Terms Cash with the Order or C. O. D. F. O. B. Winnipeg Warehouse

We make and sell Sarnia Woven Wire Fencing, for Farm, Orchard, Garden, Lawn and the Poultry Yard; also Gates, Parts and Supplies. If interested in Woven Fencing, write for prices.

Reference: Bank of Montreal

The Sarnia Fence Co., Limited
502 Keewayden Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.



Send for This Booklet "DRESSMAKING MADE EASY"

YOU can now learn, easily and quickly, right in your own home, during spare time, by a wonderfully simple and practical new method, how to plan and make all your own and your children's clothes and save half or more on everything.

You can make your last season's dresses and suits over into stylish new garments. You can make fashionable clothes from inexpensive materials. You can prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession and have a cozy, profitable shop of your own.

Write for Free Booklet

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send the convenient coupon or a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 16-S, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

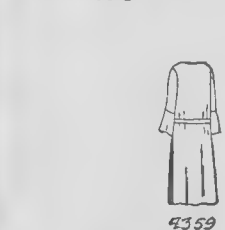
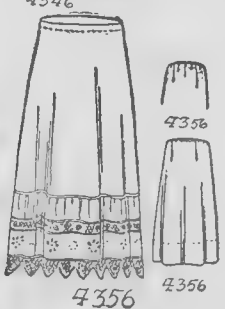
TEAR OUT HERE
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 16-S, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Dressmaking Made Easy." I am most interested in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- ☐ How to Design and Make My Own Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Design and Make My Own Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

All the rays of the sun seem caught in the brilliant colorings of the lovely materials shown for Spring and Summer. Not only in silken fabrics but also in wash materials such as gingham, voile and crepe are the colors shown. It seems like a general gladness bursting forth after a sombre winter of quiet tones.

In suits there are smart three piece styles, some with blouses that match the lining of the coat or jacket.

Coats seem to rival dresses in trying to achieve straight lines for while there are many styles with wide skirts and bouffant draperies, the slim silhouette—the little dress still prevails.

It is such a comfortable fashion this one piece dress with simple clinging lines. The slender and stout woman appreciate its advantages equally.

Capes are again in evidence in 48 to 50 inch lengths.

Coats average in length to 48 inches.

For dress wear black invariably is chosen. Tan, reindeer and gray are also much favored.

Printed fabrics are much in demand, with trimming in plain colors.

Sleeves are in innumerable shapings and lines. They may be in bell shape and slashed with colored prints showing beneath.

Gold and silver stitching is used together with floss for embroidery on coats and gowns.

Very interesting are the various sleeve versions. The bell sleeve has been retained as a popular well liked sleeve. It is stylish as well as convenient, and quite distinctive when faced with contrasting material or color.

On a costume with a sleeveless jacket the dress sleeve is usually of the bishop type or a half length sleeve, slashed or with a cuff or tied with bow ends.

Skirts with three and more tiers are in vogue, as well as those with circular lines, circular godets and flounces.

The plaited skirt for ever popular during "sports" days, is again with us. It is a very good style to wear with the short box coat. Etoupe or belero, which may be of contrasting material or color.

The new Jacquette blouses, with side closing and hip band sections are very attractive and becoming to stout and slender figures.

This seasons fashions are unusually becoming to stout figures, probably because no one arbitrary style has been adopted. The straight dress in every type even the chemise is still in vogue, and not all of the circular and full models are impossible to the woman of mature figure. Crepe in its flat weave, and crepe romaine will hang straight even if full. The stout woman may wear such materials even in draped effects. The low waistline is retained, which is also an advantage to stout figures, and the skirt length may be that which is most becoming.

In the matter of sleeves it is best to choose one gathered into a band at the wrist or one fitted from shoulder to elbow, and finished with a circular section reaching to the hand. A straight wide sleeve is good also.

The continued use of drapery and the uneven hem line are also gratifying items in a stout woman's wardrobe.

The use of crepe for coat lining has proven very successful. Suit jackets still show brilliant linings.

A new knitted fabric of silk and wool is being used for sport dresses.

Plain fabrics are used in combination with figured materials, but the most popular are the printed materials in one or two colors with a plain material used as binding.

A plain frock is smart with a girdle and 'kerchief in Paisley or Oriental effect.

For children the styles of this season are more than ever pleasing.

In two piece suits for the growing girl the skirts are usually in two piece or wrap style, with coats in box shaped models. Slit and patch pockets are used, the slit being favored for twill and serge, and the "patch" for sports wear.

Capes for girls are shown in circular and straight lines.

Three piece costume suits with crepe de chine blouse sections are trimmed with wide ratine braid of several colors worked together, forming a band at the joining of waist and skirt.

Navy blue is the favored color for costume suits.

Dressy taffeta frocks are made up in girlish fashions, with wide skirts long waists, and trimmings of ruffles, puffings or flutings.

Frocks of lines in two shades or one color and cream are in good style. In this dress the low waistline prevails, with short sleeves and round neck line. Applique effects, and touches of embroidery in darning stitches form the decoration, or the finish may be only piping in a contrasting color.

In dresses for grownups and also for children it is not always the most elaborate that is the most becoming. The richness of a material is often alone its best effect.

A dress of French serge in a new shade of gray has a bit of braiding at the neck and pipings of satin, which is also repeated on the cuffs and belt.

A dress of cotton crepe has the hem finished in colored embroidery, which is again repeated on collar and cuffs.

Cretonne and cotton ratine are combined for a very attractive day dress, the cretonne being used for the waist and sleeve portions and for binding at the front of the skirt.

A dress of French cotton voile is made with panels simulated by narrow rep ribbon.

Linen and cretonne combine well. Plain and plaided etamine are also attractive in combination.

Are You At Ease

It is so necessary to have a smooth, white underarm in this season's sheer fabrics—and it's so easy. Beauty experts recommend

DEL-A-TONE

It is a preparation made scientifically correct for the purpose of safely removing hair from the face, neck, or underarms. It leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth—and is easy to apply.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of \$1.

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Plan To Plant Another Tree

Lilac, Honeysuckle, Elder or other Hardy Shrubs 2-3 ft. 50c. each

Patmore Nursery Co., Brandon, Man.



A Simple Apron Model, 4164—Percal in white and brown was chosen for this model, with rick-rack braid for trimming. One could have gingham, or cambric. Unbleached muslin would be strong and serviceable.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small 34-36. Medium 38-40. Large 42-44. Extra large 46-48. inch bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Frock, 4338—Here is a smart style in over blouse effect. The girdle section is part of the shaped front, which has small inserted pockets at the tab extensions. Tissue gingham in green and white, with bindings of green organdy will be pleasing for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4½ yards of 32 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2½ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model, 4340—This is a season of short coats. The style here portrayed will look well with a plaited skirt of plain cloth, or it may be part of a two or three-piece suit. Taffeta, figured silk, pongee or linen would be attractive for its development.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 2½ yards of 40 inch material. For collar and vest of contrasting material ½ yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart Coat Dress for Misses and Small Women, 4359—Silk gingham with facings of satin in a contrasting shade would be very attractive for this model. It is also good for jersey, twill, ratine and pongee.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 4 yards of 44 inch material. The width at the foot is 2½ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty "Rest Robe," 4339—Embroidered crepe, with facings of satin was used for this exquisite style. The model is also attractive for bordered goods, silk and satin.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 6½ yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Neat Little Frock for the Little Miss, 4346—For this dainty model one may use any of the wash fabrics now in vogue. The sleeve may be finished in wrist- or elbow length. As here illustrated the design was developed in pongee with fancy wash braid in colors for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 2½ yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Very Dainty Dress for "Mother's Girl," 4349—Embroidered voile and organdy were chosen for this pleasing model. It is also nice in silk, gingham and crepe. Dotted Swiss and organdy could also be combined for this style. The bertha trimming may be omitted. The closing may be at the centre back, as illustrated or on the shoulders.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3 yards of one material 40 inches wide. If made as illustrated, ½ yard of contrasting material and 2½ yards figured material is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown, 4331—Here is a very pleasing model with a new sleeve effect. It is a style that is attractive for combinations of material. Lace and silk, linen and gingham combined would be pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5 yards of 36 inch material. To make panel and sleeve drapery of contrasting material, will require 1½ yard 36 inches wide or 2½ yards of 18 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Seasonable Style, 4335—The lines of this model are becoming to slender and stout figures. The side closing is practical. As portrayed gingham and linen are combined. One could use percale in a neat pattern, with repp or linen for the waist and sleeve portions, also for the facings on cuffs and pockets and for the belt. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4½ yards of one material 36 inches wide. For waist, sleeves and cuff and pocket facings of contrasting material, 1½ yard 32 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for an Underskirt or Petticoat, 4356—This model is excellent for sateen, radium silk, crepe de chine, crepe, and taffeta, as well as for nainsook, cambric and pongee. The ruffle may be omitted. The fulness at the back may be gathered or taken up in darts.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. A 29 inch size requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material if made with the flounce. Without the flounce, one yard less is required. To make the ruffle of embroidery 12 inches wide—will require 3 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for a Little Girl, 4343—The bertha collar, and deep plaits are pleasing features of this model. It is cut with body and sleeves in one. Gingham or chambray for "play" and dotted Swiss, or voile for "dress" wear will develop this style most attractively.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 2½ yards of 32 inch material. To make the bertha of contrasting material will require ¾ yard 32 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl, 4350—This model shows a new and attractive bertha trimming. The sleeve may be finished with or without the puff, and in short length if desired. Changeable taffeta was used in this instance. The design is also good for gingham, voile, and crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style, 4341-3933—This is attractive as a day dress in serge and checked suiting combined, or in gingham and chambray, or linen. It is also smart in sports materials. The "hip band" blouse is quite new, and the skirt is a popular model with plaited panels.

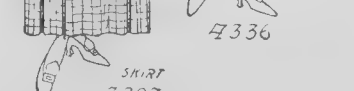
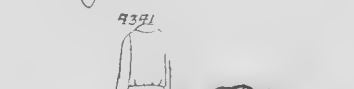
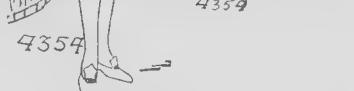
The Blouse is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt is 6 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 3½ yards. To make the dress as illustrated for a medium size will require 2½ yards of plain material, and 5½ yards of checked material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable and Dainty Apron, 4336—Percal was used for this model, with bias binding for trimming. One could have gingham, drill or crepe or cretonne.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



THE name Longerlyne is a double-duty word.

It means first, of course, that the model gives the coveted longer lines to the wearer; but it also means that the model has a longer line itself; so that the most active lady in her most active moments will never know the annoyance of her brassiere slipping inside her corset. Longerlynes don't do that—thanks to their extra two inches—they can't.

If you have never worn a Longerlyne, you don't know what brassiere comfort is—nor does your mirror know how slim you can look. Their clever, slenderizing outlines and their differently-placed elastic sections magic away every bit of a too-large diaphragm and join company with the top of your corset in smooth, unbroken lines that will be a joy to your dressmaker.

These ideal brassieres have been developed for every type of figure by the same experts who make Gossard Corsets—and what can one say that is a

higher recommendation than that? There are dainty material combinations to suit every feminine whim, at prices you can well afford to pay.

You will find Gossard Brassieres at those stores you like best; those modern stores that specialize in

Gossard Type Corsetry

Everyone has heard about the Nine Figure Types of Gossard Type Corsetry. But perhaps you haven't been quite sure to which type you belong. Would you like to have this important question settled once and for all? You will never learn anything more important as an aid to beauty and personal charm if you live to be a hundred. There is a system of measurement that the Gossard designers themselves are governed by—the old Greek rule. Miss Jane Hill, the well-known fashion authority, tells you how to use your tape line, a good friend, and this measuring chart to amazing advantage. Read her newest book.

The Portrait of a Gentlewoman

IF you read her other books, "The Gift of Eve" and "You" nothing needs be added here about the helpfulness of Miss Hill's worldly-wise advice. "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman" tells you a great deal about dressing to type, about health and grace and corsets (but not much about corsets!) and a copy is yours for the asking.



USE THIS COUPON

MISS MARY REID, The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
370C Adelaide St., W., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me your free book, "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman," and tell me what style corset to buy.

I am.....in height, weigh.....pounds, waist.....inches, bust.....inches, hips.....inches.

Name

Address

Town..... Province.....

Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes:—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."



(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The West's - - Favorite Offer

THE FREE PRESS PRAIRIE FARMER

For One Year

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

For One Year

and

A STAMPED SIX-PIECE
LUNCHEON SET - - - for \$1.25

The Western Home Monthly and Free Press Prairie Farmer clubbing offer is easily the most popular in the West, and we anticipate that the number of readers who take advantage of the big bargain this year will exceed all former figures.

USE THIS COUPON

Date.....

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg.

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and Stamped Luncheon Set.

Name.....

Address.....

2 lbs cotton quilt REM-
NANTS \$1., 5 lbs \$2, 10lbs \$3,
25 lbs \$5. 1 lb silk or velvet
patches \$1.50, 2 lbs \$2. 2 lbs
cotton remnants good lengths
for childrens dresses, aprons,
shirts, etc. \$1.50. 1 lb fin-
gering yarn all shades, \$1.
A.McCREERY & CO. Importers, CHATHAM, Ont.



IRIS GRAY HAIR COLOR RESTORER

SAFE—SANITARY—GUARANTEED
GET A FREE SAMPLE in a plain container by send-
ing this advertisement with color of hair and your
name and address plainly printed.

TO TRY IT IS TO BUY IT
Full size bottle \$1.25

THE IRIS COMPANY, Dept "Y"
1220 Melville Street, Vancouver, BC.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Best of Course

Dear Editor and Readers:—

We have taken The Western Home Monthly for two years, and think it is the best paper we have. I have never written before, as I am only fifteen, but I have seen "Bashful Fifteen's" letter in the Correspondence Page, so I thought I'd try my luck also. I am thinking that the W. P. B. will be having his tea when this comes along, but I hope he overlooks my letter.

Where have Slim and Broncho Buster, and all those other honorable members of Bachelor's Hall gone to? I haven't seen a letter from them in a dog's age. I guess they must be getting lazy, or else they are busy finding a house-keeper. I saw Ivy's request for the words of "A Perfect Day," so I am sending them.

I would like to see a letter from Happy-Go-Lucky in the Correspondence Page. I think, from her letters, that she must be a real "happy-go-lucky."

"A Perfect Day"

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,

For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,

When the sun goes down with a flam-
ing ray
And dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,

With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

Well I will close with best wishes for
The Western Home Monthly future,
and hopes of getting some correspon-
dents. My address is with the Editor.

Hawthorn.

Pegging Away

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have just been reading the Cor-
respondence Page of The Western Home
Monthly, and thought I would like to see
a letter of mine in the column. I have
been reading your magazine for over a
year now, and I enjoy it very much. It
seems to bring the country and God's
great outdoors so near to me. I am a
city girl, but I even like to read about
Poultry Profits and other articles in-
tended for our country friends.

As a child I lived in the country for
about three years, then was brought
to the city, and it seems as if I must
stay. Oh, some of you people don't
realize what it is to have to peg away
in a factory week after week, when you
are just longing to be out of doors. I
always feel very restless in the spring,
and look forward eagerly to my summer
holidays.

Last summer my chum and I went
to a Girls' Camp for our holidays, and
we enjoyed every minute of our stay
there. Our two weeks consisted of one
glorious round of hikes, picnics, bonfires
sing-songs, fishing trips, bathing and
boating. We were very sorry to leave
when our time was up, and have many
pleasant memories.

I am very fond of sport. My spare
time in winter is spent in skating and
basketball, and in summer I'm either
in the water or on the water.

I liked Scotty's letter in the February
number, and would like to hear from
him if he would care to write first. I
hope the Editor will think my letter
interesting enough to print.

Bunty.

A Friend From the South

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Will you let an interested reader from
the United States join your circle? A
friend of mine from Canada loaned me
a Western Home Monthly and I was so
interested in your Correspondence that
I have ventured to write this letter.

Whiz-Bang, I'm glad that someone
likes girls with bobbed hair. I have it,
but all of my family want me to let it
grow out.

Do you do lots of riding in Canada?
I envy you if you do. They do lots of
it in Montana where I used to live. I
haven't had a real horseback ride since
I left there nearly two years ago.

Does the United States seem like a
foreign country to you? Canada seem-
ed like that to me until a little while
ago. As nearly as I can guess now,
about the only difference is which side
of the line you are on—Canadian or
American. I am now anxious for a
trip to Canada to prove this to my
satisfaction.

I suppose you are having quite a lot
of snow now. Of course you know that
it doesn't snow much in Southern Ore-
gon where I live. It is almost spring
here. We have had three light snows,
but none have lasted over a day. The
flowers are beginning to bloom now too.
How I wish I could send you some.
Don't think for a minute that I am
sorry for you with the snow. We had
lots of it in Montana, and I love it.
Isn't tobogganing great?

Well, you must pardon this letter, and
if it doesn't bore you too much I would
like to hear from some of the readers,
especially around Neepawa. Hoping to
hear from some of you, I remain,

Your friend, Miss America.

The Life Boat

"Sally Jane" has very kindly sent in
the words of "The Life Boat" as re-
quested by "Annette."

The Life Boat

(1)

We're drifting down the stream of time,

We have not long to stay,

The stormy clouds of darkness

Will turn to brightest day,

Then let us all take courage,

For we're not left alone,

The life-boat soon is coming

To gather the jewels home.

Chorus

Then cheer, my brothers, cheer.

Our trials will soon be o'er,

Our loved ones we will meet, will meet,

Upon the golden shore.

We're pilgrims and we're strangers here,

We're seeking a city to come,

The life-boat soon is coming

To gather the jewels home.

(2)

Sometimes we've felt discouraged,

And thought it all in vain

For us to live a Christian life

And walk in Jesus' name.

But then we heard the Master say,

"I'll lend a helping hand,

"And if you'll only trust Me,

"I'll guide you to that Land."

(3)

The life-boat soon is coming,

By the eye of faith I see

As it sweeps through the waters,

To rescue you and me.

And land us safely in the port,

With friends we love so dear.

"Get ready" cries the Captain,

Oh, look! It is almost here.

Probably She Would

Mrs. Newbridge came hurriedly into her
husband's study one morning.

"Herbert, dear," she said, "this recipe
for onion pie says to sit on a hot stove
and stir constantly."

"Well, Alice," replied the doting hus-
band, if you do sit on a hot stove I think
you will find you will stir constantly.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Something to Learn

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's
pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds
do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and the may make country
houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
out feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do
greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet spring!

(This little poem was written by Thomas Nash who died in the year 1601. Is it not quaint and pretty? We have no shepherds who 'pipe all day' in this country, but we have spring much as these verses describe it.)

The Fairy Tale Alphabet

- A is Aladdin, who to good luck was born
B is little Boy Blue who is blowing his horn
C is Cinderella who went to a ball
And left her glass slipper behind in the hall.
D is the Dwarf, Rumpelstiltskin by name
E is an Elf who is playing a game.
F is the Frog who a-wooing would go
Whether his mother would let him, or no.
G is Goody Two-Shoes, well known to you all.
H is Humpty Dumpty who had a great fall.
I is the Island you'll surely remember,
Where Robinson Crusoe was wrecked at the end of September.
J is for Jack and his sister too, Jill
K is for King Cole whom you see laughing still.
L is Little Bo-Peep who fell fast asleep;
Where shall she look for her wandering sheep?
M is for Mary whose pet everyone knows,
N is for Nose, nose, the jolly red nose
O is the Ogre who cried, "Fe-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman!"
P is Puss in Boots who so well played his part
Q is the Queen who is making a tart
R is Red Riding Hood, pretty and good
Who was met by the wolf on her way through the wood.
S is for Sinbad, with the old man his rider
T is Tom Thumb, who was killed by the Spider.
U is for Unicorn, who fought for the crown,
But the lion soon hunted him out of the town.
V is for Valentine ready to dare
W is Whittington, future lord mayor.
From A, B and C all the letters you've said,
And now at last you find X, Y and Z.

Something Received

Such a mail this month! The post-man must have wondered. There were large letters and small letters, fat letters and thin letters. There were letters from grown up people, who it seems come visiting to our Corner (and we are very glad to see them and hope they will come again often), a play written by an Alberta boy, Clifford Jones, who will probably be one of our Canadian playwrights in years to come; and several just nice little friendly notes which we are always glad to have from our readers, and will publish whenever we have space.

Now don't skip down a few lines to see who has won the prize this month (although I know that a dozen pencils will be great wealth for the lucky one) but first read what most of the boys and girls want to see in our Corner.

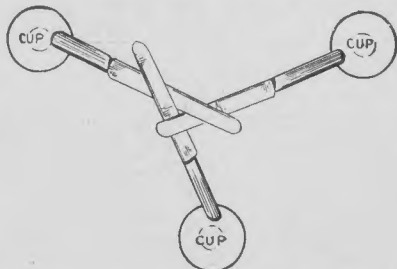
I am very glad to say that nearly every one seems to enjoy the Corner and to look

forward to the day every month when they tuck themselves away in it for a while. I wish the editors of the W. H. M. could let us have enough room to print a really long story every month so that you might have that to look forward to, but I am afraid that we can't be selfish and ask for too much, so we must just get as much fun as we can out of the nice room we have. Nearly every one liked the verses which head the page every month, but one girl thought she would like some of the older poems, and verses of old songs, such as "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Now if any of you really want those words or may like them you can quite easily get them in a dozen places, but I am very anxious that you should have poems in the Cosy Corner that you cannot get everywhere else, poems that are scattered through many books that perhaps you are not able to see, and poems that are written by people whom you have not heard of before. You know it is a splendid thing to be fond of the old things, but the world would stand still if we did not try to know and like the new things too. You may see by reading over the words of the poem this month how very different it is in every way from the ones we have had before.

Not all our poems are pretty, not all are new, some are merely funny and amusing, and some you may enjoy teaching to your small brother or sister, but every month we try to give you something you will not find in every paper you pick up. So many of the boys and girls seem to have used the games from the Corner to play at school. This is a splendid idea, and I am sure that all the others are glad to have something new to play. Now there are all sorts of suggestions as to what you would like to see in the Corner and I will tell you some of them, Games two can play; Bible stories, Nature stories, pictures of pet horses; three or four new riddles every month; and a continued story. One girl thinks it would be nice to have receipts for cooking in the Corner, and another asks for crochet edgings and embroidery stitches. Now once or twice we have given receipts in the Corner but we cannot do that often because we do not need to. Miss Dutton every month conducts a splendid page on Better Cookery and all you girls who help your mothers in the house will get great help from reading this page. And as for embroidery and sewing helps, you will always find a page on Work for Busy Fingers which gives you all sorts of suggestions for making and trimming pretty things.

And now to business. Who won the prize? It has been very hard indeed to decide and the only way we can manage to be fair to every one is to divide the pencils and give half a dozen, and a gold button to Mina Fesser of Graham's Landing, Arrow Lakes, B. C., and half dozen and a gold button to George Hill, Tyvan, Sask., and a gold button to Gustave Bloomquist of Lac du Bonnet, and one to Fred Read of Plenty, Sask. In addition Honorable Mention is given to Hazel Waddell, of Midnapore, Alta., Kenneth Newton of Lavenham, Man., Teddy Johnson of Meeting Creek, Alta., Beatrice Palmer of Grassy Lake, Alta., Grace A. Budd of Glenboro, Man., Penny Hervey of R.R.1., Calgary.

Good Riddles That Came Too Late



Take three cups and place them fourteen inches apart or so a knife will not reach from one cup to another. Let the three cups represent a spider's web. With three knives make it so the spider can go from one to the other.

Stanley Moffat,
Holmfild, Man.

Continued on page 66.

Yes Mother
LACTACOL WILL INCREASE AND ENRICH THE
SUPPLY OF BREAST MILK—STRENGTHEN MOTHER
you will be able to
AND ENABLE HER TO BREAST FEED BABY
WITHOUT FATIGUE OR OVERSTRAIN
Nurse Baby
WHEN MOTHER TAKES LACTACOL RECOVERY
FROM HER CONFINEMENT IS MUCH QUICKER
if you take
LACTACOL IS USED IN OVER
1000 HOSPITALS ETC.
Lactagol
SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE
or by post from the Canadian Agent,
R. J. OLD, 416 Parliament St., Toronto, Canada.

Spring Has Come!



Our Spring and Summer 1923 Fashion Catalogue is easily the most pretentious that we have ever offered our readers. Its 48 pages depict in an understandable way, the correct fashions for the coming seasons. Aside from its complete arrangement of styles of interest to women, this book also illustrates needful and attractive wearing apparel for every other member of the family. Furthermore, it offers many helpful suggestions of interest to the busy needlewoman—it is a complete family fashion book of practical suggestions arranged by the publishers of The Western Home Monthly for the women of Western Canada.

To Our Subscribers

Send twenty cents to cover postage and packing, and we will gladly forward a copy to you. Get yours today as the supply is naturally limited. Address:

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
STOVEL BUILDING WINNIPEG, MAN.

Rough on Rats
gets every rat
ORDINARY rat
poisons fail because
rats won't eat what
has killed other
rats. Rough on
Rats fools them—
you mix it with a
different food each
time. Booklet "End-
ing Rats and Mice"
mailed free.
E. S. WELLS
Chemist
Jersey City
N. J.
**DON'T
DIE IN THE HOUSE**

**EARN MONEY
AT HOME**
YOU can make \$15 to \$60 weekly in your spare time
writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting.
We instruct you by our new simple Directograph
system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you
steady work. Write for full particulars and free
booklet.
WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital \$1,250,000.00
98 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly



Dangerous Germs are Ever Present

They may cause infection at the slightest break in the skin. Apply "Vaseline" Carbulated Petroleum Jelly to all cuts, burns, scratches and abrasions. It is mildly antiseptic and soothing.

See that it is always in the medicine cabinet—for emergencies. "Vaseline" Carbulated Jelly may be purchased at all drug and department stores—in tubes or glass bottles

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal



Vaseline
Trade Mark
CARBOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY

Every "Vaseline" product is recommended everywhere because of its absolute purity and effectiveness.

Everybody Knows

that sarsaparilla is the best of the Spring tonics. What you should know, too, is that there are sarsaparillas more carefully made, purer and better than others. For more than 80 years



Sarsaparilla

has been the standard spring remedy. Before the days of advertising, its merit made it known everywhere. And in all of these 80 years, the makers have been unable to improve it. It was pure then—it is pure today—the one safe and inexpensive spring tonic.

Your druggist and every druggist has Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Call on him today. Agents: Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.

Plan To Plant Another Tree

6 Plum Trees native 1-2 ft. \$1.00 postpaid. 12 Bush Cherry, 1 year old, \$1.00 postpaid.

Patmore Nursery Co., Brandon, Man.

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 65

Make out this bill for a general store—

6 segnora	answer	6 oranges
6 lbs. rusag		6 lbs. Sugar
1 lb. erei		1 lb. rice
1 lb. oltecohac		1 lb. Chocolate
6 ndeese		6 needles
Anna Sulatycki		Hartford, Sask.

Prize Letters

P.O. Graham's Ldg.,
Arrow Lakes, B.C.,
March 16, 1923.

Bobby Burke:

Dear Sirs:

I am answering the questions that you asked in the last magazine.

1 Yes, I like the verses in the Cosy Corner very much. I learn them to recite in school and at home.

2 I play the games you tell us about and enjoy them very much. I would like a new one every month.

3 I just love the stories in the Cosy Corner. I think I would like nature stories.

5 Yes there is something I would like to see in the Cosy Corner which is not there. It is three or four new riddles every month. I am sorry I'm not able to answer the fourth question. But I have never seen anything for girls to make.

Yours sincerely,

Mina Fesser.

Tyvan, Sask.,

March 15, 1923

Bobby Burke:

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Bobby:—

I saw in the Western Home Monthly of the March issue, a prize which you are giving to the young people.

1 I like the verses very well and I think there could be hardly any better. Our teacher has us say a verse before school and I have one to say every time. The others didn't know about them, but I told them.

2 I like the games fine and we are always playing them. Before I cut them out, the children did not have anything to play. But now we are kept busy playing them. We are always wishing for noon and recess to play them. I would be very much pleased with a new game each month and hope you do issue one.

3 I do not think I would like to read any better stories because they are so interesting and educating. I like reading the stories.

4 Whenever I get the "Western Home Monthly," I always look to see if there is something to make. If there is I get the tools and start making it. I can't remember of having any hard luck after making them. I always sell them because they work so good.

5 There is one thing I would like to read and that is some Bible stories or about things around the world. I would be greatly pleased if you would. I hope I will receive a prize.

I remain,
Yours truly,
George Hill.

Age 10

Something to do for the Summer

Every year we have tried a competition to keep nimble fingers busy all the summer months of June, July and August so that you may never forget the C.C.C. even during the holidays. Last year if you remember, we had a bird competition and many of the Cosy Corner members distinguished themselves with their wonderful description and drawings of birds of their own neighborhood. The year before we had a collection of flowers and many of these were very lovely. Now this year we have

something else for sharp eyes and clever fingers to do—first of all a collection of the leaves of trees in your neighborhood, each leaf pressed, mounted and named, and underneath it a short description of the tree itself, the place where it grows, and its use to man, and second a list and short description of all the harmful insects in your neighborhood, and the methods used to get rid of them. There will be a first and second prize for the collection and essay, the first prize the choice of a Brownie camera or a book on insects; the second prize choice of an Eversharp pencil or a box of stationery. Now then this is your chance to get to work. There will be several important points to remember.

1. Be accurate
2. Be neat
3. Do all the work yourself
4. Have all the essays in before September 1st and the prize winners will be announced in October.

A Gold Button Goes To This Boy

What odd number when beheaded will become even? Seven.

If a hen laid an orange what would her chicken say?

O see the orange marmalade!

What is that which is twice in every moment and not once in seven years?

The letter M

Madeline is a waltz, Dolly Gray is a two step, what is Bred in old Kentucky?

5 and 10 cents a loaf.

What have you now before you which would give you a company, a veiled lady, and a noisy toy?

Co-nun-drum

Why can't the news from England ever be fresh?

Because it comes through salt water.

Harry Haider,
Spearhill, Man.

Something to do at Home and School

The Good Little Man—The players sit in a circle, and one says, "I sell you the house of my good little man" and the next one says, "I sell you the door of the house of my good little man" and the next one "I sell you the bath tub of the house of my good little man" and so on and the first player who cannot think of a part of the house to sell is out and pays a forfeit.

Railroad Game—Each player takes the name of something associated with a railway. One tells a story as thrilling as they can make it, involving train wrecks, etc. At the mention of the word "rails" for instance Rails must rise and extend his arms in front. At the mention of "News-boy" he must call out his papers. "Engine" must puff and shunt, and so on through the list of names chosen. Strict attention must be paid, and if one forgets his part or hesitates when his name is called he is put out of the game or made to pay a forfeit.

Queen Dido is Dead—The players stand in a circle. One starts by saying, "Queen Dido is dead." The neighbor inquires "How did she die?" The first answers, "She died doing so and so" and begins shaking her right hand which she continues to shake all through the game. The one on the right now addresses her neighbor in the same manner and so the game goes on until all the circle are shaking their right hands. The one who started the game while continuing to shake her right hand takes up the story again, choosing a new movement, such as shuffling her foot. This motion is carried

SILK CANTON CREPE DRESSES

\$19.50



Another DuBarry saving in this popular advance summer style of Heavy Quality Silk Canton Crepe, with beautiful braided girdle of self material at waistline, with dainty ornamental flower fastening, pleated panels of self material on both sides in newest fashion.

This lovely model is suitable for all occasions and can be had at this low price, only so long as our present supply of material lasts.

They come in all sizes. Colors, Black and Navy only.

Order by No. 113.

Write for advertising matter re other special Coats, Suits and Dresses.

DU'BARRY'S

77-79 King St.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Why not become one of us?

The Western Home Monthly, Western Canada's only home magazine, would like you and your friends to become subscribers. The many good things in this issue are but a foretaste of what is to follow and we believe that the small sum of one dollar will earn for you big dividends of pleasure and instruction.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg,

Enclosed please find \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg



52



Gold Standard
THE "Chaffless-
boffee."

*Palate satisfaction
at less than one
cent per cup.*

The Godville Co. Ltd.

Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



SIX GOLD MEDALS
Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents. in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

KEATING'S KILLS



BUGS
FLEAS
FLIES
ROACHES

PACKAGES 10¢, 20¢, 40¢

Sprinkle under rugs and in clothes closets to
KILL MOTHS

INVENTORS

Manufacturers always consider good inventions.
Fortunes are made from New Ideas to suit modern
times. Send for Free List of Ideas and Circulars.

THE RAMSAY COMPANY
Patent Attorneys
273 Bank St., Ottawa, Can.

Plan To Plant Another Tree

100 Maple, Elm, Cottonwood
or Caragana seedlings \$1.00
Caragana 2-3 ft. per 100 \$5.00
Patmore Nursery Co., Brandon, Man.

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 66

on in a similar manner, a new movement being added each circuit until all are tired shaking, nodding, etc.

Letters from our Boys and Girls

Dear Bobby:

May I join your Corner and I think I may add Cosy before it, because when the W.H.M. is due I always go and wait for the mail at night, hasten home, get my work done and sit in front of the fire and read the C.C.C. first thing. I always cut out the little pictures and the verses and when I have finished my work at school I get them out and recite them to the girls and they are so curious to know where I found them. I just say "Look in the W.H.M. in the C.C.C. and you will also find them." When I take the paper and start reading I am awfully curious to find out if you are a man or a boy.

Florence Lamb.

Armstrong, B.C.

We can't tell secrets, Florence.

Dear Editor:

I am writing to thank you for the lovely button you sent me. I think it is just lovely, so did all my school mates. I will write to the club and always be an interested member of it. I am going to tell you about a badger the boys at school caught. They set their trap on Friday, and on Monday morning they had the badger. After they got it out of the hole, it lay on the ground and growled. It lived all day but at night they killed it.

I will close wishing the Club every success.

Your sincere member,
Janet Burnside,
Webb, Sask.

Dear Bobby Burke:

I am writing to thank you for the nice button you sent me. I like it very much. I think it is interesting to join in the contests. I will close with best wishes to the Club, from

Hilda Firby,
Clair, Sask.

Dear Editor:

I received the gold button that you sent. I thank you very much for it. I think it is very pretty and I am much pleased to have it.

Yours sincerely,
Hazel Wadell,
Midnapore, Alta.

Dear Bobby Burke:

I am writing to thank you for the gold button with the star on it which I received yesterday as a prize for the story. It certainly is a nice button and I am proud to wear it. All the boys want to know where I got it and they think it was worth winning. With best wishes to the Cosy Corner, I remain yours,

Eugene F. Cameron.
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

I was very pleased to see that I had won the prize for drawing the March calendar but you made a mistake in my name, it is Evelyn Norris, not Evelyn Moore.

Yours truly,
Evelyn Norris,
Carnduff, Sask.

Sorry about the mistake, Evelyn.

A little fresh-air child watched with round eyes the cattle enjoying their cud. "Say, mister," she asked the farmer, "do you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"—Woman's Journal.

Dear Bobby Burke:

If you have enough room I would like to join your club. I am nine years old and I am in grade V. I go to Unity Public School here.

Yours truly,

Fred McLean,

Unity, Sask.

Good boy Fred, you are doing well. Try one of the competitions and win a button.

The Sun Travels

The sun is not a-bed when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning wakes.
While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian Sleepy-head
Us being kissed and put to bed.
And when at eve I rise from tea
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting and being dressed.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Amusing Answers

In addition to the many curious answers that Mr. Edison's questionnaire has provoked a new list comes from a writer in the Review of Reviews, who confined his questions to college graduates. Many of the answers are amusing;

Tierra del Fuego, we learn, is in Mexico and also in Spain. The Selkirk Mountains are in Sweden, Dakota, Tennessee, Spain and Scotland. The Wyoming Valley is placed by general consent in Wyoming. Kamchatka is a mountain in Japan and also in the Adirondacks. Albuquerque is in Louisiana, in Canada and in French Africa. The capital of Maine is Portland and Bangor and Bengal! Two candidates would have the Rock of Gibraltar on their right as they entered the Mediterranean. Pamlico Sound is in Long Island, in Nova Scotia and in the place where we have always supposed Puget Sound to be. Montauk Point in in Maine, in Connecticut and in Nova Scotia. The Gobi Desert is in New Mexico and Arizona; but the equilibrium of the earth is preserved by the presence of the Painted Desert both in Asia and in Africa!

Three leguminous plants are cabbage, lettuce and spinach. Conifers are described as trees that bear fruit yearly, as broad-leaved trees and as trees like cypress and birch. Asked to name eight fruit trees, several men stopped at six; one named the grape, and another the blackberry!

Great diversity of opinion exists with regard to the prevalent beast of burden in the Andes. The "lima" and the "alpecca" are both mentioned.

The function of baking powder is to sweeten the bread by preventing acidity and alkalinity. One man reasoned that since the important ingredient of coffee is caffeine, tea ought in all fairness to be called taffeine.

"You can't tell 'bout display of authority," said Uncle Eben. "Many a man thinks he's doin' a fine job o' mule-drivin' when the mule is jes' hurryin' to get home."—Washington Star.

"What is the chief aim of Jobling's existence?"

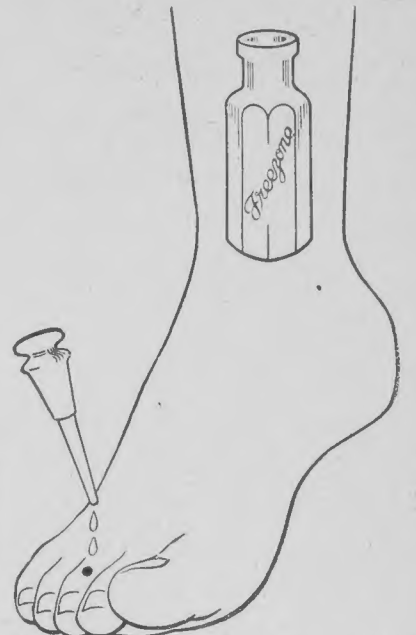
"Making money."

"But he's always hard up."

"Quite true. His aim is poor."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Patents Trade Marks and Designs

Write for booklet and circulars, terms, etc.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

Fred B. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C., M.G.
Gerald S. Roxburgh, B. A. Sc.

C.P.R. Bldg., Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG.

15 Buys \$100 **Engel** **"Art Corners"**

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No mums, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stationery stores. Accept no substitutes: there is nothing as good. 150 brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 535 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg





WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



The Medium of Exchange

Money isn't everything. Germany and Russia have got plenty of it.—Lethbridge Herald.

Maybe

Maybe we'd do a little better in this country if all our statesmen were not so busy reforming Europe.—New York Tribune.

Needlework

Modern girls know what to do with the needle. It should be changed after each record.—Kitchener Record

A Judge's Hasty Remark

No doubt every assessment and tax official will endorse Judge Riddell's remark yesterday that the Canadian people are kickers by nature.—Hamilton Herald.

The Point of View

The difference between a financier and a defaulter sometimes depends on how the jury looks at it.—Vancouver Province.

Immune

People who sing constantly, says a doctor, "never catch influenza." Even the hardest germs find it impossible to live with them.—Victoria Colonist.

They Love It—Not

The old time politicians love the Civil Service Commission like little Willie craves for castor oil.—Ottawa Journal.

What Man Has Failed To Do

Man is an able creature, but he has made 32,647,389 laws and hasn't yet improved on the Ten Commandments.—Montreal Gazette.

A True Saying of Henry's

"All easy ways are downhill," says Henry Ford. The trouble is that most folk don't notice it till they try to climb back.—Duluth Herald.

Just About

Many Armenians have accepted asylum in Russia, and asylum, we believe, is just about the right word.—Edmonton Bulletin.

And Why Not

Scottish Labor M.P.'s say they will go to no state functions and wear knee breeches. Aye, they'll be holding out for the kilt.—Calgary Herald.

Quite So

An Egyptian princess, buried 4,000 years ago, has just been found to have been beautifully tattooed. This proves that tattooing is practically permanent.—Minneapolis Journal.

Luther Burbank and the Motor Cop

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, was arrested by a California cop. Luther was probably trying to cross a street with an auto.—Medicine Hat News.

Wars

It has been said that "wars are fought by young men, suffered by women, and paid for by posterity." And in many cases they have been started by old men.—London New Statesman.

The Eskimo

The mounted police report murder increasing among the usually kindly and peaceable Eskimo. The Eskimo must be catching up to civilization.—Nelson News.

Opportunities

"There are tremendous opportunities in Alaska," says President Harding. We often wondered where they had gone to.—Halifax Herald.

'Tis True of Many of Them

Betty Gulick, of New York, is only ten years old, and she writes popular songs. So we read in the New York American. A great many of the popular songs we have heard sound as if they were written by somebody about ten years old.—Saskatoon Star.

Work Working and Being Worked

Secretary Work, of President Harding's Cabinet, has ordered that his office door be kept open. The public will thus have a chance to see Work work, if it is possible for Work to work while office-seekers are trying to work Work.—Boston Transcript.

The Vanishing Saloon

"The saloon is gone from the United States, never to return," says Charles F. Murphy, head of Tammany Hall, the celebrated political organization in New York, which in the old days was thoroughly familiar with the evils of the saloon in politics.—Toronto Globe.

A Punning Pessimist

Gold has been discovered in Rouyn township, Northern Quebec. A pessimist we know predicts that many will be Rouyned seeking it there.—Toronto Star.

As it Strikes an Editor Who Smokes

"Smoke only after a meal" is doubtless good advice, but it's a lot of trouble to go out and eat a meal every time you want a smoke.—Galt Reporter.

Something Turkey Respects

Turkey doesn't recognize the European form of worship. The European form of warship, however, arouses her profound respect.—New York World.

Part of the Process

The world is upside down, but it is getting better, says Dr. Philip Cone Fletcher. In our childhood days, getting turned upside down was a part of getting-better process.—Buffalo Express.

Another Kind of Wildness

We noticed an article the other day on "Wild Life in Canada," yet, reading it all through, we found no reference to the Taxpayers' association.—Brantford Expositor.

A Risky Occupation

The cost of living in Greece is extremely high, which explains why men are still to be found who are willing to serve in the Greek cabinet.—Kingston Whig.

A Duke's Daughter and a Jockey

Daughter of an English duke will marry a jockey, which will probably have something to do with the future of the race, if you can only think what.—Ottawa Citizen.

M. P.'s Decline to Become Goats

If anybody must be operated upon for economy the members of parliament decline to be the goats sacrificed on the altar of financial vivisection.—Toronto Telegram.

Geographical Inexactitude

Yesterday a letter received at the World office, with the address, "Vancouver, Alberta." And the beauty of it was that it came from the office of the British Empire Exhibition in London, England.—Vancouver World.

Half the Australians Live in Two Cities

The city of Sydney, Australia, has passed the 1,000,000. The Commonwealth would be in a healthier condition if its population were more widely distributed, instead of being so largely centralized in the two great cities, Sydney and Melbourne.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Great Need on the Prairies

The prairie farms will need 1,500 men from British Columbia, says a Vancouver dispatch. Yes, and about 1,500,000 people from several other parts of the globe.—Edmonton Journal.

A Matter of Liquidation

Germany beat her own beer-drinking record in 1922 by consuming 3,300,000,000 quarts. At a nickel a glass, she was able to beat France out of quite a lot of indemnity.—Detroit News.

Proportional Representation

So much discussion about proportional representation means that the advocates of this method of electing representatives to governing bodies are making progress.—Port Arthur News—Chronicle.

A Matter of Pay

Columbia University is going to pay a football coach \$15,000 a year. It would be interesting to learn how many, if any, of her professors are so generously treated.—New York Nation.

Keeping Fit All The Way

The King of Sweden, who is sixty-four years of age, played recently in championship tennis matches in Sweden. Which shows that it is possible for a man to keep himself in condition to play tennis at sixty-four. But not many do it.—Chicago Tribune.

Politeness Over The Phone

Still there can be no objection to the ban on titles in Canada, provided they do not take away from us the right to call each other what we please over the telephone.—Calgary Alberta.

Names

Christian names found in the directory of a college the other day include Carlyl, Cevina, Elabel, Eltse, Ledma, Marituita, Mena, Wilda and Chaille. People will soon cease to wonder where the Pullman cars get their names.—Kansas City Star.

Butter and Onions from New Zealand

A ship coming into Vancouver the other day carried 7,000 cases of butter and 6,500 sacks of onions from New Zealand. Both can be produced in Vancouver, and it seems strange that the native product cannot compete with butter and onions on which the freight charges for a long ocean voyage must be paid.—Prince Albert Herald.

An Expert Explainer

An efficiency expert is a man who can explain what becomes of the four and a half cents that separates the half cent the growers get for the apple from the five cents the consumer pays for it.—Peterboro Examiner.

Two Desirable Reforms

The National Council of Women is asking parliament to make wife desertion an extraditable offense and to institute a system whereby part of a prisoners earnings may go to his dependents. Both are desirable reforms.—Regina Leader.

A Difference

When you oppose the government of Canada by interfering with the vital services of the country you get shot into jail. When you oppose the soviet government of Russia you just get shot.—Nanaimo Herald.

The League of Nations and Austria

Austria has stabilized its currency and stopped issuing paper money, and apparently is making a start on the road to recovery. This action by the government of Austria has been made possible by the aid of the League of Nations, which has obtained foreign credits for Austria and laid down a plan of reconstruction. All Europe could be put on the way towards solvency, if only common sense prevailed in the world.—Wall Street Journal.

Daylight Saving in France

France proposes to solace the daylight saving problem by adopting Strasbourg meridian time, which is 31 minutes ahead of Greenwich. The cities of France will thus get one half of their wish, the rural districts will have one-half of their objection to daylight saving removed, and French patriotism will be gratified by placing of the time Standard in Strasbourg, the chief city of the recovered Alsace-Lorraine, which Germany took from France in 1870, but is now part of France again.—Minnedosa Tribune.

M. P.'s and Patronage

It is a pitiful revelation that members of parliament should still be found openly to advocate a return to the patronage system as the total of government, an ideal which implies a body-politic infested by parasites, indeed, cultivated by parasites for their own benefit.—Montreal Witness.

For Distinctly Canadian Citizenship

With more than 85 per cent of Canada's population British and French, that is to say, representative of the two main racial stocks representative of the original settlers, there does not appear to be much occasion for the anxiety expressed in some quarters about the growth of the "foreign element." The main thing is to blend them all into a Canadian citizenship which will be distinctly Canadian.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Mental Disarmament

Hirose Saito, secretary to a Japanese delegation, delivered himself of a pithy and succinct truth the other day when he stated that unless there is "mental disarmament, the destroying of a few ships will be of no avail." There could scarce be a better slogan than this one of "mental disarmament." It gives expression to a great truth and a great method at the same time, and coming from a Japanese official it is doubly welcomed as being decidedly appropriate.—Moose Jaw Times.

Taxation in Great Britain

Stanley Baldwin, chancellor of the exchequer, states the current taxation per capita as follows, corrected to current exchange rates: Great Britain, \$78.87; France, \$28.82; United States, \$26.30. Bearing in mind the higher average income in this country, we can have little idea from experience of the burden Great Britain bears for the sake of solvency rare in Europe. The historic British policy is continued in collecting almost twice as much from direct as from indirect taxation, so that the people know exactly what they are paying. In this country, even with the income tax at present level, direct and indirect taxation are nearly equal.—Canadian Finance.

Canada and the Canadians

The latest person to start again the often renewed agitation for a new designation for the people of the United States is Professor R. V. D. McGuffin, of John Hopkins University, Baltimore. He says that the term Americans does not sufficiently differentiate the people of the United States (especially in European usage) from the people of the South American countries, "to say nothing of the fact that the Canadians and the Mexicans are equally entitled to that designation." He suggests Unistatans, which is rather worse than Usonian, which somebody suggested years ago. As for us Canadians, we are not particularly interested. We have no objections to our neighbors to the south calling themselves Americans. This half of the continent is Canada, and the people are known all over the world as Canadians. It is an entirely satisfactory name. Getting a name for ourselves is one matter we do not have to worry over.—Yorkton Press.